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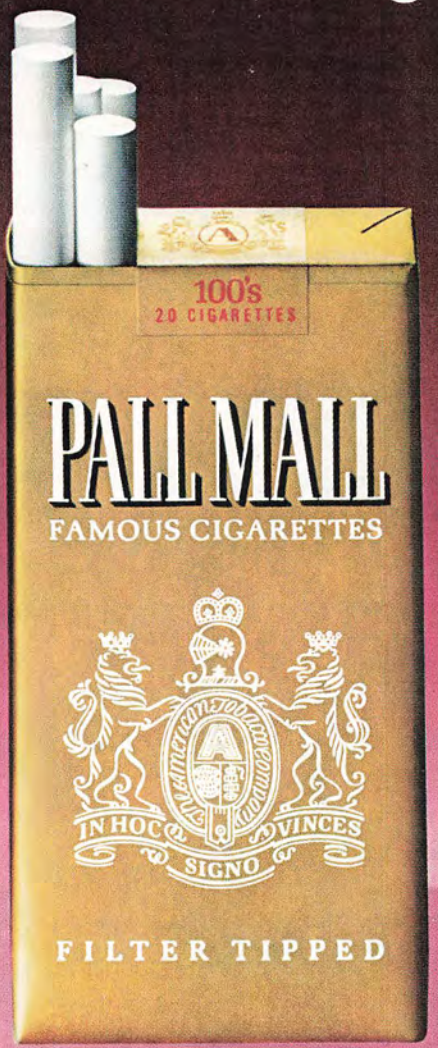

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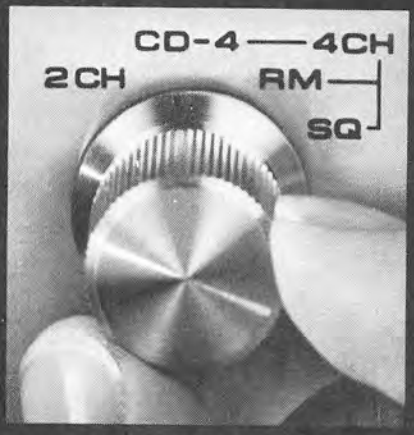

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Kathy Coll (Gallery Girl, June), Sammy Davis, Jr., and publisher Ron Fenton—page 36

The distinction between the Top 40 rock and roll AM radio station and the country and western AM radio station is fast becoming blurred. The main difference between them now is mostly in the artists who perform the songs, rather than in the songs themselves. The country sound is taking over the rock scene, either directly or by subtle insinuation into even the hardest-rock rock music. GALLERY's record reviews this month (page 19) survey three big names in country: Bob Wills, Brenda Lee, and Charlie Rich. Those of you who were into rock and roll ten or fifteen years ago will certainly recognize the last two; those of you who've always dug country no doubt know about all three.

The people who can really talk about country music are the long-haul truck drivers, especially if they pass close to Fort Worth, Texas. For as they speed across the United States in the late night and early morning hours, those lucky folks can tune in radio station WBAP and catch the *Bill Mack All-Night Show*. Chet Flippo, well-known music critic and longtime country-and-western fan tells the rest of us about the Bill Mack phenomenon, beginning on page 99.

Not many people drive trucks, but nearly everyone drives a car. Remember how things were before you got your driver's license? There was always some rich creep who was older and you stayed his friend so he'd drive you places in the new car his father bought him. Sometimes you had to submit to the indignity of being driven on a date by your *parents*. You first learned how to drive on deserted streets and roads and in parking lots. Those days have been gone for a while, and now you not only have a license, you've got some money to buy the kind of car you really want. And there are so many kinds of cars to choose from. Small, economical cars like the Honda Civic, which GALLERY covers in *The Tiny Car,* page 85. Big, spectacular, make-an-impression cars like the soon-to-be-available GALLERY Car—a customized, limited-edition Oldsmobile designed especially for GALLERY by Czar. Find out more about this special new car on page 118.

GALLERY

Some of our cars this month come fully equipped with girl passengers. On this page, at top, editor-in-chief Don Myrus poses with a car and Marion Jean Ritchie, Althea Leasure, and Toni Paulson, the *Three Maxi Girls from* GALLERY*'s Hustler Mini Clubs,* featured as our gatefold story this month (page 62). In the second picture we see Don no doubt discussing compression ratios with Marion, and below that Don helps Althea pose for her gatefold picture. And *Three Maxi Girls* is just one of eight (yes! eight!) girl features to help make your new year a happier one.

The January girls of GALLERY come from all over to meet you here on these pages. One of them, Lizzara Lennard, is not only a model but also a photographer in her own right. Ron Mesaros shot pictures of Lizi (as she likes to be called) in black-and-white. Then Ron and Lizi hand-tinted the photographs to produce *The Tinted Lady,* beginning on page 20. You can see a sample at the bottom of this page.

Both Ron and Lizi live in California—Ron in a Topanga Canyon home that he built himself, while Lizi commutes between San Francisco and Los Angeles. (That's when she's not commuting to her home in Paris, France.) Ron's photographs have been published in many national magazines, and he is currently working on a book about fine-art photographers.

Good-grief-how'd-that-ever-happen-corner: Apologies and respect go to Gregory Mitsroieni, Alvaro Arce, and associate art director Andrew J. Epstein. Greg provided the exquisite jewelry displayed in *American Indian Jewelry* last month. He also provided our writer with background information on the jewelry. And Alvaro did another one of his hilariously bizarre illustrations for the December *Funnies.* (Check out page 72 for more Alvaro.) And Andrew not only interviewed Georgina Spevlin *(Getting Into Miss Jones)* but also took the marvelous photographs that accompanied the interview.

And we didn't tell you those things last month. And our faces are red.

—Elizabeth Rhein

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letters

MOTHER OF INVENTION?

The story *Father of Invention* (November), by Deborah Davis, must have made even ol' flinthead Bill Lear smile. Back in Grand Rapids in the Forties I worked for him, and if ever there was a "cocksman," it was Bill Lear. His amorous affairs were well known and were among the more popular topics in plant conversation. As to inventions—the table-top radio, the car radio, the aircraft radio, etc.—*what pure baloney!* He may have played a part in adapting them to specific uses, but that is *not* invention and never was. The majority of his patents, while in his name, were the product of the inspiration and sweat of those who worked for and with him. He is a great blender of ideas, but not a creator. But Bill Lear *is* a showman.

H. G. Hartgerink
Wheaton, Illinois

Re *Father of Invention*, the article on William Lear (November). I submit the following limerick that came to mind after reading about this amazing man:

Bill Lear had a thought, it would seem;
Cheaper power for cars was his dream.
In a prototype he showed 'em,
Then gently did goad 'em,
Saying, "That's only a token of my steam!"

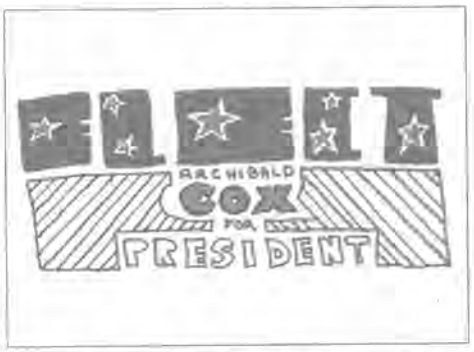
C. R. Clarke
Victoria, British Columbia
Canada

WHO CENTRAL

In November (page 31) and December (page 119), we told you that *It's Not WHO You Are, It's WHO You Know.* So many of you are still telling us who you know (and our December issue isn't even on the newsstands at this writing) that our WHO desk has not yet begun to compile final results. But we have done an overview study of the first 700 responses, so we present this preliminary report on both who you are and who you know.

You range in age from 17 to 71, with your average age at 27. Most of you are in your middle twenties. You live as far away as England and as close as a couple of blocks from GALLERY's Chicago offices, though most of you live in the eastern quarter of the United States. Approximately 97 percent of you are men. More of you are students or engineers than any other single occupation, though your typical occupation is probably that of office manager. You can identify about 70 percent of the items on the list. There are three intentional errors on the list; none of you identified two of them (we didn't expect you to), but more of you than we ever imagined identified the third. We'll tell you what these errors are when we present a full WHO report in a subsequent issue.

Besides checking the items you knew,



many of you included comments on the list in particular and on GALLERY in general—and we thank you. Some of you commented on other facets of life, including one creative Delaware reader who used his envelope to make a political statement. We have reproduced it here.

If you haven't already told us WHO You Know, why not do it now? Fill out the appropriate page in your November or December copy of GALLERY, tear it out, and send it to WHO? GALLERY Magazine, 936 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Don't forget, every 100th response received wins a free one-year subscription to GALLERY, and every single response will aid us in bringing you just the magazine you want.

BEANEDICTION

Is nothing sacred? As three of the foremost experts and connoisseurs of beans and farts—e.g., pinto, chili, kidney, green, wax, navy, refried, and soy—we were astounded, nay, flabbergasted at the article in *Rushes* (October). Fartless beans! Breakthrough, hell, that's more of a breakdown! A bean without a fart is like a day without sunshine. Nay, we say, equal rights for beans. We urge all of America to boycott the clean bean. To silence a bean is to silence another voice for freedom. We do consider ourselves liberals, but people have farted for centuries and it's senseless to change now. Did farting stop Adam and Eve? Antony and Cleopatra? Attila the Hun? Daniel Boone? Paul Revere? Abraham Lincoln? Or Richard Nixon? (Scratch him.) Stand up and fart for America! In closing, we would just like to say: farting is such *sweet* sorrow.

Michael J. Melvin
John L. Stenger
N. Lemont Meadows
Fayetteville, North Carolina

HOFFA

In your interview with James Hoffa (October), Mr. Hoffa managed to bring out some of the sleazy, underhanded methods used by the federal government. I'm sure the government has many more such methods. In my opinion, Mr. Hoffa is doing what everyone should do—fighting for the workers who make this country tick. Give them hell, Mr. Hoffa!

Robert Blanton
Ascension Parish Jail
Donaldsville, Louisiana

HOKE HAILED

I would like to compliment you for publishing the excellent story *By Invitation Only* (October). Hoke Norris has a style reminiscent of Ray Bradbury, yet much more exciting.

Keep up the good work!

Thomas B. Kirkpatrick, Jr.
Alexandria, Virginia

CRYSTAL CLEAR

I recently had the pleasure to read and enjoy your October issue. I especially enjoyed your pictorial entitled *Picnic*. You stated that the lovely lady in this article was a former *Playboy* playmate. Would you please settle a wager between a friend and myself? I say that

she is Miss Crystal Smith but my friend believes her to be Miss Bonnie Large. Please settle this important matter.

Thank you for the information and keep up the good quality of your magazine.

Charles Eller
Wilkesboro, North Carolina

The lady in question is Miss Crystal Smith.

NOTES FROM DOWN UNDER

We are two 14-year-old boys who take the trouble to swipe your magazine every month. We have a fine collection; our favorites are April and May. Your pictures are way out of sight, your jokes are hilarious, and your list of letters is excellent. But your stories and interviews are only occasionally good. So we take the trouble to write to you from Australia to tell you that if your stories were more interesting, your magazine would sell a lot easier over here. But we still think GALLERY is the best. Congratulations.

M. and J.
Balwyn North, Victoria
Australia

It would probably be less trouble if you'd buy GALLERY *rather than swipe it.*

BLUE ANGELS AND THUNDERBIRDS

You guys made a small mistake in your September *Rushes* about the zoo in England asking $2000 from the US Air Force for damages caused by the Blue Angels. The show team for the Air Force is the Thunderbirds, who are based here at Nellis. The Blue Angels (who have canceled the rest of their schedule this year because of accidents) belong to the Navy.

Other than this you have a great magazine. Keep up the good work.

AIC Richard Miller
Nellis AFB, Nevada

OLD TESTAMENT

I would like to congratulate you on your choice of model Sheila Rae for your November centerfold. This stunning lady is the sexiest, most real-life-looking flesh-and-blood woman I have ever seen in any magazine. I really appreciate your not trying to hide her freckles and birthmarks, as they are truly indicative of the natural God-given beauty she possesses. Every time I look at her picture, I feel like I could just reach out and take her into my arms and make love to her. If Eve looked anything like the beautiful Ms. Rae, I can surely understand why Adam ate the apple in the Garden of Eden. Three cheers for your magazine and please continue to present such lovely creatures as Sheila Rae. I do hope that you will feature her again in one of your future issues.

Wayne Swalina
Beecher, Illinois

TEN-DOLLAR MASTERPIECE

Just finished reading the interview with Groucho Marx (November) and never have I enjoyed anything as much. It was a satirical masterpiece, including the clever illustrations. That issue alone was worth the price of my year's subscription to GALLERY.

Israel Goodman
Louisville, Kentucky

A NEW FOX

In your November issue you had a pictorial entitled *20th-Century Fox*. Well, we feel here at Charlie Battery that the girl on the back cover in the Benson and Hedges 100s ad is a lot better looking and would make a better "fox" than that other one.

Get someone who knows the better taste in women and you'll sell a lot more magazines. (No offense meant to the "old" fox.)

GALLERY is still a fantastic buy, even if your women are ugly.

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

I'M NINETEEN

I just got turned on to your magazine last night. I really think it's first class. And I just had to comment on one of the girls in your September issue.

Debra Temple (Miss September) is the best-looking girl I've seen in any of these magazines. Is she AC-DC? We have the exact same coloring and shape. When I saw her, I could have sworn it was me with someone else's face.

If she is interested in getting it on, I am 19 with long blonde hair, blue eyes, and I'm very attractive, too.

(Name withheld by request)
Lake Helen, Florida

LOVE STORY

I have driven *4-Wheel Drive* (November) for over eight years. I learned four-wheel drive on a 1955 Jeep pickup. It still runs (they don't make 'em like they used to). I bought a new 1969

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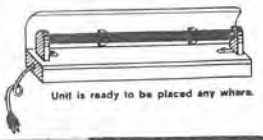

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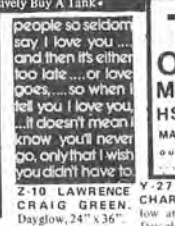
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and then it's either
too late ....or love
goes,....so when I
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know you'll never
go, only that I wish
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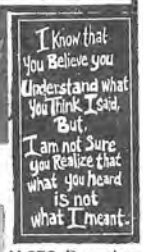

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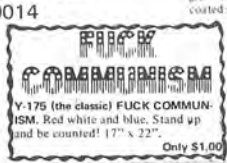

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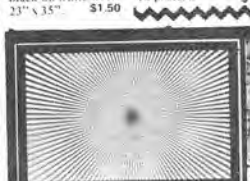
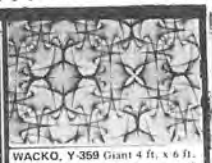


Z-6 ZONK Six foot by four foot dayglow monster. A Mind Blower, Only $5.95. Shipped in four foot tube



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N-14

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E-2 RELATIVITY. By M. C. Escher, B/W on art stock. $2.98

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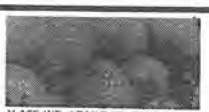

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Y-95 TRICKIE DICKIE. Red China Commemorative Poster. (Unofficial) Golden Sepia oil heavy stock. 23" x 29" only $1.50

Y-189 THE CLASSIC HORSE. Serious full-color photo. 25" x 31". Only $1.98

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Y-323 WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS B & W photo 11" x 17" $1.50

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Y-317 WOMAN – Full color photo 22" x 34" $2.00

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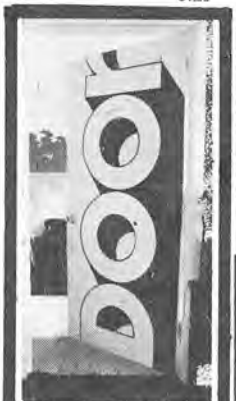

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N-26	P-6	P-23	P-25	Y-60	Y-62
Y-67	Y-72	Y-74	Y 82	Y-85	Y-95
Y-100	Y-101	Y-104	Y-106	Y-115	Y-119
Y-131	Y-132	Y-133	Y-150	Y-151	Y-161
Y-165	Y-175	Y-183	Y-188	Y-189	Y-190
Y-194	Y-212	Y-255	Y-261	Y-263	Y-267
Y-271	Y-272	Y-273	Y-274	Y-275	Y-278
Y-286	Y-288	Y-300	Y-304	Y-317	Y-319
Y-320	Y-321	Y-322	Y-323	Y-324	Y-325
Y-326	Y-328	Y-331	Y-334	Y-336	Y-337
Y-338	Y-340	Y-343	Y-344	Y-345	Y-346
Y-348	Y-350	Y-351	Y-352	Y-353	Y-354
Y-358	Y-359	Y-360	Y-361	Y-362	Y-363
Y-364	Y-365	Y-366	Y-367	Y-368	Y-370
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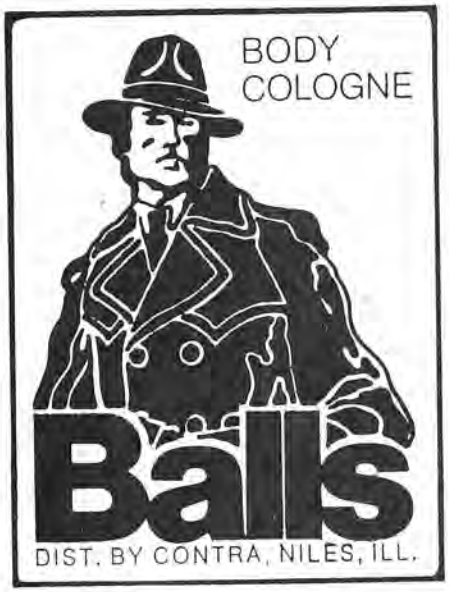

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Jeep Commando. That car wouldn't heat, skidded easily, got terrible mileage, and burned out driveshaft parts left and right. That was in normal, unstrenuous use. The car rusted and broke down steadily. I found this true of other Jeep vehicles friends owned. They haven't changed much and are now overpowered with constant four-wheel drive and automatic transmissions. Who are we kidding? I went back to the old truck!

I learned my lesson. I searched high and low for a facsimile of the ol' clunker and found a Series 3 Land-Rover. That car is beautiful. It has separate sticks for high and low range, and four-wheel drive. This is obviously better than the new Jeeps and their one stick for both. It has a four-cylinder engine and a four-speed transmission. It's aluminum and doesn't rust (you forgot that *very* important fact in the article). If the battery runs down, you may whip out the crank and crank-start it. It has a hand throttle and hand choke. It has three separate storage areas for the spare tire (hood, rear door, and behind the front seat). It's smaller than a Jeep, yet holds three more people and about twice as much cargo. What's more, the gas tank has a drain plug, the fuel pump has a manual handle, there is a tool kit with tools for any work (and I haven't needed it yet), a storage area under the driver's seat, an easily accessible transmission (just lift up the center front seat), and a heater that handles sub-zero weather.

It isn't perfect. It has a Lucas electrical system, and we know about *those* batteries. I rigged up a second battery to back up the original, but I still have the hand crank. The muffler heats up the rear floor and heats up the back.

The *machos* can have their gimmicky four-wheel drives. They can have the gas-eating monsters such as Chevys, Fords, Dodges, GMCs, and so on. Give me my 22 miles per gallon over those eight-to-twelves. The new Jeeps are gas hogs, but Jeeps aren't all bad—that is, if they were built before 1960!

Winter is a tough test on a four-wheel-drive vehicle. Your own picture of the Jeep (page 77) shows one factor. Note the ice on the headlights and lack of visibility. My Jeep, the new one, fogged and frosted; the old Land-Rover never does. The Land-Rover rarely skids and is easily controlled when it does. Can the same be said for the incredibly insane constant four-wheel drive? And front tires? And gas? I love my Land-Rover, and that old '55 Jeep. There is only one other person I know with a Jeep who is justifiably as happy. Her car? A '54. If a reader wants a good four-wheel drive, send him across the Atlantic or to a government-surplus outlet! Oh, for the day I can see an ad with guys with Toyotas, Jeeps, GMCs, Fords, Chevys, and Dodges. The guy with the short hair and coat slung over his shoulder? We know what he smokes and *drives*.

Lane "Land-Rover" Knight
Goddard College
Plainfield, Vermont

FUZZY AND FANTASTIC

Just wanted to let you know how much I enjoy your magazine. I have bought every issue since GALLERY started, and they're all great. I especially like the girls because they are everyday, common girls—not unreal like the girls in other magazines. Keep up the good work.

Jon Dura
Chicago, Illinois

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letters

MOTHER OF INVENTION?

The story *Father of Invention* (November), by Deborah Davis, must have made even ol' flinthead Bill Lear smile. Back in Grand Rapids in the Forties I worked for him, and if ever there was a "cocksman," it was Bill Lear. His amorous affairs were well known and were among the more popular topics in plant conversation. As to inventions—the table-top radio, the car radio, the aircraft radio, etc.—*what pure baloney!* He may have played a part in adapting them to specific uses, but that is *not* invention and never was. The majority of his patents, while in his name, were the product of the inspiration and sweat of those who worked for and with him. He is a great blender of ideas, but not a creator. But Bill Lear *is* a showman.

H. G. Hartgerink
Wheaton, Illinois

Re *Father of Invention*, the article on William Lear (November). I submit the following limerick that came to mind after reading about this amazing man:

Bill Lear had a thought, it would seem;
Cheaper power for cars was his dream.
In a prototype he showed 'em,
Then gently did goad 'em,
Saying, "That's only a token of my steam!"

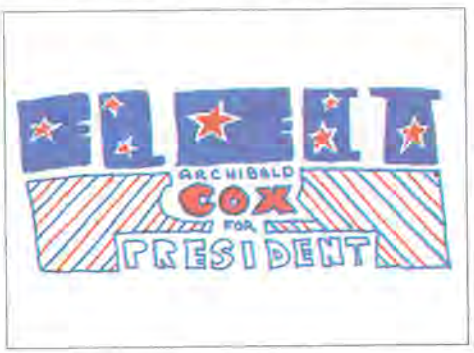
C. R. Clarke
Victoria, British Columbia
Canada

WHO CENTRAL

In November (page 31) and December (page 119), we told you that *It's Not WHO You Are, It's WHO You Know*. So many of you are still telling us who you know (and our December issue isn't even on the newsstands at this writing) that our WHO desk has not yet begun to compile final results. But we have done an overview study of the first 700 responses, so we present this preliminary report on both who you are and who you know.

You range in age from 17 to 71, with your average age at 27. Most of you are in your middle twenties. You live as far away as England and as close as a couple of blocks from GALLERY's Chicago offices, though most of you live in the eastern quarter of the United States. Approximately 97 percent of you are men. More of you are students or engineers than any other single occupation, though your typical occupation is probably that of office manager. You can identify about 70 percent of the items on the list. There are three intentional errors on the list; none of you identified two of them (we didn't expect you to), but more of you than we ever imagined identified the third. We'll tell you what these errors are when we present a full WHO report in a subsequent issue.

Besides checking the items you knew,



many of you included comments on the list in particular and on GALLERY in general—and we thank you. Some of you commented on other facets of life, including one creative Delaware reader who used his envelope to make a political statement. We have reproduced it here.

If you haven't already told us WHO You Know, why not do it now? Fill out the appropriate page in your November or December copy of GALLERY, tear it out, and send it to WHO? GALLERY Magazine, 936 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Don't forget, every 100th response received wins a free one-year subscription to GALLERY, and every single response will aid us in bringing you just the magazine you want.

BEANEDICTION

Is nothing sacred? As three of the foremost experts and connoisseurs of beans and farts—e.g., pinto, chili, kidney, green, wax, navy, refried, and soy—we were astounded, nay, flabbergasted at the article in *Rushes* (October). Fartless beans! Breakthrough, hell, that's more of a breakdown! A bean without a fart is like a day without sunshine. Nay, we say, equal rights for beans. We urge all of America to boycott the clean bean. To silence a bean is to silence another voice for freedom. We do consider ourselves liberals, but people have farted for centuries and it's senseless to change now. Did farting stop Adam and Eve? Antony and Cleopatra? Attila the Hun? Daniel Boone? Paul Revere? Abraham Lincoln? Or Richard Nixon? (Scratch him.) Stand up and fart for America! In closing, we would just like to say: farting is such *sweet* sorrow.

Michael J. Melvin
John L. Stenger
N. Lemont Meadows
Fayetteville, North Carolina

HOFFA

In your interview with James Hoffa (October), Mr. Hoffa managed to bring out some of the sleazy, underhanded methods used by the federal government. I'm sure the government has many more such methods. In my opinion, Mr. Hoffa is doing what everyone should do—fighting for the workers who make this country tick. Give them hell, Mr. Hoffa!

Robert Blanton
Ascension Parish Jail
Donaldsville, Louisiana

HOKE HAILED

I would like to compliment you for publishing the excellent story *By Invitation Only* (October). Hoke Norris has a style reminiscent of Ray Bradbury, yet much more exciting.

Keep up the good work!

Thomas B. Kirkpatrick, Jr.
Alexandria, Virginia

CRYSTAL CLEAR

I recently had the pleasure to read and enjoy your October issue. I especially enjoyed your pictorial entitled *Picnic*. You stated that the lovely lady in this article was a former *Playboy* playmate. Would you please settle a wager between a friend and myself? I say that

Where you hunt makes no difference to us. How you hunt does.

When you're hunting, one fact becomes rather obvious: you need an entire arsenal of hunting gear.

And for the same reason you wear different clothes, different hairstyles, and different makeup, you need different kinds of fragrances.

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PUBLIC GALLERY

You always wanted to get your photographs published, you always figured you could judge a beautiful, sexy girl-woman. Now is your chance. Send your snapshots—transparencies—Polaroids—color prints—to *Public Gallery*, GALLERY, 936 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (If your photographs are selected, the model will have to sign a release.) Maybe you can find a rival to Sue Nichone of Scottsdale, Arizona—a real girl-next-door beauty if there ever was one. Patrick Darcy took the photographs.

reviews

FILMS

A sort of film review or why I like Brian DePalma and dislike François Truffaut

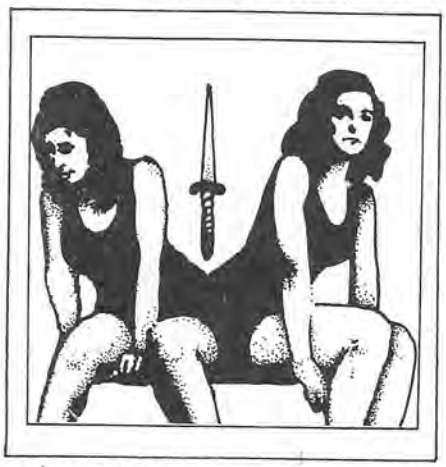
I could never ever get to know and conceivably probably will never meet the following film directors: Ingmar Bergman, Orson Welles, Luis Buñuel, and Federico Fellini. Jean-Luc Godard, on the other hand, told me once, at the San Francisco Film Festival, to "fuck off."

I could conceivably someday somehow find a way to meet Elaine May, Carl Reiner, Woody Allen, Mel Brooks, and Brian DePalma. "Who is Brian DePalma?" you may be asking yourself. Well, he directed **Sisters**—just about the scariest film I've ever seen, and I've seen them all, including *Green Slime*.

Every young up-and-coming film student knows François Truffaut loves Hitchcock. Well, so does Brian DePalma. Let's face it. When the big moment comes—the final—the end—the last twist—the cliff hanger, Truffaut just poops out. He doesn't have it; he gets European Cinema all over you—bland and thick. Brian DePalma doesn't have the time to waste; he's too busy creating all these strange characters who are just sane enough to be out prowling the streets. At the big moment, he doesn't let you off; he just slowly twists that knife in your back.

If you've noticed, I haven't really talked specifically about the plot of *Sisters*. If I did, you'd hate me. Really, you would. (You always hate people who tell you the end of films, and I don't want to be hated.) I'll just give you a little list of some of the things that are in the film: (1) Siamese twins, one beautiful, the other you never really ever see; (2) a liberated young journalist who happens to be an ex-Jewish princess—no bra and a shag haircut now; (3) a Jewish mother; (4) a young swinging black man, out on the town; (5) terrific bakery-shop ladies; (6) a dedicated private-eye disguised as an Acme window washer; (7) a lunatic doctor, husband of one of the Siamese twins; (8) a birthday cake; (9) a game show called *Peeping Tom;* (10) a set of stainless steel cutlery that sparkles and shines in the light.

Besides the odd people and stuff DePalma dreams up, the film is hysterically frightful because of its suspenseful sound track. Whoever the guy is who did the music for *Citizen Kane, Psycho, Vertigo*—well, he's the guy who does it for this film. And remember way back in the late Sixties when it was popular to psychedelicize a movie by using split-screen images? This film has them. (Quite frankly, having sat through some pretty bad ex-



perimental films passed off as art, this is the first split-screen thing that didn't give me a headache.)

The only thing really wrong with the film is its poor distribution. I don't know why American International didn't have faith in the picture. Look at the big production numbers they did for such classics as *Wild in the Streets, Beach Blanket Bingo, Dr. Goldfarb and His Invisible Bikini Machine*. Really, American International, for once you had a hot number on your hands.

Well, thank God for people like me who can write columns like this without dropping names and phrases like cinema verité, Belmondo, New Wave French, Pauline Kael.

I enjoyed this film more than most of the films I've seen in a long time even if the blood looks like catsup and even if it doesn't have subtitles.

—Andrew J. Epstein

BOOKS

Learn to set a sexual record, buy a good house, stain glass

Those of you who find the *Guinness Book of World Records* interesting, useful, and good may want to open your minds to **The Official Handbook of World Sexual Records** (Pinnacle, 95¢ in paper), compiled and edited by Maurice and Nina Vandersheltz. A satirical compendium of sexual scores à la *Ripley's Believe It or Not,* it's a vas deferens from the usual stat sheet. Under the heading "Erections," you learn of the Longest Sustained, Lowest, Most Infrequent, Most Permanent, Most Regular, Least Observed, Most Observed, and Most Prolific (108 times during a three-hour period). Other categories include "Semen Consumption," "Orgies" (Largest, Longest, Most Regular, Smallest), and "Vagina" (Largest Volume).

The Fannie Mae Guide to Buying, Financing & Selling Your Home (Doubleday, $7.95), edited by Melvin Mencher. An anthology of articles by journalist-members of the National Association of Real Estate Editors for the Federal National Mortgage Association (Fannie Mae). Of all the real estate books around nowadays, *Fannie Mae* offers the most complete single-volume coverage of the problems involved in owning a home; what's more, the quality of the writing is surprisingly high. It's not often one comes across a piece on "How to Finance Your Home: Mortgages" (Chapter 7) that's as entertaining as it is informative. The appendix includes names and addresses of useful organizations and government sources and a glossary of real estate and mortgage terms.

Art and Stained Glass (Doubleday, $3.95 in paper) by Claude Lips. If

you've been clawing your lips for lack of a creative way to pass the time, perhaps this "invitation to rediscover a craft almost lost" will heal your wounds. The techniques are time-honored, the hints are helpful, and the instructions are step-by-step—all from a master craftsman in the art. With over 100 black-and-white and color illustrations.

The Rohan Master. A Book of Hours (George Braziller, Inc. $45). Reproduced from the Illuminated Manuscript —Ms. Latin 9471—belonging to the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, France. Don't wait for the paperback edition.

TELEVISION

Help! Here comes Kojak (and Cannon and Toma and Hawkins and The Rookies and <u>really!</u>)

The television producers can't understand it. The 1974-75 TV season has been called the "Year of the Cop." There are some two dozen continuing cop-detective-crime-fighting-lawyer shows on TV this season, about one-third of which are new, but already it's clear that the "Year of the Cop" is going to be a bad year. None of the new shows is doing very well. *The New Perry Mason Show* has already been benched. The most successful of the new crime shows, NBC's *Police Story*, is only 25th in the Nielsen ratings. One plausible excuse for the bombs is the television writers' strike earlier this year—and it's true, weak scripts seem to be the foremost failing of the new shows. Perhaps to counter bad writing, the new CBS series *Kojak* seems to be using the shotgun technique—i.e., load up with a little shot from every successful cops-and-robbers situation and blast away. The premiere of *Kojak* (the show is on Wednesday nights after *Cannon* and stars Telly Savalas) looked like a video museum of cops-and-robbers clichés—from old Cagney gangsterisms to *Bullitt-French Connection*isms. The central character is full of the mannerisms of recent TV crime-show heroes, mostly of the cerebral-schlemiel genre as typified by Peter Falk's *Columbo*.

In his premiere adventure as a New York City police detective, Kojak doesn't move, doesn't fight, doesn't shoot. But he's smart, like a smart bomb. Once aimed at the target, Kojak hits and explodes in a blast of cerebral-schlemiel shrapnel that wipes out the criminals.

The first *Kojak*, entitled "Siege of Terror," begins with robbers in Frankenstein masks surrounding an armored truck and saying, "Get 'em up!" to the guards. ("Get 'em up!" Honest.) A

good citizen sees a crime being committed and phones the police. Sirens in the distance. "Hurry up and get that money off the truck," says a robber. The sirens are getting louder. The robbers position themselves behind cars and prepare to shoot it out. The cops arrive and from at least fifty yards away command the bad guys to "Freeze!" Sirens still wailing in the distance. The robbers don't freeze but speed away in a car. A chase scene inspired by *The French Connection*. A crash. The robbers hole up in a sporting-goods store, take customers as hostages, and salute the Old West by busting out the windows with their pistols before they commence firing.

Soon Detective Kojak arrives, wearing a three-piece gray suit and a sort of Tyrolean hat (he looks a lot like novelist Saul Bellow). Along with him are an armored police tank and media people. Lots of media people—TV news people and their equipment, phone people and their truck, newspaper and radio reporters—all pushy and anxious, like the news media mobs in *White Heat*.

The criminals ask for a plane and safe transportation to the airport. Kojak grabs a phone and says, "Put the mayor on." It's a stalemate between the cops and the robbers. The cops decide to dig in, literally, by tunneling through from the sewer below to the criminals above. (Nothing like the tension of tunneling against a deadline.) Kojak is handed a stat sheet on one of the criminals, from which he reads aloud: "One arrest for assault, two arrests for Mary Jane!"

Mary Jane! Things are getting more nostalgic by the second, but it's big-city braintwisting frustration, too! Like Columbo, Kojak is a mumbler and a brooder. But when Kojak mumbles he sounds like Chicago Bears football coach Abe Gibron; his mumbling seems inadvertent. And when he broods it is without any of Columbo's eccentric sense of conviction.

Inside the store, a hood is shifting his shoulders much like a Cagney tough guy. A wounded cop in the store with the gang asks one of the gunmen, "Would you get me a priest?"

"Sorry, pal," says the gunman. "We might all need a priest in a few minutes."

A priest might help, but a real savior would be a decent script. Meanwhile, the sirens are still wailing, which they have done continuously from the time of the good citizen's phone call. In the equipment-littered street, cops are crouched behind cars ready to shoot. Behind them, directly in the line of fire, Hare Krishna people are chanting and TV news reporters are on camera talking into microphones. Big city chaos! Pressure! Distractions! But in the face of it all, the cops, to a man, are portrayed as harried-but-humane, brave, and ingenious public servants. The criminals are portrayed as moderately clever but obviously mentally unbalanced geeks, ill-dressed, unkempt,

with bad posture. The mayor has turned down their request for a plane, etc., but Kojak informs the desperadoes that their needs will be taken care of, so that he may stall for time and allow the cops to tunnel in, which they eventually do, capturing everyone and saving the hostages. Afterwards a grateful and illuminated old-man hostage starts to say something to Kojak about "Police being the only defense between . . . " but he doesn't finish the sentence. The implication is that whatever it is (a siege of terror?) the cops are defending old men and other civilized people from what is too ineffably despicable and horrible to speak. ("I understand," says Kojak.)

But who will defend us from the season's cop shows? If Kojak is any indicator, we're in for a siege of torpor.

RECORDS

Texas Playboys, Rich Country, There's no two ways about it...

Country-western is the answer. Just what is the question is hard to say—but it has to do with the tension and headache of cheapchic glittery post-Who-Hendrix-Cream disciples lugubriously immolating themselves into a molten heavy-metal morass of failed moonshot music.

And sometimes the old remedies work best. Take Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys. If Merle Haggard's favorite fiddler and his boys were playing the band circuit today doing what they did on **The Bob Wills Anthology** (Columbia), they'd be on the cover of *Rolling Stone* as the season's pop panacea quicker than you could say "Boy Howdy." Wills, who with his Playboys successfully toured Southern dance halls for years and years but was relatively unheard and unheard of outside his own turf, is credited with originating a musical style back in the Thirties called Western Swing, basically country music performed by a big band with a horn section, swing-band arrangements and all—a steel guitar. It's the Benny Goodman trip but a little twangier and closer to the ground. Most of the tunes on *Anthology* were recorded at 78 rpm before World War II, but the clever arrangements, great musicianship, and good groove on instrumentals like *Osage Stomp* along with the witty, tongue-in-cheek vocals on such as *That's What I Like About the South* add up to music that is charming, utterly listenable, and cleans clogged sinuses.

Another effective painkiller from the country pharmacy is Charlie Rich, who has the habit of hanging up a gold record every three or four years. He did it with *Lonely Weekends* in the late Fifties, *Big Boss Man* in the early

Sixties, and *Mohair Sam* in the late Sixties. Now he's right on time with *Behind Closed Doors,* 1973's only million-seller country single, winner of the "Country Song of the Year" award. For the performance of *Behind Closed Doors,* the Country Music Association named Charlie Rich the "Male Country Singer of the Year." Rich's latest LP, also called **Behind Closed Doors** (Epic) naturally capitalizes on his hit ballad by means of more ballads set in a rather klutzy cushion of big production back-up vocals with strings (the style known as the new Nashville sound). The album has a too-similar ring from tune to tune, but it is nouveau Rich and there's probably not a string section alive that could seriously encroach on Charlie Rich's territory. But an earlier Epic LP, *Charlie Rich,* contains *Behind Closed Doors* plus a pretty complete chronology of Charlie Rich from the original *Lonely Weekends* through *Mohair Sam, et al.* It's a good taste of the best of Rich's pre-"Doors" style—gospelly rock-and-roll piano backed up by a small rhythm section and churchy chick chorus. Meanwhile, out of the Rich revival created by *Behind Closed Doors,* comes the re-release of **Charlie Rich Sings Country and Western.** First released in 1967, it's made up mostly of Hank Williams classics such as *You Win Again* and *Hey Good Lookin'*. A couple of years ago the now-defunct Jerry Hahn Brotherhood released a rocking version of *Hey Good Lookin'* as a single, which seemed to be their own soulified rendition. It's now clear they copped the whole thing (and a good thing it is) from this '67 version by Rich. In several ways *Rich Sings Country* combines the best riches of the other LPs: the good country tunes of *Behind Closed Doors* with the simple but more rhythmic back-up band on *Charlie Rich.* Even though the songs on *Rich Sings Country* are old standards, Charlie Rich's amazingly versatile voice and bluesy, country-gospel sensibility can rebuild an old hot rod like *Hey Good Lookin'* into a real sporty cruiser.

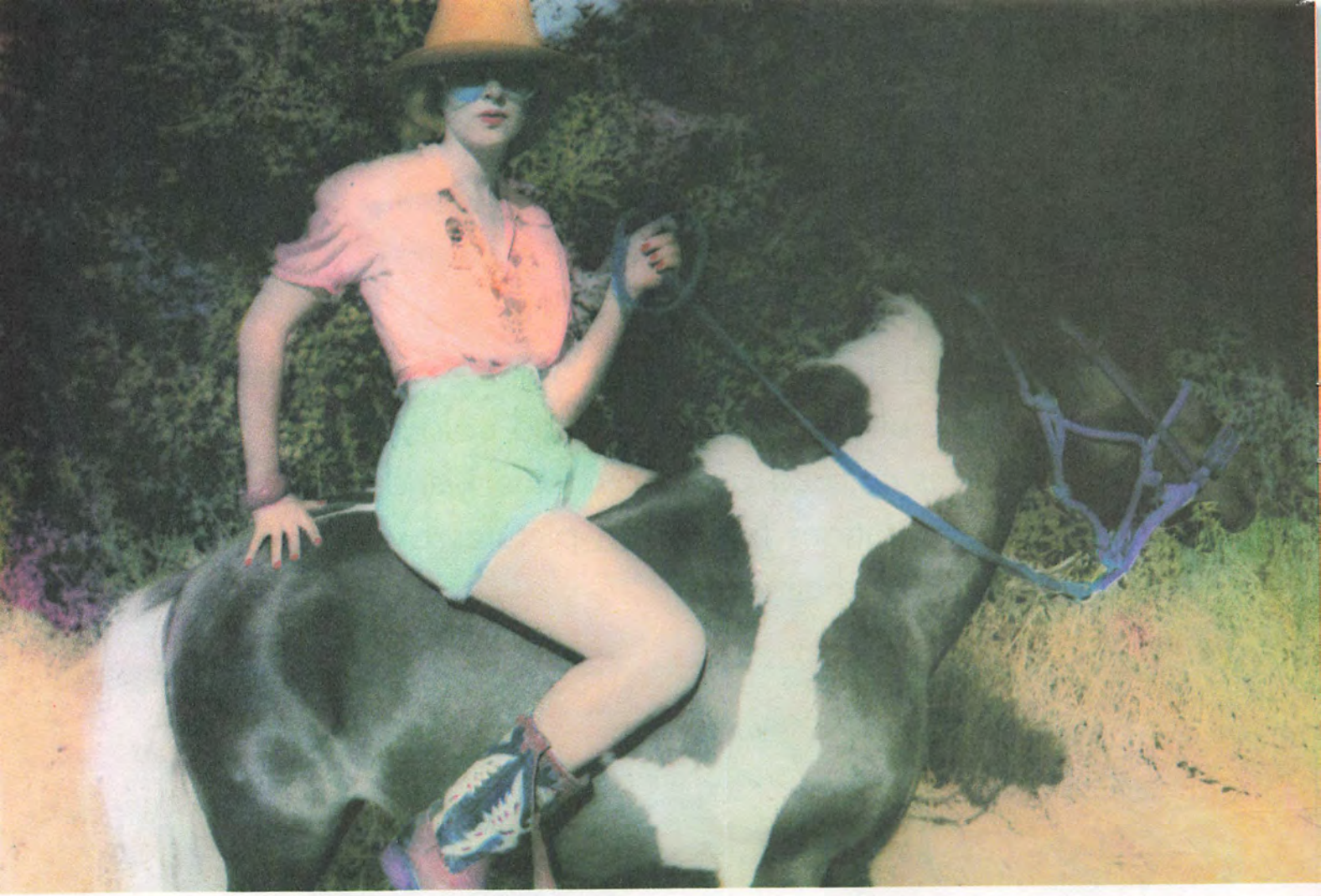
A long time ago a teen-aged Brenda Lee had a hit single called *Sweet Nothin's,* a classic of pre-mod rock and roll, in which she displayed a certain basic gutty delivery and a teen-age tough-mama Joplin-prophesying voice. Since then Brenda's bought a lot of hairspray and become an obscure country-western vocalist in the Tammy Wynette ballad-with-strings mode. This is a shame, because hers is a voice you want to hear really belt a lyric—even a good old classic country soap opera about unrequited, drunken, trailer-park love.

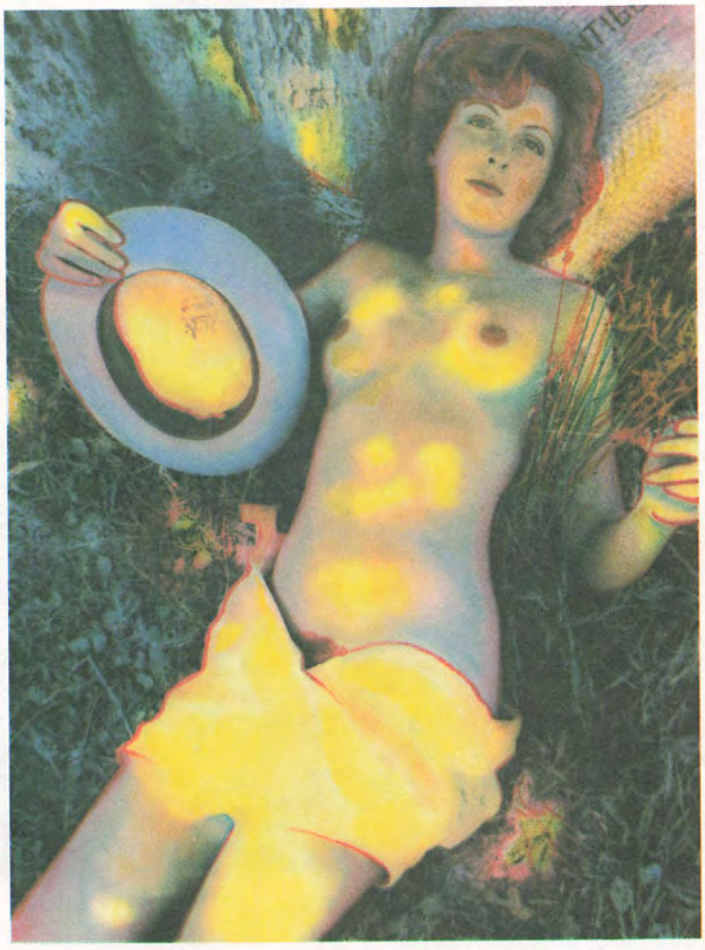
On her newest, **Brenda** (MCA), she offers stylish new Nashville Muzak treatments of ballads. All ballads, except for Johnny Nash's *I Can See*

Clearly Now (which she clearly should have left to Johnny Nash and the Wailers) and *We Had A Good Thing Goin'* (which suffers from a bland band track and only hints at what Brenda Lee might get into if she'd let her hair down). Meanwhile, *Brenda* is sweet nothing. □

The Tinted Lady

The color slide and the print made from it are now commonplace; unusual is the way of the early years: hand coloring with either oil, dye, or pencil. It is colored pencil over black-and-white that gently evokes erotic sensations from these pictures by Ron Mesaros—pictures that speak for themselves.





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DIFFERENT STROKES

There are two kinds of sandwich makers in the world: those who carefully spread the mayonnaise all the way to the edge of the bread and those who don't. Every now and then members of these opposing camps collide, usually in cafés, and it means trouble, trouble, trouble. For example, the University of California recently fired a 59-year-old widow from her job in the school cafeteria for not spreading the mayonnaise all the way to the four corners of the crust on the sandwiches she made. Lord knows who she served the half-spread bread to—someone important, certainly; no student would be heard on an issue like this. Perhaps some tenured economics professor of the Keynesian school? But the waitress stood her ground and appealed to the courts, who ordered the university to show cause why the woman shouldn't be reinstated in her job with back pay. Thus far, the university's side has not been heard; we assume they are now readying their case, taking depositions, researching precedents, and preparing to spread it out thoroughly and *real thick*.

PORNO LECTURES

Changes in the social scene often lead to changes in college curricula, right? Right. So it's only logical that the New School for Social Research in New York once again lives up to its name by offering an illustrated series of lectures given by Mike Luckman on the subject "Pornography in America." Thus far, three times as many women as men have signed up to acquire knowledge in this (not-so-) new field. That's luck, man!

WHO WAS WHO?

Maybe someday your name will be in lights
Saying "Johnny B. Goode Tonight"

goes the famous Chuck Berry lyric. If you're a popular music person your name will most likely appear in lights, on a marquee, and if your name is on a marquee it should be a real marquee show-biz name, which usually, but not always, is something short and catchy. J. B. Goode didn't change his name, but these pop stars did. Can you match the popular household word with the anonymous former self?

Chubby Checker	Chester Burnett
Howlin' Wolf	Herbert Khaury
Marty Balin	Harry Webb
Conway Twitty	S. David Cohen
Commander Cody	Walden Robert Cassotto
Muddy Waters	Gerry Dorsey
Dusty Springfield	Sharon Myers
Tiny Tim	Ernest Evans
Bobby Rydell	Mac Rebenneck
Little Richard	Martin Buchwald
Englebert Humperdinck	George Frayne
Bob Dylan	Robert Velline
Bo Diddley	Don Van Vliet
Ringo Starr	Elias McDaniel
Captain Beefheart	Bob Zimmerman
Bobby Darin	McKinley Morganfield
Jackie DeShannon	Robert Ridarelli
Bobby Vee	Mary O'Brien
David Blue	Richard Starkey
Cliff Richard	Richard Penniman
Dr. John	Harold Jenkins

CAN CLUNKERS CLOG CHIDS?

Maybe it's just paranoia, but it seems that nowadays The Man is not only trying to bust the kids' music, he's trying to bust their clothes. Could this account for the popularity of "Can't Bust 'Em" brand overalls among youth? An example of this oppression is the recent report that wide bell-bottom pants could cause fatal accidents; the cuffs might catch in a bicycle chain, thereby pitching the rider to his or her death.

You may remember a few years back that tight pants were reputed to cause sterility in males by constricting the testes. In the mid-Sixties, Cuban-heeled shoes were the culprits. A New York school board tried to ban, yes, *outlaw*, Cuban heels because they were, well, dangerous to one's uprightness and suggested a negative (Communist?) attitude toward things good and proper.

It was unhealthy for a man to be in high heels.

As for long hair, it's been OK on women for years, though women with long hair had to wear hairnets in certain jobs. It was only when worn by male help that long hair presented a threat to the sterility of a restaurant kitchen, only on male employees that a long strand of hair could get caught in the parcel-tying machine at the post office.

And now these damn platform shoes. They bug people. They are *annoying*. They are called pimpy, decadent, foppish, faggy, affected; they suggest unemployment, sporting life, idleness—all the great sins of an industrialized, upwardly mobile society. And recently a doctor came right out and said that platform shoes make it painful and sometimes impossible for *a woman to give birth to a child!* Dr. George Lewis, chairman of the Education Committee of the Institute of Chiropodists in London, also said that "Girls walk in a peculiar way when they wear these monstrosities. They bend their knees and the pelvis and abdomen are thrust forward. This is unnatural and can seriously affect a girl's health. Apart from this, the shoes cause discomfort and distort the foot bones of young girls."

Indeed. The doctor does not say what the effect of platform shoes might be on *old* girls. The fact that women have been wearing high-heeled shoes

for generations does not seem to have entered the doctor's head. But I have seen, Doc, photographs of my mother taken before I was born, in which she was wearing high heels. And yet I *was* born, and I went right through school. I have been called healthy and normal, etc. Yet my mother wore high heels!

Is something going to happen to me, Doctor? Is there something I don't know? Are my arches going to fall later in life? Will my children walk on their tiptoes? Will I someday tend to pitch forward? Will you help me? . . .

FOR FUSSY EATERS

A new book this season entitled *Help! My Child Won't Eat Right* offers helpful hints and anecdotes on how to talk your child into eating what you set before him. One method suggested by the authors is to design the food, viz: the Raggedy Ann Salad, with shredded carrot for hair, carrot pieces for eyes and nose, raisins for the mouth, cottage cheese for the face, and lettuce for the body! The book is written by Antoinette Hatfield and Peggy Stanton, whose husbands are the governor of Oregon and a congressman from Ohio, respectively. Other famous governmental people add their hints on how they talked their children into eating well, too.

And for Daddy, no doubt, it's oysters for the defense budget, filet mignon for foreign-aid cuts, and cherries jubilee for the space program.

CITY LIFE

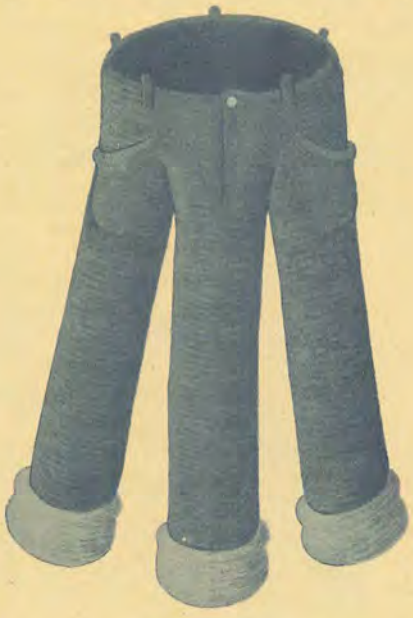
One sunny summer Sunday morning, I was walking the dog in the park among the parade of sun lovers and pedal pushers aboard rented Schwinns all heading for a solid six (or more) hours of rest and relaxation beside the mosquito bogs when, with nothing better to do, I took the stick I was throwing for my best friend and jammed it into the spokes of a passing bicycle. Then making quickly for home via the back alleys (having left the dog to fend for himself), I ran indoors, closed the curtains, opened *The New York Times*, and discovered a full-page ad from the Abraham and Strauss department store selling used Levis.

You don't have to be Abraham (or Strauss) to know that A&S stores are not thrift shops. (When has St. Vincent de Paul ever taken a full-pager in the Sunday paper to sell secondhand stoves?)

"JEANS . . . GREAT THE SECOND TIME AROUND," went the ad, "Broken in . . . worn out . . . faded and fantastic, all previously owned Levis $5 pair."

If you're ecologically minded, this would of course be good news—recycling at its finest. But the disturbing part here is best explained by the ad's next lines: "Old jeans never die . . . they just fade away and get better than they ever were! They're good friends you want to have around for all your good times! And A&S has 'em all . . . all from Levis . . . *all with a past.*" [Italics mine.]

All with a past. Now this is the big question, pahdnah: where, how, did they get all these old faded friends away from their original owners? The Levis wearers I know wouldn't part with an old broke-in pair of Levis any-



more than a fish would hand over its fins. These pants were either yanked off the legs of dead men or there's a couple hundred employees, all different sizes, who come to work at the Levis factory, slip into a new pair of pants, and roll around on a coarse surface for a month or so. Even if the latter is the case, the Levis management must have to take back the pants at gunpoint. That's the way Levis can affect you. Maybe I'm being too much the purist, but the idea of buying used Levis at a department store strikes me as cheating on the level of having a little switchblade scar put artfully on your face by a plastic surgeon. As for who buys them—could be undercover cops or Hollywood. I really don't want to know.

But I was curious as to where A&S got them. A week later *Time* magazine answered my question. There, under the heading "Retailing," was a little *Time* story about used Levis (*Time* called them "faded denims"). In its informative way, the magazine reported that Abraham and Strauss had purchased part of a lot of 7000 pairs of

Levis returned to the Levis company by dissatisfied owners. And indeed, the Levis company was planning another sale, as soon as the rejects piled up. What's more, the *Time* piece pointed out, the faded jeans were going for much more than they cost brand new.

The Levis management must be in a real honey of a dilemma. Assuming the dissatisfied customers returned the Levis due to defects in their construction (the jeans' construction, not the customers'), one must assume that old, defective Levis are more profitable than new, well-made ones. There is a memo, I'm sure, circulating at the Levis operation right now, instructing seamstresses, or seamstress computers, to make one leg a little longer than the other, weaken seams, forget rivets—that sort of thing. After all, sometimes less is more. *Caveat emptor.*

PEANUTS FROM HEAVEN?

This may come as startling news, but it's possible that *Homo sapiens* may not be the most highly evolved organism in the universe. Indeed, we may be just the pets of some extraterrestrial society, according to some recent scientific speculation. Other solar systems could be older than our own, and it's not unreasonable to suppose there are civilizations perhaps millions of years ahead of ours.

Meanwhile, the people of Earth are constantly yelling hello into space in hopes of contacting some extraterrestrial intelligence, but thus far there has been no response. Why?

A possible explanation is offered by John A. Ball, writing in *Icarus: International Journal of Solar System Studies*. Ball's theory is that extraterrestrial beings *are* listening, but don't want to talk to us. "Occasionally we set aside wilderness areas, wildlife sanctuaries, or zoos in which other species (or other civilizations) are allowed to develop naturally," says Ball. "The perfect zoo (or wilderness area or sanctuary) would be one in which the fauna inside do not interact with, and are unaware of, their zookeepers.

"I believe that the only way we can understand the apparent noninteraction between 'them' and us is to hypothesize that they are deliberately avoiding interaction and that they have set aside the area in which we live [Earth] as a zoo."

Crick and Orgel, also writing on this theme in *Icarus*, have a somewhat different idea—that life on earth began as an "infection" of organisms let loose by an extraterrestrial civilization, much the same way scientists cultivate a bacterial culture in a petri dish.

Parallel creation myths aside, either one of these theories could explain all the reported sightings of UFOs. If the earth is a culture nurtured or controlled by superior beings from another solar system, UFOs are perhaps inadvertent appearances made by our zookeepers.

Could I have a peanut, Mr. Martian?

BETWEEN THE BON TONS

There is a Paris rat, it is said, for every Parisian. The rat problem in Paris is severe enough that the police department must maintain an antirodent service—*Le Service de lutte contre les rongeurs de la préfecture de police*—a group of 16 investigators trained to hunt for incidents of rat infestation. In the 1920s an outbreak of bubonic plague spread by means of rat lice led to the establishment of the rodent service, which includes a lab for examining captured rats and experimenting with antirat devices. When *Les Halles*, the Paris central market, was to be closed a couple of years ago, the news media suggested that swarms of starved rats might run amok in the streets once their usual source of food was destroyed. As a result, the rat patrol went to work a year and a half before the closing, meticulously investigating some 2000 buildings for sources of rat infestation. So successful was the patrol's cleanup campaign that some city fathers suggested each patrolman be awarded a miniature bronze rat carcass for distinguished community service.

MAMA MIA!

Just before closing time recently, a car sped up to the bank in Artena, Italy (a small town near Rome), and stopped. Three armed, masked men jumped out and rushed at the front door, where the first man met the plate glass full-tilt and fell back into the arms of his two accomplices.

The bank had closed several minutes early.

"The door gave a sound like the strings of a violin," said one of the cashiers. Meanwhile the robbers, awkwardly holding their submachine guns and pistols, dragged their battered lead man back to the car. He was bleeding through his mask and his sunglasses were broken. The car sped away and disappeared.

The cashier said the bank occasionally closes early when there are no customers.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN ROME

One thing is certain about New Year's Eve in Rome. About midnight, one place you don't want to be is walking on a sidewalk in any inhabited part of town. Why? Because of one of those quaint old Roman customs.

In much of the older part of the city, New Year's Eve is an occasion for some serious housecleaning. The Roman looks around, spots some object that he's tired of (a chair, a lamp, maybe even a noisy relative), and then simply hurls the object out the window, into the waiting street below.

"It feels *good*," says a young Roman. "For all the year we are slaves to our possessions. On one night, we become the masters again. It does not matter how much something has cost or whether it is a family treasure. Sometimes you are just tired of something. OK. There it goes, out the window. *Ecco!* You will never have to look at it again."

A tour of the city in the early hours of 1973 yielded, in various stages of sidewalk disarray, such sights as a bidet, a baby carriage, a small chest of drawers, a large chest of drawers, a fully decorated Christmas tree, several family portraits, three neatly stacked bundles of newspapers, enough

glassware and crockery to stock a large restaurant, and a buxom pasteboard mannequin swaddled in garish green silk. Romans say that last year a man hurled a troublesome motorbike four stories to its death and another threw his wife's entire wardrobe onto the muddy cobblestones in protest against her excessive expenditures. (The poor fellow apparently didn't stop to think that he'd have to start all over.)

In days past, the wreckage and rubble of cast-off possessions used to cause real problems on some streets in Rome. Traffic would be at a virtual standstill until cleanup crews working overtime could forge a pathway through the forest of furniture, housewares, and hard-core trash that filled the streets. But today mop-up operations are more organized. What looks to be a double force of city employees starts to work as soon as it's safe to walk the streets. By 3 A.M. this year, there wasn't much more than an occasional sliver of glass, an overlooked chair rung, or a torn book cover to represent the wealth of discarded property that had decorated Rome only a few hours before.

MEN WANTED

The girls in the Russian city of Ivanovo help produce one-tenth of the entire Soviet textile cloth output. But they are, it is said, unhappy. The factory town in which they live and work has 132 women for every 100 men. What's more, there is a proportionately much greater number of girls in their early twenties than there are men of the same age. A single woman of Ivanovo goes to Moscow on weekends in search of a husband and plans vacations to resorts where the boys are. Ivanovo is one of many "feminine" Soviet towns, so-called because they are built around industries that employ mostly women, mainly as machine operators, laborers, and supervisors.

The Russians have studied 64 of these "feminine" cities and have learned that every third woman in them is destined to remain single. Young women in these factory towns tend to leave, permanently, at the first opportunity. Incidences of unwed motherhood are increasing. The government does not like these statistics because it wants to increase the national birthrate, which has been declining. A crash program is underway to diversify industry in the feminine towns and thereby attract male workers, who will, presumably, marry the girls. One hypothetical solution to the problem reportedly included a nationally franchised chain of singles bars to be run by the local government and staffed with eligible, young Russian males.

"Want to dance, Comrade?"

JIGGLE THE HANDLE

Perhaps you've been wondering how they, uh, excrete in Japan? They do their best. The Japanese have traditionally used the squat-system toilet, which can also be found in the West in such places as jails. In this system there's a place in the floor over which you squat. The new trend in Japan, however, is toward the imported Western toilet, with a seat and all. A Tokyo newspaper feels there is some question as to whether the new toilets are being used properly, and has suggested that Tokyo television stations offer instructions on the subject.

Imagine for a moment the filming of a short feature dramatizing right way/wrong way:

Director: OK, Hiro, first stand up on the seat. That's it. Now squat down like the old way. Right. Big mess. Clean-up crew! OK, now the right way, Hiro. Just sit right down on it. Good. Look contented. That's it. Read the newspaper. . . .

Oh, well. Who cares, as long as they flush it.

NINE LINES

Nine lines were needed here. Nine lines of type. There might have been a nine-line illustration in this space or a little picture or something, which would have been worth 1000 words, but no one felt like doing one. That was only eight. There. And one more for the road.

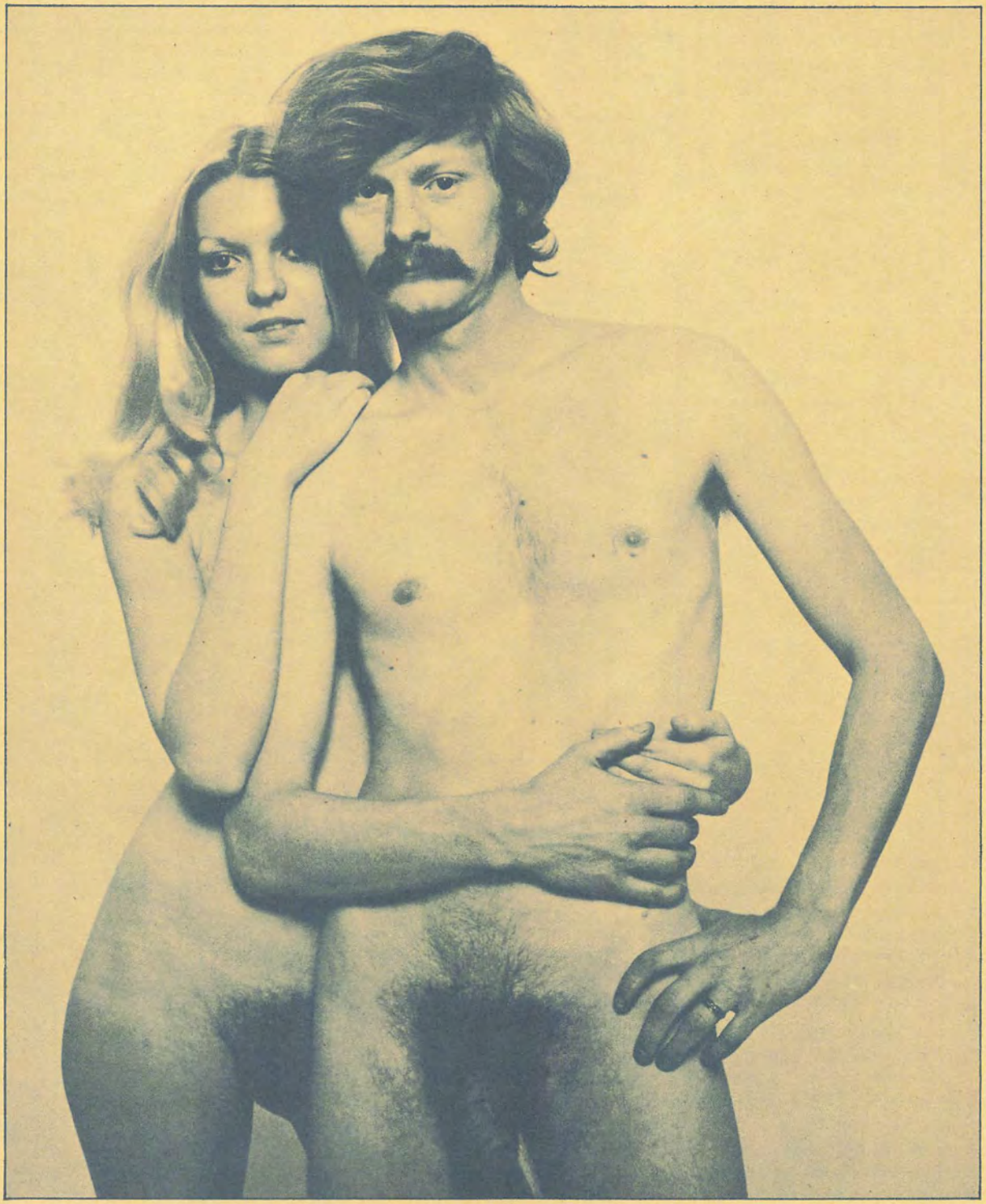
SMALL TALK

Hi. How are you? How's the missus? I'm fine, little tired but thank God it's Friday, you know? Think I'll take it easy on the weekend, stay home, read, watch the game, that sort of thing. Well, gotta run. It's getting late.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY QUIZ

Chubby Checker—Ernest Evans
Howlin' Wolf—Chester Burnett
Marty Balin—Martin Buchwald
Conway Twitty—Harold Jenkins
Commander Cody—George Frayne
Muddy Waters—McKinley Morganfield
Dusty Springfield—Mary O'Brien
Tiny Tim—Herbert Khaury
Bobby Rydell—Robert Ridarelli
Little Richard—Richard Penniman
Englebert Humperdinck—Gerry Dorsey
Bob Dylan—Bob Zimmerman
Bo Diddley—Elias McDaniel
Ringo Starr—Richard Starkey
Captain Beefheart—Don Van Vliet
Bobby Darin—Walden Robert Cassotto
Jackie DeShannon—Sharon Myers
Bobby Vee—Robert Velline
David Blue—S. David Cohen
Cliff Richard—Harry Webb
Dr. John—Mac Rebenneck

OUR COVER GIRL UNCOVERED



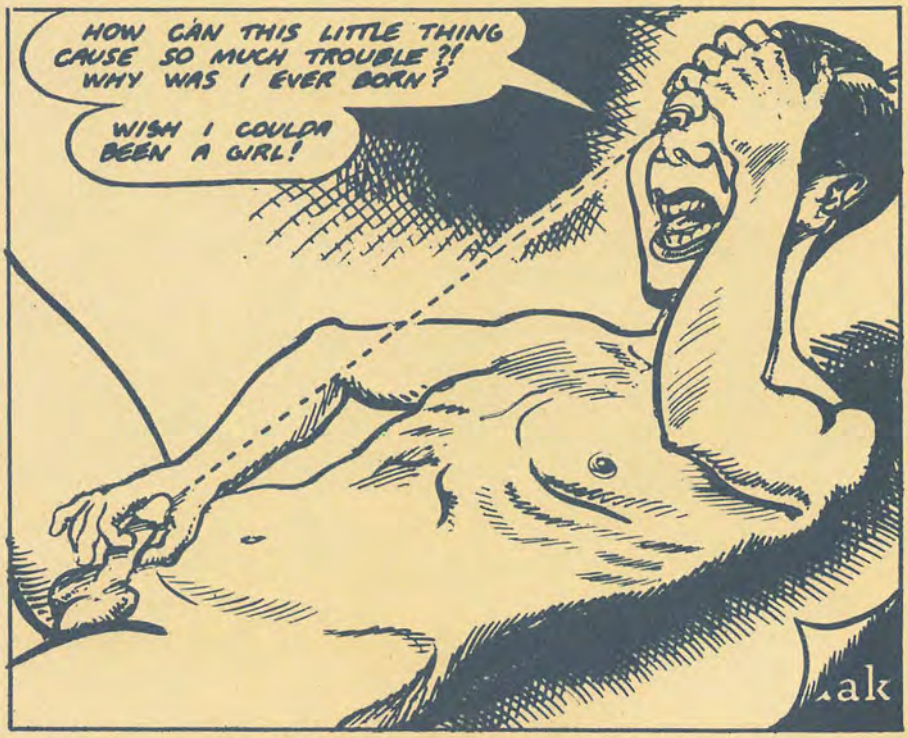
Marilyn she's really not, and that's all right—different figures for different folks. She's Susan Westgate, and talent scouts can reach her through GALLERY's offices. The man with the mustache is Robert J. Todd, photographer (the cover and this picture).

BINKY BROWN

"... *Binky Brown* is not intended solely for your *entertainment*, but also to *purge* myself of the *compulsive neurosis* which I have served since I officially left *Catholicism* on *Halloween, 1958*. You may deem my material as being too *indulgent, morbid,* and *obscene*. I daresay many of you aspiring *revolutionaries* will conclude that instead of focusing on topics that would lend themselves to *social issues*, I have zero'ed-in on the petty conflict in my *crotch!* My *justification* for undertaking this *task* is that many others are *slaves* to their *neuroses*. Maybe if they read about one neurotic's *dilemma* in *easy-to-understand comic-book format*, these tormented folks will no longer see themselves as mere *food-tubes* living in *isolation*. If all we neurotics were tied together, we would entwine the globe many times over in a *vast chain* of *common suffering* . . . *Please don't think I'm an asshole, Amen.*"

Introduction to *Binky Brown Meets the Holy Virgin Mary*

BUT EVEN GUYS WITH NO SISTERS HAD A CERTAIN HOSTILITY TO WOMEN, OWING TO THEIR CONTACT WITH GOD'S WIVES
LAUGHING WHILE YOU'RE PRAYING, EH?
TAKE THAT!
AND THAT!
CUFF, CUFF
METAL ARCHITECT'S RULER



Occasionally, in that ugly and sweaty mire that typifies "underground comix," one espies a glimmer of brilliance. A jewel in the shit. The same egg that birthed up the boring, sexist, and blood-soaked demons that pretend at comic art has also delivered comix of spirit and genius.

"Underground" comic books is only one of a myriad of reactions to growing up under Eisenhower. I can fantasize that comix was the natural *reaction* to the *action* of misguided parents falling prey to the evil magic of Fredrick Wertham, who, during the Fifties testified before the United States Senate that innocents were being seduced into depravity by newsprint and colored ink.

It only seems right that that 8-year-old Cold War child, having had the luster of *Tales from the Crypt* cruelly dispatched out of his life, would eventually react. After growth, the onslaught of the Sixties, the input of Lenny Bruce, LSD, and a proliferation (however naive) of political consciousness, a small army of these deprived (and hence neurotic) folks armed themselves with rapidographs, bristol board, and ink.

The result was an insane menage of spaced-out pirates, deranged dykes, metaphysical eyeballs with feet, chickens

written by Skip Williamson

driving Cadillacs, snappy, inconsistent sages, and horrific teddy bears. Unfortunately, when the dam is dynamited, the flood ensues. Result: the last couple of years bears witness that virtually anyone without an ability to render a recognizable image and a nihilistic approach to taste can in fact be published, marketed, and sold to a public whose only criterion is consumption.

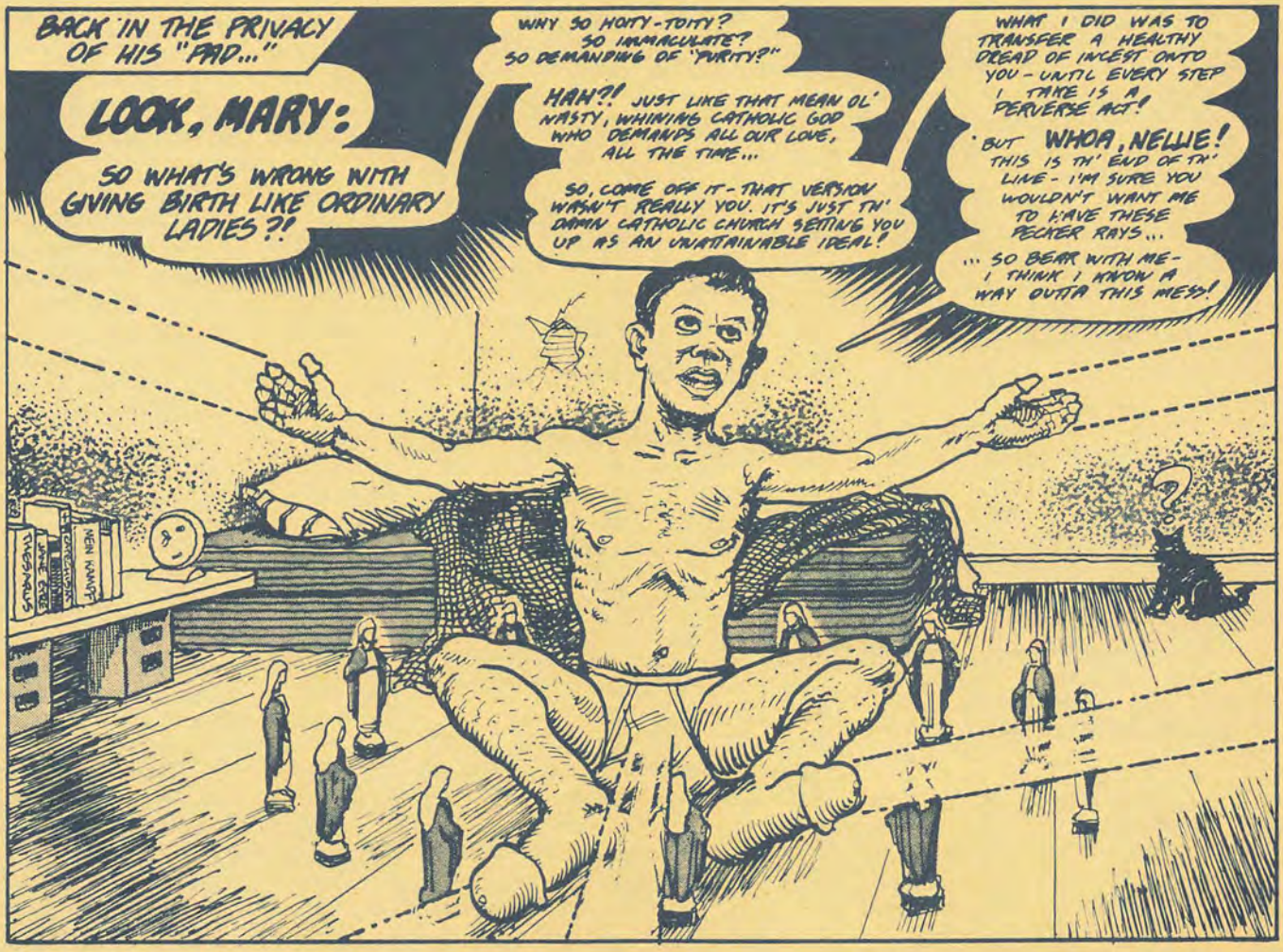
Justin Green, however, has been and is one of a handful of notable exceptions to the rule. He has published a comic book that could very well be a hallmark. Justin's *Binky Brown Meets the Holy Virgin Mary* is a neurotic masterpiece. It inspired Kurt Vonnegut in a letter to Justin to say that his life had been changed by Binky and Binky's encounters with puberty and Catholicism. Rumor claims that Federico Fellini (himself an ex-cartoonist) was inspired enough to write Mr. Green a fan letter.

THE HOMEWORK ASSIGNMENT FOR THAT NIGHT IS TO DIAGRAM SOME RANDOM FEATURE OF ANY SACRAMENT USING FAMILIAR OBJECTS, EVENTS, OR PLACES.
HMMM - LET'S SEE - OF ALL THE SACRAMENTS - BAPTISM - CONFIRMATION, COMMUNION, EXTREME UNCTION, HOLY ORDERS AND MATRIMONY - I GUESS PENANCE IS MY FAVORITE.
COUNT 'EM

Binky Brown Meets the Holy Virgin Mary is autobiographical. It is psychoanalysis from panel to panel instead of from $50-an-hour session to $50-an-hour session. From the point where young Binky accidentally shatters the family Madonna to the point where lying in bed, toying with a rubber pig, and fantasizing about a painting of the scalped General Custer, he has his first orgasm, his attitudes and resentments towards women boil out of pubescent encounters with fascistic, ruler-wielding dogma-nuns, the mysterious transformation of common household items into threatening phalluses, and the final resolution of what he calls "the primeval morass of superstition."

The only perceptible rival to *Binky Brown* appears to be Green's latest effort, a comic book entitled *Show and Tell*, tales out of school twisted as only he can twist.

Both *Binky Brown* and *Show and Tell* available for a mere 65¢ apiece from J. Green, c/o Box 40631, San Francisco, California 94140. □


BACK IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS "PAD..."
LOOK, MARY:
SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH GIVING BIRTH LIKE ORDINARY LADIES?!
WHY SO HOITY-TOITY? SO IMMACULATE? SO DEMANDING OF "PURITY?"
HAH?! JUST LIKE THAT MEAN OL' NASTY, WHINING CATHOLIC GOD WHO DEMANDS ALL OUR LOVE, ALL THE TIME...
SO, COME OFF IT - THAT VERSION WASN'T REALLY YOU. IT'S JUST TH' DAMN CATHOLIC CHURCH SETTING YOU UP AS AN UNATTAINABLE IDEAL!
WHAT I DID WAS TO TRANSFER A HEALTHY DREAD OF INCEST ONTO YOU - UNTIL EVERY STEP I TAKE IS A PERVERSE ACT!
BUT WHOA, NELLIE! THIS IS TH' END OF TH' LINE - I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO HAVE THESE PECKER RAYS...
... SO BEAR WITH ME - I THINK I KNOW A WAY OUTTA THIS MESS!

answers

Editor's Note: Most of the questions received by our Answers *desk concern the age-old male dilemma, "What do women want?" For that reason,* GALLERY *has engaged the services of a well-known Chicago* bonne vivante *to help you solve your problems. She can also give you excellent advice on food, fashion, drink, travel, business, and just about anything that's hanging you up. Send your questions to* Answers, GALLERY, *936 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

The newspapers and Nixon-named "electronic media" bring us phrases like "high misdemeanor." I gather that a high misdemeanor is grounds for impeachment proceedings, but what the devil *is* a high misdemeanor?

Anthony Louis
White Plains, New York

First, the constitution describes as grounds for impeachment "treason, bribery, and other high crimes and misdemeanors." There is some controversy as to whether this language does or does not limit the grounds for impeachment to criminal *conduct. But there is no criminal action labeled "high misdemeanor!" Many legal scholars agree that "high misdemeanor" is the subversion of the constitution that occurs when an officeholder behaves in a manner so outrageous to public policy that he taints the office itself, thus weakening public respect for that office and for subsequent officeholders. There have been 13 impeachment proceedings in our country's history, primarily against federal-court judges. In every such impeachment, conduct short of criminal was considered by the House of Representatives to be sufficient grounds for impeachment. Drunkenness on the job, for example, was considered an impeachable high misdemeanor in that people lose respect not only for the drunken judge himself, but for the very function a judge is to serve.*

I'm living with a chick who is hung up on masochism. She keeps buying S & M "literature" and gets extremely turned on reading it and looking at pictures of women being spanked and otherwise humiliated. Then she expects me to take the sadist role and act out fantasies with her, which I could take or leave. The problem is that her interest in the fantasy often vanishes in a split second—usually the second I'm starting to warm up to the fantasy—and she shuts off all sexual response entirely, leaving me with my dick up, so to speak. What's her problem?

J. Spencer
Santa Barbara, California

Your little lady has misdiagnosed her proclivities—sounds like she's *the sadist, as far as your gratification goes! It is often hard for a person to reconcile "taboo" sex fantasies with the actual enactment of such fantasies. While she may daydream over the delights of discipline, her real-life sense of human dignity may fill the space between her butt and your open palm. The solution is to enhance the fantasy aura surrounding the game itself. Marijuana or liquor can help to blur the reality and allow her to get into the fantasy. Sometimes, simply lying close and* verbally *engaging in the dominant/submissive exchange as foreplay to straight sex can combine the fantasy trip she desires with the nonthreatening sex that won't suddenly hang her up. She might wish to participate in an orgy, too; with strangers she'll never have to see again, your friend may not be so constrained by the reality of the situation, and you can have the straight sex you seem to prefer.*

I work in an office where all the women seem to be hanging up nude centerfolds of men. I thought Kinsey said women didn't get excited by visual stimuli. What's the story?

Sam Goldstein
Little Rock, Arkansas

Kinsey and his pals apparently overlooked the absence of visual stimuli oriented toward women. Sure there were always pictures of naked men available, but until Cosmopolitan *broke the ice with the Burt Reynolds centerfold, none of these pictures was created with an eye toward pleasing the ladies; few women felt that the greased poses in magazines like* Buddy *were meant for them alone. It was no coincidence that Burt hit the stands at a time when the women were finally acknowledging their sexual needs and rights. When women in general stopped worrying about the tragic consequences of Going All The Way and started looking for dudes to Go There With, it became natural for us to fantasize about a bedful of the hard-leg action we were seeking. Capitalism being what it is, it didn't take long for the potential of new cultural attitudes toward sex to reach the marketplace in the form of more and more beefcake for the ladies. If this, in turn, has led to increased sales in male grooming products and clothing—as the aging man realizes he's not as firm and shapely as Mr. February—you might agree that men and women are equally vulnerable to the youth and beauty syndrome of media sex.*

Can you help me find my grandmother?

Richard Jones
Berwyn, Illinois

No.

My girlfriend enjoys giving me head—at least she says she does—but she never swallows the semen. In fact, she pulls her head away when she knows I'm about to shoot. Don't you think she'd swallow it if she *really* enjoyed this form of sex? Can you think of any arguments I could use to convince her to gulp it? When I ask her why she won't swallow it, she says she doesn't know. How can she "not know?"

R. Miller
Versailles, Kentucky

Pal, she knows. She's probably too polite to tell you: taste *a load of the stuff and you'll know, too! It's not just the taste that turns many women off—it's the texture. Swallowing the stuff is kind of like drinking warm egg white with a mucus chaser. Sure this is a negative attitude, and there are women who enjoy swallowing it. But many women don't, no matter how much they dig the guy and/or the activity. It's certainly no rejection of* you, *though why she wouldn't reject a barbarian like you is a mystery: "gulp it," indeed! You can't* argue *your reluctant partner into enjoying the jizz, and why try to argue her into doing something she doesn't enjoy? Sex is supposed to be fun.* □

CASSETTES

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OLD & HEAVY GOLD

1955 — 1971

E-C TAPE SERVICE
3695 N. 126th Street
Brookfield, Wisconsin 53005

TITLE	1955	ARTIST
Cherry Pink/Apple Blossom White		Perez Prado
Rock Around the Clock		Bill Haley
Autumn Leaves		Roger Williams
Yellow Rose of Texas		Mitch Miller
Love Is A Many Splendored Thing		Four Aces
Moments to Remember		Four Lads
Ain't That A Shame		Pat Boone
Crazy Otto		Johnny Maddox
Hearts of Stone		Fontane Sisters
Let Me Go, Lover		Joan Weber
He		Al Hibbler
I Hear You Knockin'		Gale Storm
Unchained Melody		Al Hibbler
Till		Roger Williams
March from the River Kwai		Mitch Miller
Friendly Persuasion		Pat Boone

TITLE	1956	ARTIST
Heartbreak Hotel		Elvis Presley
I Want, I Need, I Love You		Elvis Presley
Hound Dog		Elvis Presley
Don't Be Cruel		Elvis Presley
Love Me Tender		Elvis Presley
My Prayer		The Platters
Only You		The Platters
The Great Pretender		The Platters
Green Door		Jim Lowe
Singing The Blues		Guy Mitchell
Poor People of Paris		Lee Baxter
Whatever Will Be, Will Be		Doris Day
Canadian Sunset		Hugo Winterhalter
Allegheny Moon		Patti Page
I Almost Lost My Mind		Pat Boone
Memories Are Made Of This		Dean Martin

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
Bye, Bye Love		Everly Brothers
Problems		Everly Brothers
Love Letters In The Sand		Pat Boone
April Love		Pat Boone
Don't Forbid Me		Pat Boone
Loving You		Elvis Presley
Teddy Bear		Elvis Presley
All Shook Up		Elvis Presley
That's When Heartaches Begin		Elvis Presley
Little Darlin'		Diamonds
Searchin'		Coasters
Young Love		Sonny James
Silhouettes		Rays
Gone		Ferlin Husky
So Rare		Jimmy Dorsey
White Sport Coat		Marty Robbins

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
It's All in The Game		Tommy Edwards
Twilight Time		The Platters
All I Have To Do Is Dream		Everly Brothers
Bird Dog		Everly Brothers
Patricia		Perez Prado
Voare (Nel Blu Di Pinto Di Blue)		Domenico Modugno
Little Star		Elegants
Don't		Elvis Presley
Tom Dooley		Kingston Trio
Get A Job		Silhouttes
Purple People Eater		Sheb Wooley
Poor Little Fool		Ricky Nelson
Yakety Yak		Coasters
Great Balls of Fire		Jerry Lee Lewis
At The Hop		Danny and the Juniors
Peggy Sue		Buddy Holly

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
Mack The Knife		Bobby Darin
Dream Lover		Bobby Darin
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes		The Platters
El Paso		Marty Robbins
Stagger Lee		Lloyd Price
Personality		Lloyd Price
Donna		Ritchie Valens
La Bamba		Ritchie Valens
Charlie Brown		Coasters
Kansas City		Wilbert Harrison
Sleep Walk		Santo and Johnny
The Happy Organ		Dave (Baby) Cortez
Heartaches By The Number		Guy Mitchell
My Heart Is An Open Book		Carl Dobkins, Jr.
Venus		Frankie Avalon
Lonesome Town		Ricky Nelson

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
Theme From a Summer Place		Percy Faith
It's Now Or Never		Elvis Presley
Stuck On You		Elvis Presley
I'm Sorry		Brenda Lee
He'll Have To Go		Jim Reeves
Cathy's Clown		Everly Brothers
Running Bear		Johnny Preston
Last Date		Floyd Cramer
Save The Last Dance For Me		Drifters
Greenfields		Brothers Four
A Thousand Stars		Kathy Young
You Send Me		Sam Cooke
Wonder World		Sam Cooke
Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Bikini		Brain Hyland
Handy Man		Jimmy Jones
Good Timin'		Jimmy Jones

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
Tossin' and Turnin'		Bobby Lewis
Big Bad John		Jimmy Dean
Exodus		Ferrante and Teicher
Runaway		Del Shannon
Runaround Sue		Dion
Will You Love Me Tomorrow		Shirelles
Travelin' Man		Ricky Nelson
Michael		Highwaymen
The Lion Sleeps Tonight		Tokens
Bristol Stomp		Dovells
Blue Moon		Marcels
Surrender		Elvis Presley
Take Good Care Of My Baby		Bobby Vee
Hit The Road, Jack		Ray Charles
Run To Him		Bobby Vee
Crying		Roy Orbison

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
I Can't Stop Loving You		Ray Charles
Big Girls Don't Cry		Four Seasons
Roses Are Red		Bobby Vinton
Stranger On The Shore		Acker Bilk
Sherry		Four Seasons
Johnny Angel		Shelly Fabares
Return To Sender		Elvis Presley
Soldier Boy		Shirelles
The Stripper		David Rose
Breaking Up Is Hard To Do		Neil Sedaka
Ramblin' Rose		Nat King Cole
Good Luck Charm		Elvis Presley
Loco-Motion		Little Eva
Bobby's Girl		Marcie Blane
Monster Mash		Bobby Pickett
The Wanderer		Dion

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
Sugar Shack		Jimmy Gilmer
He's So Fine		Chiffons
Hey, Paula		Paul and Paula
Blue Velvet		Bobby Vinton
Louie, Louie		Kingsmen
Sukiyaki		Kyu Sakamoto
My Boyfriend's Back		Angels
I Will Follow Him		Little Peggy March
Walk Like A Man		Four Seasons
It's My Party		Lesley Gore
Surf City		Jan and Dean
I'm Leaving It Up To You		Dale and Grace
Deep Purple		Nino Tempo
Rhythm Of The Rain		Cascades
If You Wanna Be Happy		Jimmy Soul
Our Day Will Come		Ruby & The Romantics

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
Anyone Who Had A Heart		Dionne Warwick
Laugh, Laugh		Beau Brummels
A Summer Song		Chad & Jeremy
Its Not Unusual		Tom Jones
Baby, I'm Yours		Barbara Lewis
Girl From Ipanema (Full Version)		Getz/Gilberto
Last Kiss		J. Frank Wilson
Hello, Dolly!		Louis Armstrong
I Get Around		Beach Boys
Where Did Our Love Go		Supremes
Mr. Lonely		Bobby Vinton
Do Wah Diddy Diddy		Manfred Mann
Everybody Loves Somebody		Dean Martin
Chapel Of Love		Dixie Cups
Rag Doll		Four Seasons
Leader Of The Pack		Shangri-Las

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
Satisfaction		Rolling Stones
You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'		Righteous Brothers
Downtown		Petula Clark
Turn! Turn! Turn!		Byrds
Stop! In The Name Of Love		Supremes
Liar, Liar		Castaways
Do You Believe In Magic		Lovin' Spoonful
What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted		Jimmy Ruffin
This Diamond Ring		Gary Lewis & Playboys
My Girl		Temptations
I Got You Babe		Sonny and Cher
Get Off My Cloud		Rolling Stones
Sounds of Silence		Simon and Garfunkel
Help Me Rhonda		Beach Boys
Tambourine Man		Byrds
Eve of Destruction		Barry McGuire

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
I'm A Believer		Monkees
Winchester Cathedral		New Vaudeville Band
96 Tears		? and the Mysterions
Soul and Inspiration		Righteous Brothers
Snoopy and the Red Baron		Royal Guardsmen
Monday, Monday		Mamas and Papas
Good Vibrations		Beach Boys
Reach Out, I'll Be There		Four Tops
Cherish		Association
Good Lovin'		Young Rascals
Sunshine Superman		Donovan
Wild Thing		Troggs
Strangers In The Night		Frank Sinatra
Poor Side Of Town		Johnny Rivers
When A Man Loves A Woman		Percy Sledge
Hanky Panky		Tommy James

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
Ode To Billie Joe		Bobbie Gentry
Daydream Believer		Monkees
Light My Fire		Doors
The Letter		Box Tops
Windy		Association
Groovin'		Young Rascals
Incense & Peppermints		Strawberry Alarm Clock
Little Bit O' Soul		Music Explosion
Never My Love		Association
Can't Take My Eyes Off You		Frankie Valli
Kind Of A Drag		Buckinghams
Pied Piper		Crispian St. Peters
Woman, Woman		Gary Puckett/Union Gap
Ruby Tuesday		Rolling Stones
I Was Made To Love Her		Stevie Wonder
Sweet Soul Music		Arthur Conley

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
Atlantis		Donovan
I Heard It Through The Grapevine		Marvin Gaye
Love Is Blue		Paul Mauriat
Love Child		Diana Ross/Supremes
Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay		Otis Redding
Honey		Bobby Goldsboro
People Got To Be Free		Rascals
This Guy's In Love With You		Doors
Harper Valley P.T.A.		Jeanne C. Riley
Hello, I Love You		Doors
For Once In My Life		Stevie Wonder
Those Were The Days		Mary Hopkins
Little Green Apples		O. C. Smith
Green Tambourine		Lemon Pipers
Cry Like A Baby		Box Tops
Mrs. Robinson		Simon and Garfunkel

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
Sugar, Sugar		Archies
Aquarius/Let The Sunshine In		Fifth Dimension
Honky Tonk Women		Rolling Stones
Everyday People		Sly & Family Stones
Crimson and Clover		Tommy James/Shondells
By The Time I Get To Phoenix		Glen Campbell
In The Year 2525		Zager and Evans
Leaving On A Jet Plane		Peter, Paul & Mary
Someday We'll Be Together		Diana Ross/Supremes
Crystal Blue Persuasion		Tommy James/Shondells
Hair		Cowsills
Spinning Wheel		Blood, Sweat & Tears
I'm Gonna Make You Love Me		Supremes & Temptations
A Boy Named Sue		Johnny Cash
Proud Mary		Credence Clearwater
Green River		Credence Clearwater

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
Raindrops/Fallin' On My Head		B. J. Thomas
Bridge Over Troubled Water		Simon and Garfunkel
Close To You		Carpenters
I Think I Love You		Partridge Family
Pinball Wizard (Original Version)		The Who
Rose Garden		Lynn Anderson
Mr. Business Man		Ray Stevens
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Mama Told Me (Not To Come)		Three Dog Night
Make It With You		Bread
American Woman		Guess Who
We've Only Just Begun		Carpenters
Cracklin' Rosie		Neil Diamond
Everything is Beautiful		Ray Stevens

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
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Want Ads		Honey Cone
If		Bread
Sweet Hitch-Hiker		CCR
Sweet Mary		Wadeworth Mansion
Country Roads		John Denver
How/Mend A Broken Heart		Bee Gees
I Am I Said		Neil Diamond
Walk Away		James Gang
Maggie May (Full Version)		Rod Stewart
Loving Her Was Easier		Kris Kristofferson
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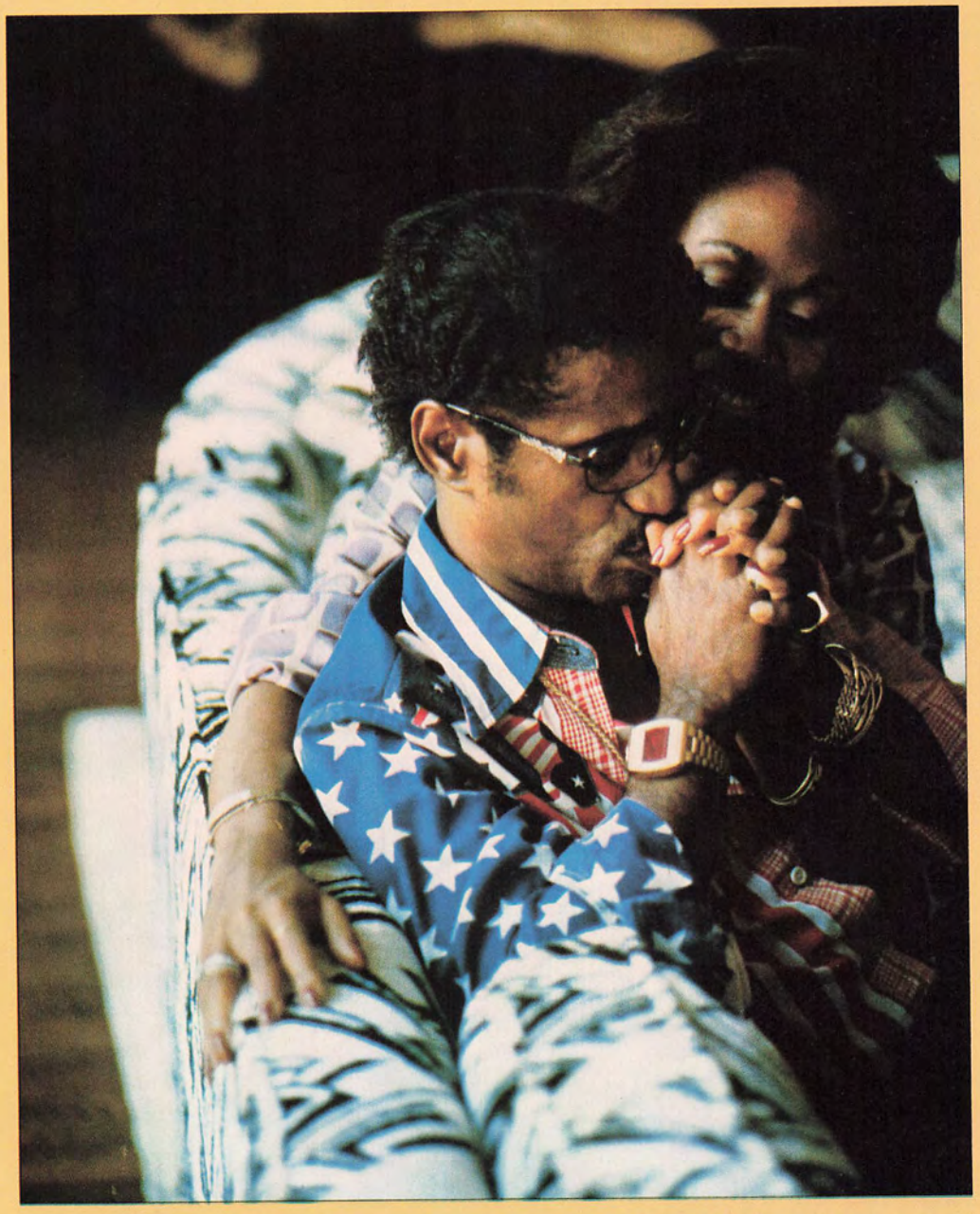
INTERVIEW



"Entertainer was where it was, and I did what I had to do, and I did it to survive."

by Baron Wolman

Sammy Davis, Jr., has just about everything. He has fame, he has money—money to spend, money in the bank—he has an elegant house filled with books and art and electronic gadgets and fine furniture. He has two pet poodles and a Llahsa Apso, and in the living-room fish tank, among other inhabitants, two enormous, well-fed piranha. He has a large swimming pool, a detached "playroom" featuring pinball machines, a wet bar, and lots of social toys. He has an upstairs poolroom done in denim, a magnificent gun collection of rifles, six-shooters, and automatic pistols, a free-standing clear-plexiglas-enclosed shower stall in the middle of his king-size bathroom. He has expensive cars with personalized license plates; his house is surrounded with a high Cyclone fence topped with strands of barbed wire; and there is a closed-circuit TV system watching over the grounds from inside the house.

"If this was any other country, there would have been people in the Super Bowl lined up and shot."

He also has a wife whom he loves, a former wife whom he admires, three children with whom he is close, loyal and friendly employees, energy, imagination, creativity, and an incredibly successful career that spans nearly 45 years.

What he doesn't appear to have is peace of mind, contentment, and fulfillment from all that he has achieved in his lifetime. Happiness—whatever it may be—seems to have eluded him.

Maybe it's naive on my part to assume if a man is successful in work he enjoys, then he is on the trail of life's meaning. And it may be equally naive to assume this man's bearing will reflect the satisfaction of his achievements. Perhaps that's expecting too much.

But I wasn't prepared for Sammy's anger and hostility, for his obvious discontent. Something is wrong; all the trappings of success surround him, but the source of that success doesn't seem to be able to relax and enjoy and accept its fruits. It's doubly ironic because Sammy Davis, Jr., is intelligent, perceptive, and sensitive. He has clearly and accurately identified his neuroses. Yet, for some reason, they continue to plague him. With emotion and great emphasis on key words, he openly explains various moments of his controversial life. But it sounds, more than anything else, like he's still trying to convince himself. Why?

In the early Sixties, Mike Wallace asked him, "Sammy, what is it you're looking for? Could it be summed up in one word: acceptance?"

"That's as good a word as any."

"You want people to like you."

"Yes, but that's the frosting on the cake. In its simplest form: I don't want people to dislike me before I've earned it."

That acceptance for which Sammy Davis, Jr., was looking then still eludes him. Only now it's the more important variety: self-acceptance. For everything he is, for everything he has, I don't think he can look in the mirror and say with conviction, "Baby, you're cool!"

All of this speculation about Sammy Davis, Jr., the man might be inappropriate and superfluous were it not for the fact that he himself opened the dialogue when he published his autobiography in 1965, Yes, I Can—which, incidentally, sold over a million copies. He documented well the complex interrelationship between himself as a man and him-

self as a performer, as a superstar. He outlined clearly how the psychological need that creates the star, that grants the untold favors of stardom, also exacts a price for that generosity. The ultimate question is whether the rewards of stardom compensate for the demands made on the man. In 1965 you couldn't quite be sure in the case of Sammy Davis, Jr. What has happened in the years since then? Who is Sammy now? Have battles been won or lost? And how about the war itself?

GALLERY: What has changed about you since you wrote your autobiography, *Yes, I Can,* in 1965, as far as your life and your attitudes are concerned?

DAVIS: I think I've taken on more of a personal commitment to my people, a personal commitment to my wife, a personal sorrow in terms of a lost marriage with a woman I still respect as a gracious lady, the mother of my children. Also, a trying to find myself in terms of where my head's at. As we commit ourselves to various things, a commitment that we often miss is a commitment to ourselves, as human beings.

GALLERY: You said that becoming a star was the most important thing to you, that it was the answer. You didn't have to deal with who you were as a person, because if you were a star it was enough. And then you found that it wasn't enough.

DAVIS: Right. Being around from the Thirties to the Seventies—that's forty years . . . I'm just talking about as a human being, the traumatic experiences that we've all been through in terms of our society, in terms of where a black person's head was in 1935, in 1945, in 1965, and where a black person's head is going to be in 1975.

GALLERY: Is it easier to be black right now?

DAVIS: No. Because the problem transcends race, it transcends color, it transcends religion. What we're really saying, what we've got to face now, is whether it is easier to be an animal or a human being today. It has nothing to do with country, it has nothing to do with politics—it's called how can I live in a world that is constantly, one way or another, beginning to crumble around me.

GALLERY: Do you see it as an inevitable fall? You talk about being an optimist . . .

DAVIS: I am an optimist, but I'm an optimist now on a much smaller scale.

GALLERY: You talk about guarding, yet you complained that your Dad and your Uncle Will guarded you against being hurt.

"I'm terribly sensual mentally; I don't think I'm sensual physically."

DAVIS: No, it's a different kind of guarding. You see, I've never loved any woman before, and I don't mean that out of disrespect for the women I've known—and I've known many. I was incapable of it. And I didn't know myself well enough. I *thought* it was love and let me repeat, I don't mean this out of disrespect. But I never said, "help me"; I never said "I'm sorry, I was wrong." I never said any of those things. Because there were other things that took me away from that. I'm not fighting for identity anymore, and I've fought for identity all my life.

GALLERY: When did you stop fighting?

DAVIS: I don't know. I think when I met my wife. She's responsible for it, really. And sometimes she's not even aware of it, which just makes it super groovy because it's not a cause with her. Every time I catch her doing it, I go, "Don't do that to me." She says the same thing to me, so that makes it groovy.

GALLERY: Where do you look for an out? Where do you look for direction?

DAVIS: I don't know. I have no direction. I just go out and do my thing, and try to do it honestly, with as few cop-outs as I can make. I *hate* performers who say I don't cop out because there ain't a cat alive, you hear me, that don't cop out. If he don't do it in public, he does it at home, buddy.

GALLERY: Where do you do it?

DAVIS: Wherever it is necessary to do it. To stop from hurting someone. To gratify my own ego. To satisfy my own *lust.* To placate my position. But then I didn't invent that game.

GALLERY: I got the feeling from reading your book that the given performance was not enough, that there was not enough satisfaction at that moment to keep you from thinking about the next performance and doing it again, and going out and doing it once more. Are you able to get fulfillment in . . .

DAVIS: Yes, I'm able to get it now. But you must remember that the book is nine years old. That's why people keep saying I'd better write another one. I've gone through changes in my life that we all went through, but because of who I am and what I am and what I hope to be those changes were illuminated in a certain way. Nobody said to me: *you* will try to be the greatest fucking entertainer who ever lived. I made that choice. Now I'm stuck with it. So my only bastion of security, really, which I never had, is this woman. My home, my relationship with her, my relationship with those people around me. And it hasn't completely disappeared. There are still about 15 people who are sucking my blood, who are parasites, I still have that syn-

drome; that's part and parcel of what you're supposed to be if you're a superstar.

GALLERY: It seems that people have laid more than your share of dues paying on your shoulders.

DAVIS: Well, I asked for it. I did everything in the world to ask for it. I bent over backwards to ask, "Whip me, whip me more. Make me prove what I am."

GALLERY: Why do people have such ambivalent feelings about you? It's as if they don't let you be yourself.

DAVIS: It's those same people, talking about me as a personality, that I resent. The media, through one way or another, call me either a putz or a saint. I'm good or I'm evil. And the only thing I'm saying is that somewhere along the way there's got to be an honest evaluation. But what do we do about communication between people? Because in the final analysis, where it's going to be is: did Sammy Davis, Jr., or Belafonte, or Poitier, or Paul Newman, or Robert Redford create linkage between people? Did he touch me enough to disturb me? Did he touch me enough to please me? What I do doesn't affect anybody. We put too much emphasis on that goddamned syndrome.

GALLERY: Well, you can't change *that* . . .

DAVIS: *Wrong—wrong—wrong.* We motivate it by doing exactly what we're doing here. But I wanted to do this interview as a forum, as a platform. Nobody dictates to me. Because I think I've got the same rights as the black brother on the corner in Watts or 116th Street, or the hippie in the Village or in San Francisco or wherever he is. Just because I'm 47 doesn't mean I don't have the right to disagree, to be a nonconformist.

GALLERY: But the moment you decided to be a star, you accepted a position in this society.

DAVIS: I don't knock that. When I decided to be a star and went for it, that was the only way to survive. I wasn't six-foot-seven, so I couldn't become a basketball star. I couldn't become a football star. Entertainer was where it was, and I did what I had to do, and I did it to survive. That's it, that's where it's at—you survive. The junkie on the street says, "I got to survive." And whatever it takes to survive, he will do it. We are no better. We're all social junkies. You do what you have to do to survive. You will do less, you will do more. In the final analysis, that's where it's at. If it means breaking my windows, walking out, taking your car over a curb, then that's what survival meant with you. I tried to commit suicide three times. I thought that was where it was with me. So that's what I tried to do. But fates, God, whatever it was, said no, you will live with this, you will take it. You had a choice, you made it, and you will drive that goddamn road the rest of your life.

GALLERY: Are you saying they won't let you go, is that the difference?

DAVIS: No, the difference is that we all have to relate to what our station is, what our obligations are, what our commitments are. That doesn't mean you've given up, it doesn't mean you've given up your cause, it doesn't mean that you ain't going to stand up and be heard. Maybe you choose another particular road to go and say, "This is the way I'm going to do it." And it may not be the road that everybody else has taken. And you're going to cause controversy by that. I live on it. Thrive on it.

GALLERY: You thrive on controversy.

DAVIS: I love it. Anything, but

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don't say that I'm one of the crowd. Now this comes not by calculatingly sitting down and saying, "This is what I'm going to do," but by osmosis it comes. And what I'm really saying is: just don't call me ordinary. That's all.

GALLERY: I don't think anybody ever has.

DAVIS: No, but I'm saying that's part of what I'm talking about.

GALLERY: Do you find yourself cutting down on performing?

DAVIS: Yes. Not in terms of the length of each show, but in terms of how many times a year I work, yes, I have to.

GALLERY: Does it bug you to have to do that?

DAVIS: No, no. Reality is reality. I'm not 23 years old, I'm not Wonder Boy anymore, and you can't climb the goddamned mountain backwards. When is it going to stop? When do you stop climbing Everest backwards? You say "hold it." I can't do that no more. But as a performer my main concern is that there's an obligation I owe that audience, and that is foremost in my mind as a performer.

GALLERY: That feeling of affection or identification or giving with your audience must be stronger in clubs, than on TV.

DAVIS: Because of the limitations, because there's a red light —there are a hundred million things that I can't even start to mention. I'm frustrated by it. I think if I had to do variety, it would have to be one of two ways. It would have to be the *NBC Follies,* which is down front or in one performance, or it would have to be a weekly show where there ain't no script. We did three ninety-minute shows with David Frost, a lot of ad-libbing, a lot of songs, and they were three of the best things I've ever done in my life.

GALLERY: But when you look at it, do you say, "that's OK?"

DAVIS: Yes. Oh, yes. I'm sorry about the first show we opened with. Because that shouldn't have been the first show, it should have been the third show. We should have opened up with Wayne Newton—Newton, Mickey Rooney, Joey Heatherton, Ken Barry, and myself. That's the one we should have opened with.

GALLERY: If you wanted to retire right now, and not work at all, if you wanted to quit, could you?

DAVIS: I could quit tomorrow and live comfortably for the rest of my life. And that's only happened because of one man, Sy Marsh. He's responsible for me getting out, he's responsible for the position that I hold.

"Just because I'm 47 doesn't mean I don't have the right to be a nonconformist."

GALLERY: But success isn't running you anymore?

DAVIS: No, no. The kind of lifestyle that I lead determines my needs. The groovy thing about what Sy has been able to accomplish is that he did it all without stopping my life-style. I can still walk in and buy my old lady a $40,000 car, which I just did. I bought her a Stutz, and I had them change the *S* to an *A.* She also has a Rolls I bought her.

GALLERY: How long have you been married to her?

DAVIS: Three and a half years.

GALLERY: Where do your kids live?

DAVIS: My kids live with my ex-wife in Lake Tahoe. I have the kids during the summer and the holidays, and unlike the Noel Coward sort of gentleman's agreement and all that hands-across-the sea, and ta-de-tah, my ex-wife and my current wife have a very good relationship, because she had nothing to do with my ex-wife and I breaking up. My ex-wife has great dignity, and she is such a stone lady, and the kids come and they play ball outside and we go to Hawaii. And it's good and it's healthy, and that's the way it should be. No one can do the job of raising my children—our children—as my ex-wife has done.

GALLERY: Is Judaism still a source of strength for you?

DAVIS: It is, it is. Goddamnit, it is. It's my linkage with reality. It's my reason for existing, meaning that I can say I'm not the only persecuted person in the world. That my people are not the only people who have been mistreated. It's a million things to me, Judaism. It's also a strength and it's dignity.

GALLERY: I wish I could feel that. The difference is that when being Jewish became difficult for me, all I had to do was not to say I was Jewish.

DAVIS: That's like me saying I'm not black.

GALLERY: You can't say that.

DAVIS: Oh, but I did say it. I not only said it, I did it, and I succeeded, which is really frightening. Like you saying to yourself, "I'm not a Jew and this is the way I'll succeed," I would say, "I'm not black," and succeed that way. But when it gets right down to it, I am black and my religion is Judaism, and that's where it is.

GALLERY: What do you think today about the government and the state of the personalities in the government?

DAVIS: It transcends party, it transcends everything. It is the worst political upheaval not only in the history of the country, but of the world. If this was any other country, a Latin American country, there would have been a coup, there would have been people in the Super Bowl being lined up and shot.

GALLERY: Like in Chile?

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DAVIS: But there would have been even a dignity about that. Nixon is not to be explained; he is not to be rationalized at all. I cannot, I will not. I would not even try to dignify it in any way. I disagree with everything that's been done. Totally—and this is the first time I'm saying it—totally. And I don't know who's advising him, unless it's Martin Bormann. In a year, a man's wiped out, his top advisers are all being indicted—this ain't like one little stink, a little Teapot Dome Scandal. They've been falling by the wayside, they're dropping like goddamned flies. All people that I knew, all people that I respect. But the saving grace is that, in spite of it all, soldiers ain't walking in the street. In any other country it couldn't exist. So as it is the worst of times, quoting the old axiom, it is the best of times. Because as we're experiencing one thing which is frightening, we're also experiencing how our government can work, and that's what I've got to believe in.

GALLERY: Are we going to come out of this better for it?

DAVIS: Oh yes, oh yes, we've got to. Now do you want to hear the other part of it? I think the man thinks he's doing right. He's always thought he's right. That part of the charm got me and got millions of others . . . I'm not by myself. I'm not the only man who went. I'm expecting a call any minute saying, "Do you want to be attorney general?"

GALLERY: Was there any pain that came out of your endorsement of him?

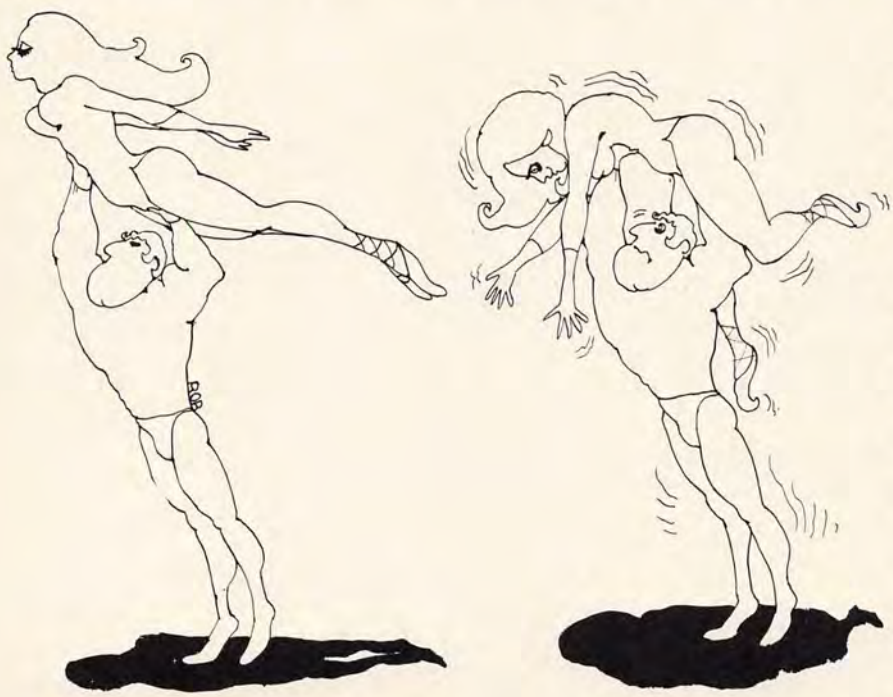
DAVIS: Oh, you know that, you know that. Only my wife and a couple of close friends know what happened. Oh, shit. It was open-heart surgery with no novocaine or anesthesia of any kind, that's what it was. I did it because I just felt that maybe—just maybe—I could get something done for my people. Somebody we don't know about is not hooking his ear right. But hey, I did that, and I'm no longer sorry that as a Democrat I went for a Republican—I'm still a Democrat. What I'm sorry for is our country, our nation. I'm sorry that the kids' program for milk is not being sponsored. And maybe, just maybe, I thought that my involvement could help restore, reevaluate some of those programs. And maybe that was a dream that was too goddamn big for me, but I thought I could help. I failed. But then, on the other hand, I'm at the end of a long line, as it turns out. I failed—and that's the first time I said *that* to anybody.

GALLERY: Considering preconceived notions that people have about one another, don't you think that all that's happening with Agnew and the president is going to change people's notions of each other?

DAVIS: I hope so. I hope so. But I can't help wondering if the political upheavals that are happening will result in a society where everything is nullified. For instance, you would know how many days the cats are up on the moon or in space, but what about their names? And if you ask people nobody could tell you, and nobody gives a rat's ass about it. Nobody cares, because we've been numbed. And nothing can penetrate anymore. We've seen presidents and celebrities and political celebrities wiped out. We're not even upset when someone gets killed.

GALLERY: How is it to live with that stud image all the time?

DAVIS: I'm not a stud, and I never will be a stud. I am a man, and I have the frustrations of being a man. I am part intellectual and part freak, I love freaky things, I also love solidity and peace, I also love home life. I subscribe to *Screw* magazine, and I love reading it. I collect pornography, as one would collect old porcelain. I'm terribly sensual mentally; I don't think I'm sensual physically. Yet I know I can walk on the stage, and I don't do anything, but their preconceived ideas of me do it. 'Cause I ain't got the wherewithall to do it. I don't put a stocking in my jock, I'm not out there do-



ing that. If you examine the last five or fifteen years of my life, you would examine a guy who goes out there and tries to ingratiate himself to an audience. I don't try to sexualize. I wear glasses. Sure, I would love to admit that hey man, da da da da da with Linda Lovelace and this, that, and the other, but that ain't the case. Anyone who don't love that is a freak. And when you have Linda Lovelace in your house, and she happens to be a nice lady who is a friend, but you are getting the vibes ...

GALLERY: She's sitting here, you're looking at her, and in the back of your mind the movie's playing.

DAVIS: Of course. But I'm saying that that's part of it, and that's as far as it went. Now I'm not above scenes. I'm not above anything. I've been through it, did it, but you've got to know that what I been through that you read about or was rumored about ain't true. But what you ain't heard about would blow your mind. Ah, what you don't know, which I wish one day I could tell, which I never can, would blow your mind. Now let the public deal with that: "Who was it he was talking about?" The thing that always hurts is that they never got the chick I really balled, they never got the scene that really happened. That's the thing that hurts, more than anything else. Linda Lovelace is too obvious. Now if you talked about Georgina [Spevlin], ahhh, then if I knew her, then you'd have to fight for your life. Because she really is super to me. When I saw *The Devil in Miss Jones* . . . First of all, her artistry as an actress is incredible. Secondly, the whole scene, with her getting into it, totally into it, was *so* erotic.

GALLERY: She got more beautiful as the picture went on.

DAVIS: What the director accomplished in *The Devil and Miss Jones* is where my head is at in terms of pornography. I would have loved to have directed *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Not that I could have improved on it, but see, that's worth it. Because you either go one of two ways: you either go for camp in pornography, or—how much fucking and sucking can you see, or you go with the story of an individual and what happens to that individual. We watched *Behind the Green Door;* I thought Marilyn [Chambers] had a special quality, and *Behind the Green Door* is really a synopsis of *The Story of O*. If Marilyn is going to continue in the field, and I don't say you have to do that the rest of your life, thank God we've grown beyond that, but I think that Marilyn Chambers, Georgina, and Linda Lovelace should do one movie together. And I think it should be called *The Last Porno Movie*.

"I don't know who's advising him unless it's Martin Bormann."

GALLERY: Who would direct?

DAVIS: Me.

GALLERY: Would there be any men in it, prominently?

DAVIS: Yes, yes, yes, yes. If I had my way, where my head is, there should be Paul Newman, there should be Marlon [Brando], and there should be me in it. Now, I know that's my fantasy and it will never come about. And it should never be shown in theaters. You should only be able to buy it for $5000, in a cassette, 'cause you could play the cassette, and dig on it and really do it. Because it should be done. See, you don't understand that. It should be done. But it ain't never going to be done, so you don't have to worry your head about it.

I have really dear friends who produce and direct porno films. One day the guy said, "Sam, Jesus Christ, you know most of the kids, why don't you come out and watch?" I said, "OK." I wanted to test myself, I wanted to see if I could look at it objectively. I could not.

GALLERY: What did you feel? Were you uncomfortable?

DAVIS: I couldn't believe it. It boggled my mind. I really literally couldn't believe it. The one feeling I had was total complete excitement. And I was a part of it, and I was involved in it. That doesn't mean that I suddenly ripped off my clothes and went in and joined them. My head is as good and as together as anybody's. But I wasn't ready for that. It's like the nude guy who doesn't know where to put his hands, and he winds up holding his head. I didn't know what to say. Now here is the sophisticate, the rounder, to quote your words, "the stud." I couldn't deal with that. I had to leave. I'm tired of middle-aged women telling me, "Oh, I saw it, but I didn't really like it, but Harry wanted to go." In the meantime, spittle is running down the corners of their mouths thinking about it. I can respect someone who says to me, "I don't want to go near it, I'm narrow-minded, I think it's filth, and I don't want to be a part of that." I respect that. I respect the cat who says, "I dig it and I can't wait for the next one to come out." I don't respect the other people, because the only thing they're doing is screwing up their lives. 'Cause they're neither fish nor fowl. At least if you say, "Hey, this is a mask I must wear," it's like the old days when the cats used to say, "Now I never read *Confidential,* but I saw this copy in my dentist's office." Nobody ever read it, and it was selling three million goddamn copies a week. And nobody ever read it, and nobody ever bought it. □

a portfolio of pornography: part I

HAROLD WEIRD

"All right, man, shit, I'll take the fucking call," Harold Rubin bellows at the stacked but nervous young woman who answers the phone between total-body-massage appointments. "You broads can't make a fuckin' move without disturbing me," he mutters, the weight of the world on his 33-year-old shoulders.

On the way to the phone, Weird Harold stops to hover over another employee who is hard at work polishing the glass display case which houses a twenty-dollar artificial vagina and a crateload of vibrating devices. "Christ, not so much fucking Windex," Harold roars with the impassioned righteousness he displays in the courtroom. "You only need a shit's worth to clean this motherfucker. Can't you read a fuckin' label, for Chrissakes?"

Harold grabs the phone at last, his multicarat pinky ring flashing out an aura less brilliant than the dazzling rays of nervous energy surrounding Harold like a screwed-up halo. "You're from Time magazine, huh?" Harold hollers into the horn as a well-dressed businessman wanders in and browses through the spread-shot photo magazines. Harold covers the mouthpiece and shouts, "There's a fifty-cent deposit, sir!"

"Just to look around?" argues the customer, obviously an out-of-towner.

"Fuck ya. I could give a shit. Get outta my store. You prob'ly can't even get it up," Harold volleys at the astounded executive before returning to his phone call.

"How do I know you're from Time magazine, huh?" Harold accuses his caller. "Before I say one fucking word to you, I'll have to have the name of your superior. Now gimme some time to get back to you," The Weird One bellows, pausing.

Harold places a call to Time. "How long has this jagoff been a reporter? I don't wanna talk to someone who don't know his ass from a notebook," Harold explains, waving both arms without dropping the receiver that is under his chin. "I am fucking calm, madam. You oughta hear me when I'm upset, which I will soon be if you don't give me a little simple information here, OK?" (Harold was a private detective before rising to prominence as the sultan of smut and the Ralph Nader of consenting adults.)

It's not that Harold spurns publicity; he just likes to be sure he's talking to the press and not the police, though he's done a lot of talking to the police since his combination bookstore, model studio, and massage parlor opened in January 1970.

"I figure it's cost the taxpayers of this fucking state maybe $70,000 to try to bust me on the craziest charges you ever heard. I've never broken the law. And you know, not one complaint leading to my arrest has ever been made by a private citizen. It's just the cops, and certain officials. . . . Of course I now have videotapes of some of those certain officials, probably hotter than the Nixon tapes, and that may be why I don't get arrested too much anymore," Harold winks.

"I never confuse my business life with my private life."

Of the sixty charges Harold's been hauled into court to defend against, he's been found guilty of only three. And he says he's never paid off a soul, either. Harold's acquittals are due in part to the Chicago press: rarely a week passes that Harold doesn't get a favorable write-up in one of the Chicago papers.

When law enforcement officials got wind of Harold's plan to offer private, closed-circuit TV showings of smut movies for the interested client, as well as an interesting masseuse, rumors buzzed from city hall that The Weird One couldn't survive this moneymaking innovation. Harold, never underestimating the power of a free press, sent out hundreds of special invitations to newspeople, urging them to attend the opening night of his TV showings. Over a hundred reporters, newswriters, photographers, and columnists packed in to drink and watch several hours of sex on 22-inch color monitors, making it awkward indeed for the anticipated swarm of Chicago policemen, who never did show up.

Does The Weird One resent the harrassment he's suffered under the wheels of the law enforcement machine? "Shit, no, I thrive on it. I stay up nights thinking of ways to give this fucking city aggravation," he explains, devilishly rising to his full 67 inches. Sparks fleck his giant immie eyes. Weird Harold wields his own brand of legal spider-judo, trapping his opponents in webs spun by their own curious approach to the law.

Harold recalls the day a cop came into the store and selected a book. "'Copper,' I says, 'I ain't gonna sell you this fucking book because I know you're gonna use it as evidence to try to bust me for selling obscene material,' and the cop tells me I have to sell it to him. 'I don't have to do nothin', motherfucker,' I tell him, so the motherfucker grabs the book and runs outta the joint. I run outta the store after him, screaming 'Stop thief!' and Mildred [Harold's former wife] phones the cops to tell them we've been shoplifted and can identify the thief. They send a paddy wagon over. . . ." Harold breaks into his unique

wheezy laugh, remembering the look on the cop's face when the judge refused to allow the book in question to be used as evidence because of the manner in which the officer obtained it.

Why has he succeeded in bucking the Chicago system of justice while others in his business have failed? "The judges in this burg know I'll fight 'em to the end; they think I'm crazy and they don't like to fuck with me no more," he confides. "I built this business out of nothing and I could do it again, in any city. There's a thousand things I could do—I'm not restricted to this type of business. I don't have to make compromises with the city to try to salvage my business on some half-assed terms. When I fight this city, I never feel hemmed in worrying about what I have to lose. I don't care who I hafta embarrass, either. I could give a shit. . . .

"I was on trial once where Manny Port, the city prosecutor, was beating his gums about how there'd never been any mass seizures in the city of Chicago and how no bond over $500 had ever been set for someone in my business, so I called the guy a damned liar," Harold recalls with pride.

"The judge continued the case to give me time to substantiate my allegations, and I brought in UPI photographs of mass seizures of myself and my employees and sworn affidavits that I've had bonds set at over $500. The judge acquitted me.

"There were these other dirty-bookstore owners in the courtroom awaiting trial and they were pissed because I'm a rebel—they expect me to be like them and take this shit. They're scared that if I fight back, city hall will order a massive shutdown of all these businesses. Fuck 'em."

To the delight of the press, The Weird One occasionally wears into the courtroom a T-shirt adorned with his trademark—a Beardsley drawing of a man wielding a red-tipped erection the size of the Empire State Building. It would be hard to expect less from the man who described himself in Newsweek magazine as being to smut what Schweitzer was to medicine.

When the Supreme Court pornography ruling hit the fan, Weird Harold changed his window display a little—he flanked his plastic Nixon urinal with issues of fuzzy-crotched Playboy, whacking the ball into Hefner's court. Harold tidied up the inside of his establishment as well—for weeks, not a magazine lay on the racks and only one book, bearing a $12.50 price tag, rested on the expanse of empty wooden shelving: Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland. It was taped shut.

Harold recently summarized his political sentiments: "We got rid of the Greek, now we'll put the Quaker back on the cereal box where he belongs."

"Harold would rather lose a customer than accept a member who lied about his address."

A peek into Weird Harold's past reveals a Stanford-Binet rating well into the genius range. His four-year-old son, Samson, has inherited Harold's genius and flippant self-assurance. Someone once handed the child a pile of 1940s toys, cautioning, "Now, Sam, these are antiques, so you be very careful with them."

"Yeah, yeah, waddaya think—do I look careless to you?" the boy snaps, sitting on the floor to examine the relics. The kid sorts through the thirty-year-old cars, rabbits, and fire engines and holds up a tin robot. "You call this an antique?" little Samson hoots, scornfully waving the robot, which, sure enough, is only a few years older than the boy himself. What does Weird Harold's son want to be when he grows up? "A judge," chirps the kid without hesitation.

Harold's ex-wife, 22-year-old Mildred (née Weisenberger), divorced him on the grounds of bad vibes, complaining that she needed more freedom.

"I don't know what she meant by that," Harold reminisces thoughtfully, "I let the broad ball any damned guy she pleased. Black, white, it was her life, y'know?"

Mildred, one of ten children, met Harold when she was only 17 years old. Impressed with his drive and his contempt for status quo sexual morality, she moved in with him. Later, she began to help out at the shop, becoming one of Harold's first masseuses. Her special ability to spot a plain-clothes policeman before he lay down for her services was of particular value to the business.

The arrangement proved so companionable that the two married a few years later in a small ceremony presided over by the judge who had previously acquitted them of charges arising from a porno flick they were trying to make. Baby Samson was the only guest.

Harold denies that jealousy was ever a problem in their marriage, despite the fact that his wife's job required her to spend much of her time in the buff, kneading the pasty flesh of one strange man after another. "What the fuck did I care?" Harold asks sincerely. "As long as she washed the jizz off her hands. That was business. That was just her job. I never confuse my business life with my private life."

Mildred was contemplating writing her memoirs for publication; four Chicago journalists separately volunteered to edit the manuscript, which never evolved from the planning stage. "I want a whole chapter about guys who won't take their socks off," the wholesome-looking brunette explains over breakfast, which she's sending back to the restaurant's kitchen in stages. "These eggs are too runny; I see enough slimy, runny white stuff in my work all day," she complains to the startled waiter, returning to the table with the lighter toast she'd just requested.

Then, continuing, "Some guys leave their socks on because they're not staying long, y'know, but this one guy leaves his socks on because he's afraid of exposing his feet to the light. People like that are nuts," Mildred muses, sending back the coffee.

"Eatcher fucking breakfast," Harold snaps when pigtailed Mildred requests more carefully drained bacon from the management.

"Go fuck yerself, Harold," Mildred glares.

"Fuck off, cunt," Harold responds in irritation. The two stare at each other with sizzling hostility for a moment.

"Mildred's memoirs!" Harold remembers, and the tension disappears.

"Hey, Millie, remember when that guy was laying there and you stripped and swirled your fuckin' finger around in his navel a few times?"

"Yeah, yeah, I says to him, 'Well, that's all!' and the guy about cries. 'I paid thirty dollars for that?' he says, real sad, 'til I told him I was just kidding."

To what does Weird Harold attribute his divorce? "Mildred felt she had lost her identity. She was as integral to the business as I was, but I got all the fame. I got to be known as Weird Harold and she got to be known as Mrs. Weird Harold, and nobody cared what she was like for herself. They only cared what she was like being the wife of Weird Harold." Gloria Steinem couldn't have phrased it more eloquently.

So what was she like for herself? "A fuckin' know-it-all cunt," replies Harold, after lengthy deliberation.

Now Harold relaxes in front of a grotto waterfall, lounging on a beanbag chair in the dimly lit private club that yields most of his income. He designed and constructed the swank, wood-paneled haven himself—a high-class, thick-carpeted look with none of the fluorescent glare of your sleazier massage parlors. A rubdown here runs thirty dollars—and club membership is an additional five bucks. The security check undergone by a prospective

"I built this business out of nothing and I could do it again, in any city."

club member is more exhaustive than, say, McGovern's check on Eagleton, and Harold would rather lose a customer than accept a member who has lied about his home address.

Harold's admiration for Supreme Court Justice William Douglas is reflected in the four-page contract that must be signed by every applicant to his private club and by every member prior to engaging in the club's services. The contract reads, in part:

> I subscribe to the view that I, as well as other free adults, have the right to participate in sexual activities with other consenting adults and that this participation is a freedom of expression protected as a personal and civil right under the guarantees of the Constitution of the United States of America.

What kind of women would apply for a job administering full-body massages to the point of ejaculation? Lots of kinds of women, it appears, including an ex-nun. Many of the masseuses have had some college education; some attend school by day and jerk cock by night to pay tuition. None of the women interviewed enjoyed the work much, though most said it was no worse than any other job and the money was tops.

While West Coast masseuses often earn only the minimum wage, Weird Harold pays his employees a third of the take and he throws in the cost of a lawyer whenever the place is busted. Because every woman in the place knows how to throw switches to lock the doors and activate the videotape cameras when the police decide to visit, employee convictions have been nil. Who wants to look at a homemade TV show of a cop making a blatantly illegal arrest?

A shapely young woman, clad only in a Porky Pig watch, steps out of a massage room to get a fresh bottle of lotion. (Weird Harold organized the First National Swingers Convention in the uptight Chicago suburb of Franklin Park a few years ago.) Does he still have the active and varied sex life his idyllic position would presuppose? "Orgies?" Harold snorts. "Man, in this business I got no time for that shit. I never mess with the flaky broads who work for me anymore—bad business—and it's hard to find a girlfriend who understands how much time I wanna spend with my kid. I need a woman

who's busy with her own work—someone intelligent.

"I've reached the point where I'm extremely selective about who I bed down with. A lot of men come into my establishment and they say, 'Harold, I'd love to be in your business.' But they wouldn't last a week. A man who's always horny is not gonna last in the sex business. You gotta be detached from the sex end of it if you're gonna get anywhere with the business end. That's how I operate."

Does Harold, with his cool-headed ability to control his sex drive, hold in contempt the men who come to his private club for release that can't wait? "Shit, no. To me it's a fucking business. The men who come to my establishment are paying for a service. That's all. My contempt is for the fucking politicians."

Weird Harold, whose mother would prefer him to open a kosher deli, is drawing up a plan to legalize prostitution on a nationwide basis. But he refuses to go into detail for fear that someone else will utilize his idea and cop the credit.

"I'm always planning, always scheming," Harold admits, "though I haven't found a way to bottle semen for money yet.... They call me the wizard of ooze, the creator of over a million ejaculations!" In some ways a modest fellow, he hired a songwriter to capture the elusive quality he enjoys about himself. The chorus, Harold feels, somewhat overstates his contribution:

"My contempt is for the politicians."

He's weird, he's weird
He's weird and it ain't no lie!
But he heals the sick
And he feeds the poor
Cuz he's just that kind of a guy. ©Weird Harold

"I dunno if there's a message there or what," he yawns.

Not that Harold has trouble communicating—he has four telephone lines into his house, and he changes his home phone number like other people change underwear. Unfortunately for his friends, Weird Harold is a night person. "Hey, how's it hanging?" comes the midnight call, although it's more like 2 A.M. Harold thinks nothing of buzzing reporters at their homes after the Late, Late Show to clue them in on hot scoops he's just thought of. A Chicago talk-show host tried changing his phone number to ward off the nocturnal nudnik, but Harold's private-eye past triumphed.

Harold uses the phone for feedback to modify plans for expanding his empire: "So I figure I'll put up a big, fucking Weird Harold cathouse in Luxembourg, see. I'll put Luxembourg on the map...."

"Luxembourg is on the map, Harold."

"Yeah, I'll put Luxembourg on the map. What the fuck...."

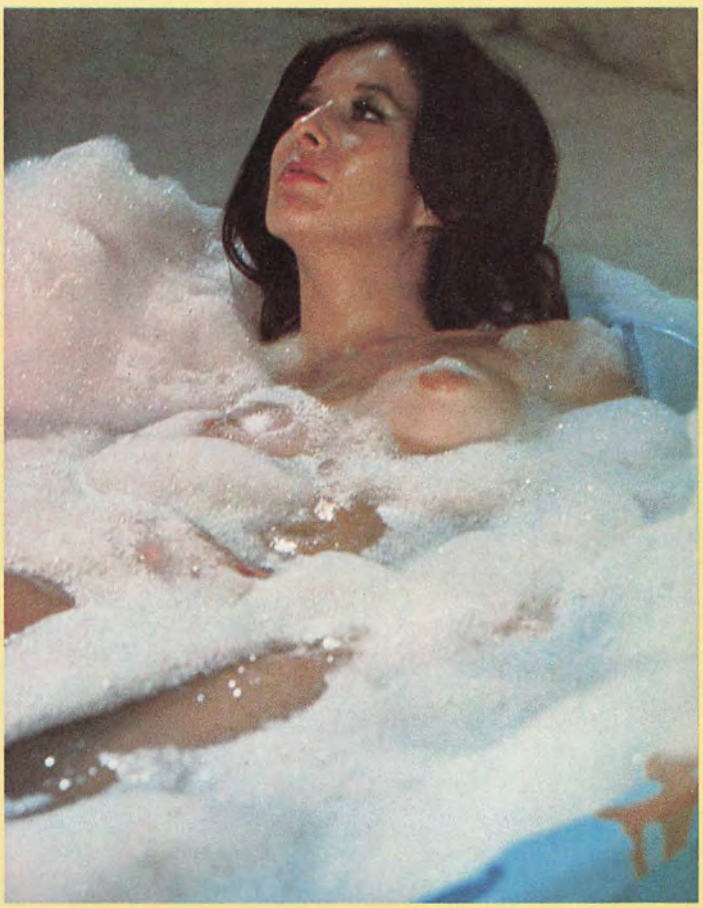
He could give a shit. □

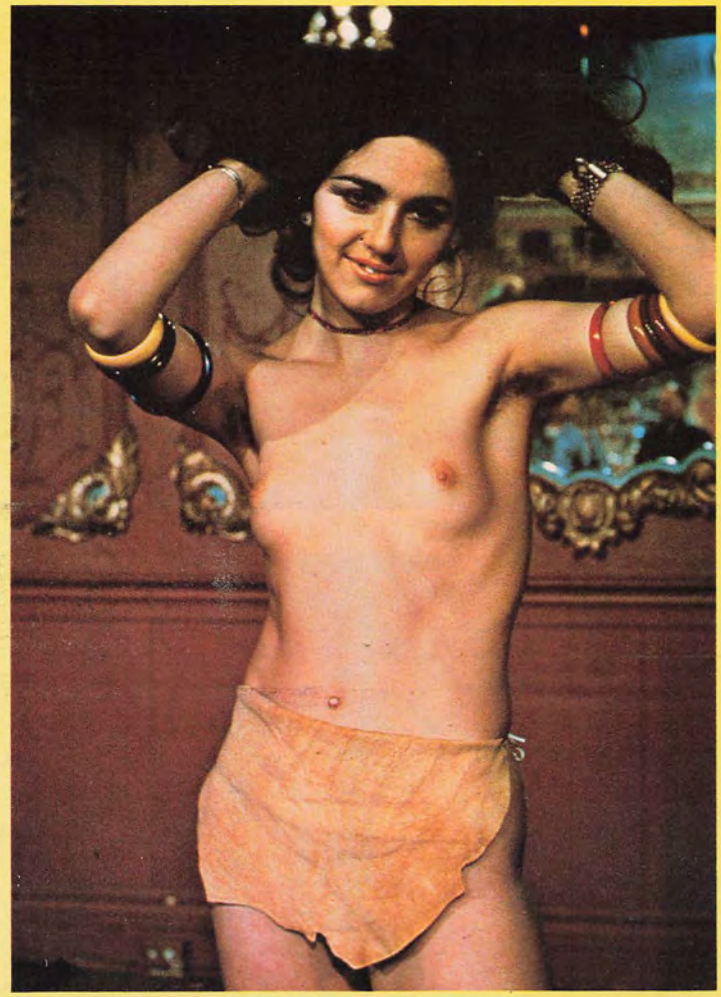
Linnette Vorphas is a pseudonym selected by our author, who wishes to remain ms. anonymous.

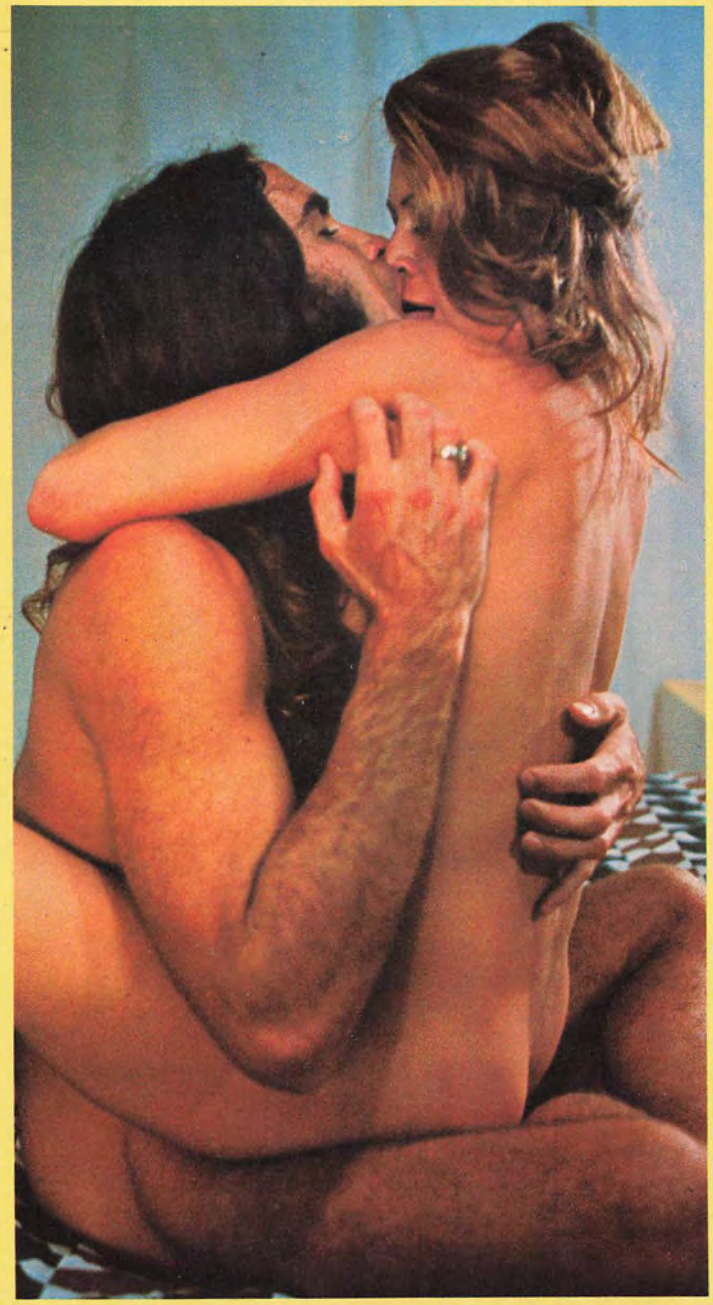
a portfolio of pornography: part II

THE MITCHELL BROTHERS

The Mitchell Brothers, Art and Bob, make erotic movies. Altogether they have made 227 of them, the most successful and best-known of which is *Behind the Green Door,* starring Marilyn Chambers. There are some film buffs who think Marilyn Chambers (who is only 21 years old and very attractive, and whose picture appears several times on these pages) was the main reason for the success of *Behind the Green Door*. Apparently the Mitchell Brothers feel the same way, because they have chosen to star Marilyn in their newest production, *The Resurrection of Eve*. In a nutshell, *The Resurrection of Eve* (according to one press release), is about a woman named Eve who is involved in, among other things, a car crash, after which she undergoes plastic surgery and is transformed into a stunning beauty who looks like—you guessed it—Marilyn Chambers,



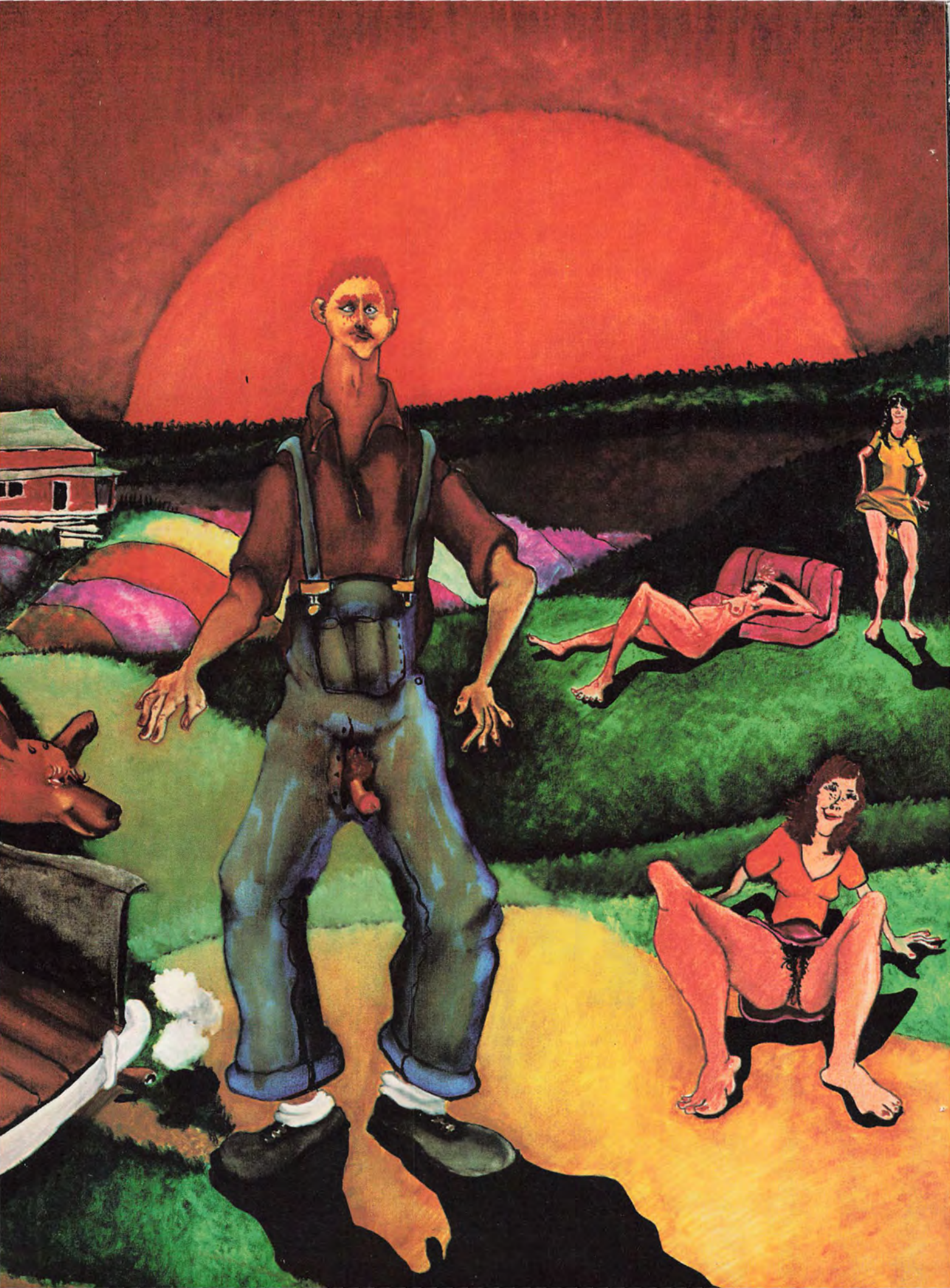




and who does the sort of things Marilyn Chambers is famous for doing. According to the Mitchell Brothers, *The Resurrection of Eve* is their most ambitious project ever and will cost $60,000 to produce.

The Mitchells made their first erotic film, *Daydreams,* in Art Mitchell's flat in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district. By 1969 the prolific and prosperous filmmakers had built their own theater and had formed their own production company—The Mitchell Brothers Film Group. The brothers describe the group as "a unique company that operates more as a family than a typical bureaucratic business. For example, when a film is being made, everyone from the cashiers to office personnel becomes involved." That's something to think about.

The O'Farrel theater, which was once a restaurant but which the Mitchell Brothers renovated to become the headquarters for their film group and the primary showplace for all Mitchell films, is a large corner building painted bright blue and covered with lots of stylized butterflies, flowers, and dreamy landscapes. It's on the corner of Polk and O'Farrel streets in San Francisco; if you're in the area, you can't miss it even on the foggiest San Francisco day. It's already a local landmark, and it's fast becoming a national one. □



my birthday

A LOT CAN HAPPEN WHEN YOU'RE JUST 16 AND LEAVING FOR LOUISVILLE AND TRYING TO CELEBRATE AND SAY GOODBYE

Grandma is dying upstairs in my bed. Mom is sick because it's her mother. Dad drove off to town to send telegrams and sell a load of chickens. I wouldn't go with him because last night he whipped my ass for throwing a rock through the screen door at my sister. But it was her goddamn fault because she hooked the screen on me and I couldn't get in. I'm leaving for good tonight. I'm just waiting around here to load a calf and to get a chance to say goodbye to Mom. It's hot as hell this afternoon.

I don't see why that old woman can't let loose and die. I haven't had anyplace to sleep for a week. There's a whole passel of fat-assed relatives in there picking their teeth and praying, but I'm not about to pray for that old woman. All I remember about her is when I was little every time I strayed in arm's length of her she slapped the hell out of me.

My little brother James run up the driveway carrying a Trojan with about a quart of creek water in the goddamn thing. Jesus X. Christ, he thinks it's a goddamn balloon. He's yelling, "Hey, Dick, looky what I found!" I run up and grabbed him and took the Trojan off of him and dumped out the water. I said, "You want me to slap the shit out of you? You gonna stop picking up these things down at the goddamn creek? Well, all right, then. Go in and wash your goddamn hands before I slap a footlong turd out of you." He run into the kitchen porch to wash.

Well, I wonder if it was Junebug or Bonny who had that one up her good old hole. Shit, I ain't had my nubbin shucked since Saturday. That was some hide-and-seek game we had Saturday night. It was just getting good and dark. I hid with Junebug in the wheat bin. All that wheat felt so smooth and cool with my pants down. I'd just got Old Oscar in good and starting to really tamp Junebug's shit, but as if I didn't have enough on my mind, here come three more of them piling into the wheat bin. I was so horny I'd forgot to latch the goddamn door. I was on Junebug and Augie was on me trying to cornhole me, and Bonny jumps on Augie's back and starts hunching like a heifer in heat, and here comes Corby and piles on Bonny's ass and starts cornholing her. And a goddamn rat the size of a housecat jumps out of the wheat in my face and I yelled "Jesus X. Christ!" and backed off of Junebug and threw Augie and Bonny and Corby off every which way and the rat ran against Augie's leg, who is goosey to begin with, and Augie kicked down the goddamn door to the wheat bin. And who's standing there with a flashlight? Dad. Dad didn't hit Augie or Junebug, just cussed them and told them to scoot off home right this minute. But he hit Corby for cussing. Besides, Corby is an orphan, so any man has a right to hit him. And he clubbed me because he's my father.

Junebug ran off crying. I love Junebug. I get me a good old Trojan rolled on and really tamp her shit for her. Junebug likes it just as much as I do. I hate to leave her.

And goddamn as if I didn't have enough to worry about, here comes Bonny and Augie around the corner of the barn, trying to kill a half-grown kitten with a switch. Use a little switch like that on a cat! Some humans ain't got the sense they were born with. "Jesus X. Christ, Bonny," I said, "throw down that switch before I slap the shit out of you. Hell, I wouldn't even whip *you* with a little switch like that. You run to the kitchen porch there in the corner and bring me my .22. I'm not about to go near that house full of fat-assed aunts and uncles, praying and sniveling and puking out their Juicy Fruit gum. Go on now." Bonny run to the house, but she stepped on a green chicken turd and had to stop and take a cob and clean between her toes.

Augie said, "What you got your good shoes on for, Dick? You preaching the funeral?"

"Up yours, Augie," I said. "You don't need to be so goddamn comical when I got a lot on my mind. I'm leaving here about dark. But don't you open your goddamn mouth about it or I'll slap the hell out of you. I can't stand much today, Augie. I got to wait around here for Deckard to come for the calf. Dad's gonna sell it. He'll get two dollars. The hens ain't laying. All moulting. He just now took a load of the squawking bastards to town. I got to do a couple of chores, then about dusk it's red sails in the sunset for me."

"Where you heading for, Dick?"

"Louisville. I heard Belknap Hardware and Calvert Distillery was hiring on."

Bonny run back out, carrying my .22 by the muzzle with both hands like it was a goddamn poker. "Bonny," I began, but decided not to make her mad. She's got such pretty tits. Her tits are prettier than Junebug's, but Junebug's ass is prettier than Bonny's. I don't want to cuss Bonny and make her mad because I got to top her off again before I leave. I have to top Junebug and Bonny both off again because you never know when you'll get your nubbin shucked again in a big town like Louisville without any money. But the very minute Bonny hands me my .22 I realize, goddamn it, I can't fire it close to that house full of slobbering relatives. All my goddamn fat-assed uncles would parade out here with white faces and red eyes and demand if I thought I was an idiot firing a weapon where my mother was sick and my grandmother dying. "I'm a sonofabitch I can't shoot this goddamn rifle here," I said. Bonny and

written by Robert Hazel/illustrated by Skip Hartzell

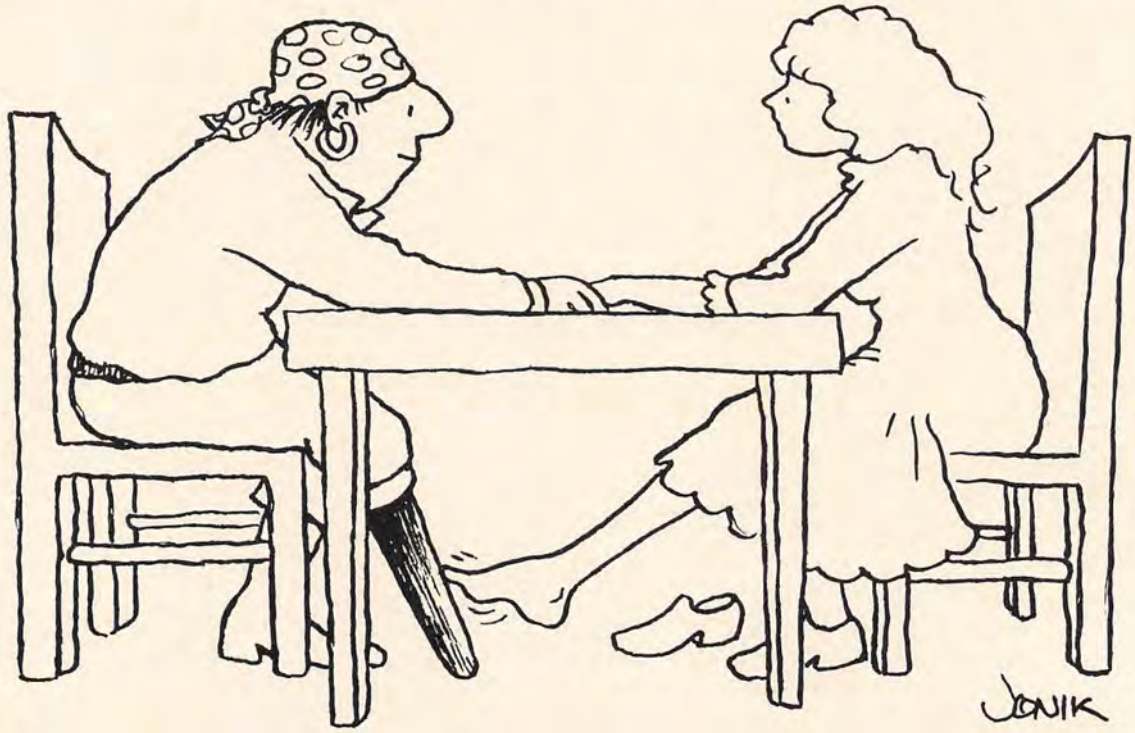
Augie said they'd be right back and ran off to set the .22 away. I got a hoe, went to the garden, and buried the kitten near a fencepost.

And damn if I didn't have enough on my mind but here come that shit-faced Corby around the corner of the barn eating a Milky Way. Now where in hell did he steal a nickel to buy that? Bonny saw Corby was gonna eat the whole goddamn bar, so she run up and snatched it paper and all out of his hand and took off on the run for the cornfield to hide and eat it, but Augie tackled Bonny before she could reach the fence and starts crawling all over her ass, grabbing at the Milky Way. Corby tackles Augie and snatches it back, but it's just a wad of melted dirt and paper by now, so I stand there laughing my goddamn ass off at Corby. I'll miss Corby almost as much as Augie because Corby is so goddamn comical.

Corby, that sonofabitch, plays end. In the locker room he likes to climb up on top of the shower and turn the cold water on you all of a sudden—or the hot, which is worse. Someday somebody is going to slap the living shit out of him. I almost did when he popped my boil in spring training. The whole squad had these goddamn boils. I had one in the middle of my back that wasn't quite ripe yet and Corby, that sonofabitch, saunters up just to look at it, he says, just to inspect it, he says, but goddamn if before I know it, he don't grab it and try to pop it green. Shitfire, the core didn't even pop out. Hurt? Jesus X. Christ. I was about to club the bastard with a bench but Coach grabbed my ass.

But Corby is a pass-catching sonofabitch. He can haul in whatever I deliver. And he worries the shit out of his man, then beats him. We went down to play Linton, and Linton had this big tackle who was supposed to make All-State, according to the *Indianapolis Star*, and Corby has to try to take this big-assed bastard inside so I can go outside. So we kick to Linton and hold and they kick to us and we get the ball on our own 30. So Augie comes into the huddle all bent over with a goddamn laughing fit and I say, "Augie, shut your goddamn mouth!" because I have to try to get organized, but Augie gasps, "Can't help it, Dick. Did you hear what Corby said to that big cocksucking tackle? Said, 'You big overgrown cocksucker, who ever told you you could play ball?' And said, 'You big overgrown morphidite, you wanna eat my weenie now or after the game?' " And Augie took another fit of laughing and grabbing his gut, and I'm trying for Christ's sake to get organized, and Jesus X. Christ, as if I don't have enough on my mind, we get penalized five yards for delay of game before we get off the first goddamned play from scrimmage, and Coach is up off the bench shitting in his pants, but it paid off. We're 3rd and 3 and Corby tells me on the way to the huddle, "This time, I got that big cocksucker so shook he's about to puke. Swing outside this time, Dick baby." So I tell Augie, who has straightened up by this time, to bust the end out because Corby has got the tackle in. And your goddamn ass if when I got to the hole if you couldn't have run a hay baler through there. Corby speared that big sonofabitch like a knife in a melon and Augie hit the end like he was trying to rape his sister and I got that good old all-the-way feeling. I fed the linebacker a leg and took it away and it was just me and the safety, and I felt so good I just ran through that little safety at the 10 and was in. Goddamn, it felt good. Hell, even a piece of ass or a good healthy shit don't feel any better than running straight through some bastard that thinks he's got your ass.

I get back to the huddle and goddamn if I don't look up where these guys are yelling and that big tackle swings on Corby and the referee thumbs the big bastard right out of the game. I get back to the bench after the point after and Coach slams my ass and says, "Dick, what did Corby say to that boy?" I just spit and grinned. "Come on, Dick," Coach



says, "I saw Augie laughing out there." I say, "Oh, Corby just asked him if his mother knew he was out tonight. You know Corby, Coach." Coach gets a big shitfaced grin on his face and winks and says, "I've always tried to teach you guys that a good team makes its own breaks."

And Corby's a hell of a tough ball player, not just with his mouth. He's always thinking out there. Shit, he's got a scholarship to Purdue. Once we went down to play Central of Evansville and the whole first quarter this sonofabitching end kept busting in and breaking my ass every time I tried to throw and, Jesus X. Christ, I spend the whole quarter on my ass looking up at the bastard's ugly face. So Corby gets mad as hell because I'm not getting the ball to him, but he's just running his ass off on his downfield patterns. So I punt out-of-bounds to them and Corby trots along beside me downfield and says, "Dick, if you just accidentally hit that cheap cocksucker between the eyes, what could the ref call it except an incomplete pass?" I didn't say a goddamn word. Next time we get the ball I call a little hook pass to Corby, right behind the end so it'll look on the up-and-up, and I tell Augie not even to try to hit that cocksucking end coming in. So here comes the bastard blowing in like a goddamn runaway mule and I cock my arm and let him have it and, Jesus X. Christ, do you know how hard the tip of a football is? I know I broke his nose but I thought I'd killed the ugly bastard when they carried him off. He didn't play anymore *that* game. And it was Corby's victory that night down in Evansville, that smart sonofabitch. But someday Corby will go too far with somebody and get the living shit kicked out of him because the trouble with Corby is that he is low-down mean. If he had tackled Bonny just now instead of Augie, he would have hit her harder than necessary and I'd of had to slap a turd about a foot long out of him. I'm glad I didn't have to because it would have spoiled my memories of Corby and my birthday.

I had to go out to the cornfield to shake the dew off my lily and told Corby and Augie, "You guys wait right here. I got to go shake the dew off my lily. I'll be right back." But as if I didn't have enough to worry about, here comes Bonny after me with a slab of cold cornbread. I was afraid she'd see Old Oscar, so I nicked a piece of skin zipping up too fast and cut my water off too fast and dribbled a little in my pants because you can shake it and break it but you can't get that last drop to fall, so I said, "Goddamn it, Bonny honey, you just made me hurt myself. Jesus X. Christ, what do you mean following me out here? I'm all out of patience. I got half a mind to comb your hair with a two-by-four." Bonny held out the cornbread and said, "Here, Dick. I know you're hungry. You ain't eat all day so there'd be enough for me and James." I said, "Naw, honey, I don't want no cornbread. I ain't got much time. Deckard is coming for that calf in a few minutes. You eat it. It'll put gravel in your craw, honey." Bonny eat her cornbread and I said, "Bonny honey, I wouldn't trade you for Simone Simon in *Seventh Heaven*" which was a goddamn lie, but I wanted her to feel good —and I said, "Now you go on about your business. I got to load that calf when Deckard gets here in his pickup." But Bonny said, "I ain't got no business, Dick honey." But I said, "Then run off and drum up some, goddamn it. I got to shake the dew off my lily."

"Augie tackled Bonny, crawling all over her ass, grabbing at the Milky Way."

Bonny run off towards the house to get her a drink of milk to wash down the cornbread. I shook the dew off my lily. Then I went back to the chicken lot where Augie and Corby were standing around playing pocket pool. The sight of Bonny's tits and Augie crawling on her ass trying to snatch that Milky Way had got them hotter than firecrackers. Corby wanted to have a little contest, so we went into the barn and lined up just this side of the manger. The idea was to see who could come against the shed wall first. The rule was that the first guy that come could joner the others and try to make them lose their concentration. Corby usually kept his concentration by concentrating on Jean Harlow in *Hell's Angels*. Augie kept his by concentrating on Eleanor Powell dancing with Fred Astaire. Me, I worked on Simone Simon because I had seen her in *Seventh Heaven*, and no old girl never lit the wick on my candle like her. After that picture I come home and come four times hand-running.

This time I saw that Augie was gonna win. Augie primed his pump and shifted into high gear before Corby and me got going good. We was only on the running board when Augie, who is fidgety and goosey to begin with, was in the driver's seat. Augie got that good old come-stupor on his face and yelled, "Oh, Eleanor!" and shot his wad about four feet up on the shed wall. Augie pumped it on out, then he come over and squatted in front of Corby and began to joner Corby because he figured Corby was further along than me. Augie said, "Corby, you can't get it off of Jean Harlow because she's giving it to Clark Gable and Clark would make you look like Mickey Rooney. Hey, Corbeee, if you ain't getting it, find out who is! That's my slogan, Corby." And Corby got mad as shit and tried to slug Augie with his left, 'cause his right was all tied up with his tool, so Corby missed his swing. By that time I had my gun trained on Simone Simon and I shot her full of good old good stuff in *Seventh Heaven*. It was tender love.

Then we got hungry so we climbed up in the loft and found a hen's nest in the hay. We sucked three-four eggs apiece, but before I got filled up good I heard Deckard's pickup drive through the gate, so I had to go down to the lot and load that goddamned calf.

Mr. Stith Deckard said, "Evenin', Dick. How's your grandma?"

"Just hangin' on, Sir."

"How's your ma?"

"Just sufferin'."

Deckard took off his hat and whacked it on his knee, then put it back on. He said, "All us'll be sufferin' or dead of starvation this winter. Corn's down to ten cents a bushel today. I seen your daddy in town. They had offered him seven cents a pound for his chickens. It made him so mad he just hauled them over and give them to the Salvation Army headquarters. I'll burn my corn for firewood ere I'll part with it for ten cents."

I said, "You mean he's comin' back here without even gas money for the truck?"

Deckard said, "I seen him on his way to the Salvation Army. That's a fact."

Deckard's pickup was full of old gloves and rusty chains and a hammer

with a split handle, but the old fool hadn't no tailgate to let down to walk that calf up. So Deckard climbed up in the bed and took the rope halter and I got behind the damn calf and started boosting him up to the bed. But the little bastard got scared and started to bawl. Then the little bastard shit yellow all down my shirt front and down my pants and, by God, got my good shoes full. Starting from my neck down, he plastered me a thin yellow 'til you couldn't have told me from a scrambled egg. He didn't miss a buttonhole nor a crease. As if I didn't have enough to think about, it made me so gaw-ud da-yum mad that I clenched my teeth and practically throwed the little sonofabitch up into the pickup bed and he fell on his side. Deckard yelled, "Whoa there, you'll skin him up!" but I says, "I'll be goddamn I don't give a shit if he gets a little scratch or two. I been scratched up and shit on all my goddamn life and I'll be goddamn if I'm gonna get shit on on my birthday without saying something about it!"

And there Corby and Augie—the sonsofbitches that was supposed to help me in the first place—was haw-hawing and slapping their asses and crying big tears and gagging and practically down on the ground in a laughing fit, so I started to take out after them to slap the living shit out of them, but I couldn't make up my mind which one to go after first. I lunged at Augie, then at Corby, and they both got away and saved their goddamn lives. Deckard drove off half-mad at me, without settling up for the calf.

It was getting close to sundown and I hadn't much time to get done everything I had on my mind. But first I had to go down to the creek and wash up. I went down through the corn. It was browning up a little and the blades were slicing my neck and arms a little—them little dry bloodless cuts. It would do to cut and shock before long, but I wouldn't be around to do it. It was red sails in the sunset for me. I caught up with Augie and Corby on the gravel road. They were throwing rocks at the green glass insulators on the telephone poles. Corby hit one and made it puff like a dandelion head. The rule was you just saunter along like you wasn't expecting anything and all of a sudden one guy yells, "That's some sonofabitch trying to rape your sister!" and you grab a rock and wheel and throw as quick as possible to prevent the rape. Augie missed. "Tough titty," Corby said.

We went on down to the creek, which was running dry, and I stripped off and put my clothes to soak for the calf shit and took my bar of Lifebuoy that I kept down there on a flat rock and soaped good and jumped in the deepest hole and bubbled around and farted under water and floated on my back and laid a weenie on the table, but I was starting to feel sad because it was already sundown. We sat on some dry rocks, me waiting for my clothes to dry. Then when the sun went down Augie and Corby got up and shook my hand. Augie said, "Don't write, send a wire." And Corby said, "Don't wire, phone." They left. Then Augie yelled back, "Don't take no wooden nickels." And Corby yelled, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do." They could be goddamn sure about that.

"Junebug said, 'Don't forget me in the big town, honey.'"

Junebug came down to the creek. We climbed over the rock fence into Mitchell's pasture where I kept my car seat, and I laid her on my car seat and took off her pants for her and put me on a Trojan and topped Junebug off twice. The second time she come Junebug got so goddamn excited she nearly throwed me out of the saddle and yelled, "Shoot the sherbet to me, Herbert!" so loud I was afraid somebody might hear us. But then I got my gun good at the same time and we both slacked off to whispering. Junebug said, "Don't forget me in the big town, honey. I won't forget you, never." I asked her, "Will you save it for me, honey?" Junebug said, "I sure will, honey, unless Corby takes it off of me." I told her, "If that bastard tries to take it off of you while I'm gone, I'll come back here and put his ass in a sling." Junebug asked me, "Will you write me a letter, honey?" I said, "I sure will, just as soon as I can get me a job and a room and a writing tablet. I'll let you know if I hire on at Belknap Hardware or at Calvert Distillery, or just exactly where." Junebug said, "Oh, Dick, do you got to go and leave me like this?" I said, "I hate to go. But it's red sails in the sunset for me." We kissed goodbye and Junebug pulled up her lovely black cotton bloomers and left. I had to wash out my Trojan because it was my last one and I had to top off Bonny yet.

My clothes was ever so slightly damp yet, even if I'd wrung them out so tight I'd split a shirt-sleeve, but I had to dress and go say goodnight to Mom because I couldn't say goodbye because she's so sick she'd have a goddamn fit and damn if I could stand that, with all I had on my mind, and it already getting near the end of twilight, the sad time of day. I shook the dew off my lily and went back up across the road and through the cornfield back up to the house.

Mom lay in her bed with a quilt folded just at the tips of her white fingers. She was quiet. But two of my goddamn fat-assed aunts were making a racket like a mowing machine with their teeth on leftover chicken backs. Jesus X. Christ, I never did see those fat old blisters with their lard-asses busting their corsets unless they had something stuck in their goddamn mouths—a piece of chicken or cake, for example. They looked up at me as if I was about to kill Cock Robin, but I simply ignored them. I leaned over and kissed Mom on her forehead and it felt hot, so I went over to the pitcher and washbowl and wrung out a cold washrag and laid it on her head. Mom thanked me and said, "Dicky, my poor Dicky! Here it is your birthday, your 16th birthday, and what have your parents got to give you? Nothing, not a thing in this world!" and she took a fit of crying. "Hush," I said, "hush." And I finally hushed her. She asked me what Dad had got for the chickens and I told her, "Nothing. He gave them to the Starvation Army. All he has to do these days is give what little he's got away, and pray without ceasing, and thank God he's a good father, and beat me with his cane, and cuss me and throw his cane after me when I run." Mom frowned and whispered, "Your father doesn't hate you, Dicky." I thought, I'll be goddamned, but didn't say it. She said, "He's just got too much on his mind. He's hard-pressed. He can't make ends meet. Wait 'til you have a family, children, responsibility. Oh, Dicky, he might hang hisself. I lay here night after night praying he won't hang hisself. Dicky, your father never had no show. Try to realize that, Dicky. And mother's

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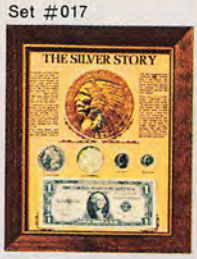

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funeral will run $250 or $300 at the very least. Oh, Lord, how can he pay out that kind of money? Oh, Dicky. Oh, dear Lord!"

Mom cried a little, then she let down again. She dried her eyes and whispered, "Dicky, you get that last cutting of hay in tomorrow. Don't let your father do it. He'll get mad and give it away. I have to count on you, Dicky. Dicky," she took my face between her white hands, "I've always counted on you." Mom began to smile. She said, "You go out to the kitchen now and tell Bonny I said to warm up that gravy and fix you a *fine* birthday dinner!" I could have died on the spot. We kissed goodnight. But when I started past my aunts, Aunt Cleota demanded, "Young man, how come you never acknowledged Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior and joined the Church of God in Heaven and tried to make your poor mother happy?" I was put out of reason because I said, "How come you can't get up once in a while and wring out a cold rag to keep her from burning in Hell on Earth?" My aunts gasped and my mother said weakly, "Dicky, Dicky," and Aunt Cleota said, "You'll have plenty to answer for, young man!" I called, "Goodnight now, Mom." But I didn't speak to my goddamn aunts.

I was halfway out of the kitchen with a slab of cold rhubarb pie in my hand but I'll be goddamn if here don't come Dad, in his black hat without a piece of lint on it and his Sunday suit, out of the parlor where he'd been holding a big goddamn confab about the pallbearers with my shitass uncles, all of them fiddling with their watches, arguing about who had the best time, and mouthing about Jesus and His mercy. Hell, I heard them as I passed the hall. Jesus was gonna receive Grandma in His arms. The way they had it figured, that tough old turkey was gonna flap her wings and meet Jesus in the air and mate with him about halfway between Chicago and Indianapolis. Dad demanded, "Just where have you been, young man?" I said, "Down to the creek to wash the calf shit out of my clothes." Dad demanded, "And just where do you think you're going?" I was put all out of reason again because I said, "That's for me to know and you to find out." And I turned around, back to him, and walked out of the house.

Bonny was waiting for me down beyond the creek, sitting on my car seat, and she already had her lovely blouse off. I had bought it for her at Woolworth's for her fourteenth birthday last May, and it was green with white flowers in the print. I said, "Bonny honey, I hate to leave you, but I have to go. It's red sails in the sunset for me." Bonny hugged me and fitted my hand on her left titty and kissed me with her little sweet tongue and said, "I know you gotta go, with him going crazy in the house. But, Dick honey, give me one more piece, for old time's sake." "Bonny honey," I said, "why did you hook that goddamn screen door on me last night? You made me madder than shit." Bonny said, "Aw, Dick honey, I was just playing with you to put the lead back in your pencil."

Bonny let me suck her big lovely tits while I was topping her, so she come twice real fast. Then we settled down to business, to the level of true

"We had slept together in the big folding bed in the attic since we were little kids."

love. After all, we had slept together in the big folding bed in the attic since we were little kids and we had all the moves, like they say about a ball player. So after we were all fucked-out and just holding close and kissing and whispering and sending little Peter-and-Pussy signals now and then and shifting to get the sweaty parts next to the dry parts, and looking up at the purple ironweed blossoms and then the sky and the stars beyond, I said, "Bonny honey, when I hire on at Belknap Hardware as a parts clerk or at Calvert Distillery as a guard, I'm gonna send you ten dollars a month so you can be the best-dressed chick in the tenth grade. Just imagine, honey. You can buy anything you want in the way of clothes at Woolworth's or J. C. Penney's on the square. And you can plunk down cash money and nobody can ask you to identify yourself or prove who you are. Cash on the dotted line." And Bonny whispered, "Dick honey, just let me know the address of your boardinghouse and I'll take the bus down to Louisville, if I have to sneak off to do it. Honey, I'll bring you some chicken in a basket and potato salad and pickles. And I'll clean and dust your room for you and iron your shirts. Do they have a city park where we could take a picnic basket?" I said, "I'll check on the details and write you pdq."

Bonny asked, "Dick, what are you crying about?"

I said, "Bonny honey, it's my birthday and I'm sadder than shit."

Bonny said, "Here, give me that Trojan. I want to throw it away, so it will mean you're true to me forever."

I unrolled the Trojan off of Old Oscar and handed it to her. She threw the Trojan out into the ironweeds.

I said, "But there's one good thing. I won't have to listen to Dad pray over the food three times a day. And I won't have to pray never again at night. Shit, they still think I believe in God. Jesus X. Christ if that ain't a joke on them!"

We kissed and Bonny skipped over the dry rocks and landed on the far bank of the creek. She raised her hand like a little brown stake you mark a row of peas with.

By this time it was darker than the inside of a rat's ass and I had to high-tail it a half-mile to Beck's store on the corner of the gravel road and the hardtop that runs south to Louisville.

Shitfire and save matches but that was a long walk in damp clothes that bind you and gall you. I got to Beck's store and went in. All the old boys asked me about the chicken market and the hay, and I made cheerful remarks that shit them a little more than they had shit me about all this. We was all listening to the radio. I paid for a slab of cheese and ate it with some crackers and onions. I farted around for a while, just waiting for somebody to say something again about the price of chickens, but nobody said anything. Then there was a break in the radio music, and a newscast said that at six o'clock this evening John Dillinger broke out of Crown Point prison and was driving south toward Louisville. Then the music came back on, with a lot of static:

Oh, you push the middle valve down,
The music goes down and round,
Ho ho ho,
Ho ho ho,
*And it comes out here.** □

**The Music Goes Round and Round*, Edward J. Farley, Jay Music, Inc. (ASCAP)

gallery portrait

Scotch in stainless steel tanks is the main cargo of this 10,500-ton freighter from Hamburg, Germany. Captain Rüdiger Lenk—who has been sailing since 1938, when he was 16—keeps a luxurious table and serves a fine postprandial cognac. Standing in front of the Saarland with him is Chief Officer Karl v. dü Szeln—two of the more than one million men who read GALLERY.

photographed by Don Myrus

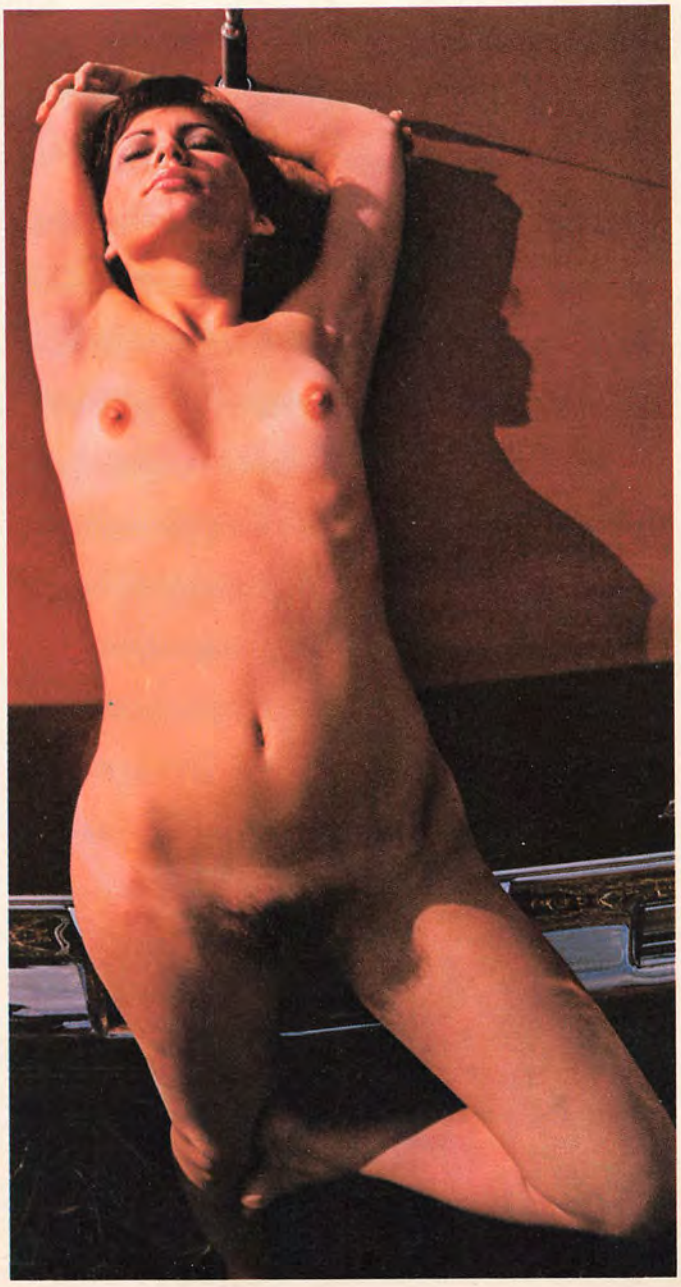
THREE MAXI GIRLS FROM
THE HUSTLER MINI CLUBS
An Afternoon with a Customized Cadillac

opposite page, lower left:

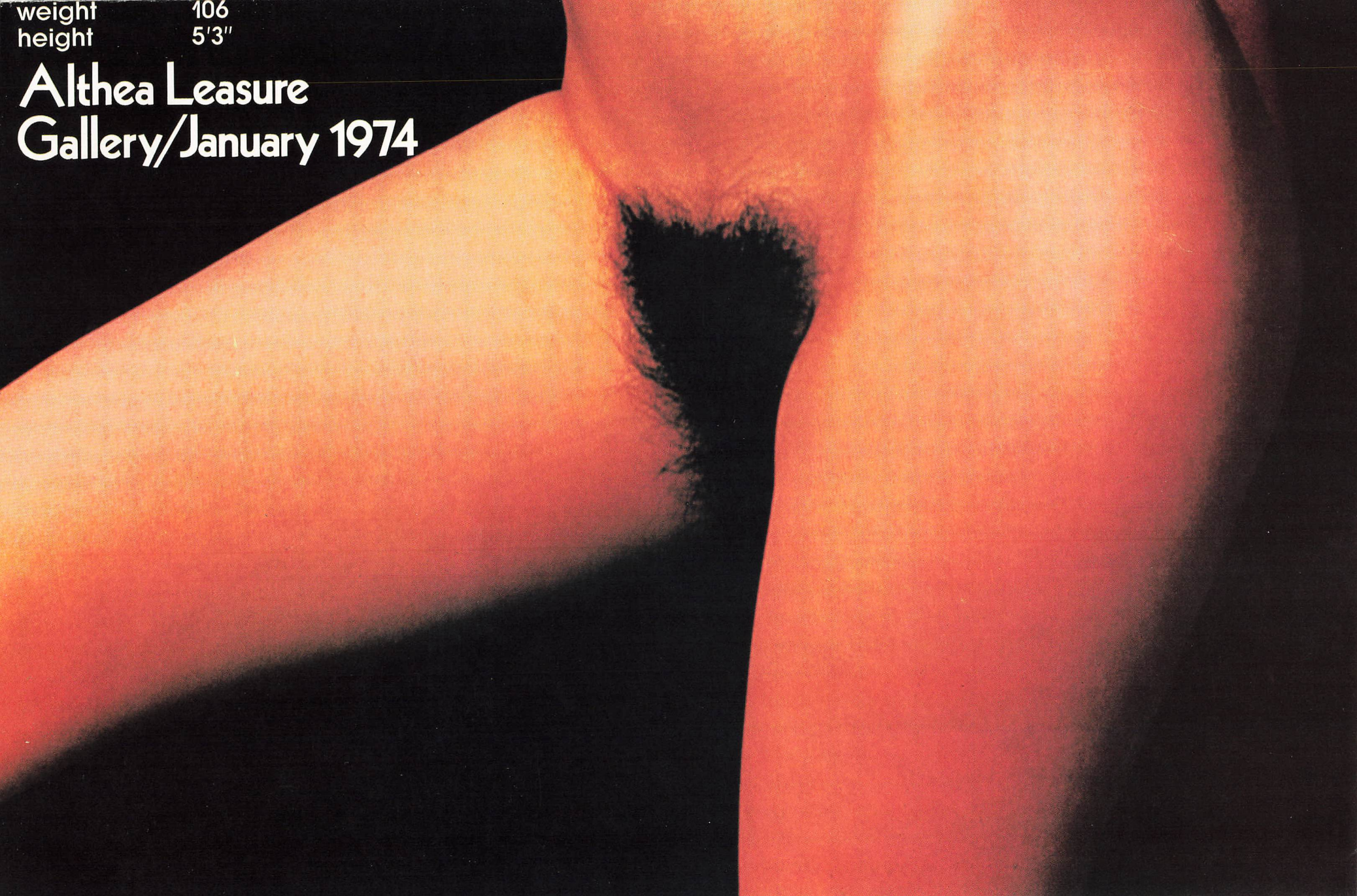
name	Toni Paulson	complexion	olive
city	Mentor, Ohio	dimensions	35"-24"-34"
age	21	dress size	seven
color of hair	brown	weight	112
color of eyes	brown	height	5'4"

SEAT BELTS

name	Marion Jean Ritchie
city	Okeechobee, Florida
age	20
color of hair	brown
color of eyes	brown
complexion	medium
dimensions	35"-22"-35½"
dress size	five
weight	107
height	5'2"



name	Althea Leasure
city	Columbus, Ohio
age	19
color of hair	black
color of eyes	brown
complexion	fair
dimensions	35"-23"-35"
dress size	seven


weight 106
height 5'3"
Althea Leasure
Gallery/January 1974

funnies

A first-time visitor to New York City was so overcome by the pollution, noise, and general rudeness of the natives that he commented to his cab driver, "New York must be the anus of the world."

"Yeah," replied the cabbie. "And you're just passing through."

"Did you feel hysterical?" the doctor asked the young bride.

"Oh, Doctor," she blushed, "only after he felt mine."

Our Freaky Dictionary defines seersucker as one who performs fellatio on a fortune teller.

Three small boys stood on a street corner discussing what they were going to do when they grew up. As a new Jaguar XKE went by, the first boy said he was going to study hard, go to college, then medical school, and become a doctor, so he could afford such a car.

Then a new Ferrari went by. The second boy said he, too, would study hard, go to college, then to law school, and become a lawyer, so he could buy a car like that.

The third boy didn't say a word, so the others asked him what he wanted to do. "Oh, I guess I would like to be covered with hair," he said.

"What for?" they asked.

"Well," he said, "my sister has just a little patch between her legs and she owns those two cars."

An investor who bought stock in Linda Lovelace, Inc., complains that it keeps going down on him.

Famous Lust Words: "Sex with him is like the Watergate hearings. A lot of probing but no climax!"

We know an actress who quit a porno film because she couldn't get a big enough part.

Our Freaky Dictionary defines vasectomy as being converted from a working model to a sports model.

The subject for the day was zoology. The teacher held up a picture of a lion, then an elephant, and her pupils quickly identified them. But when she held up a picture of a big buck deer, complete with a full rack of antlers, the class was stumped. "I'll give you a hint," she said. "This is one of the most common big game animals. I'll bet most of your dads have gone hunting for it many times. You, Gerald, what does your mother call your father around the house sometimes?"

Gerald stared blankly at her for a few seconds, then his face brightened. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "So that's what a horny ape looks like!"

Type your knee-slapper on a postcard and send it to Jokes, GALLERY, 936 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. GALLERY will pay $10 (not $100—that was a $90 misunderstanding in the May issue) if your joke is used. Sorry, jokes contributed cannot be returned.

"A wop bop a loo bah,
bah lop bam boom!"
Van Gilder

SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
E.PLURIBUS UNUM

Oh! Cal Coolidge!

A SCHOLARLY TREATISE ON THE HUMOR OF A LITTLE-KNOWN PRESIDENT

Because of his customary reticence, President Calvin Coolidge was nicknamed "Silent Cal" by the press soon after his inauguration. He was, to be sure, a man of few words, a fact amply illustrated by his speeches, which were always short and to the point—usually two or three declarative sentences embellished with a couple of languid gesticulations. Senator Spencer of Missouri once told a reporter that "Coolidge is the only person I ever knew who could doze off between syllables."

Since loquacity, if not eloquence, is an indispensable quality in a politician, Coolidge scholars and apologists have advanced any number of explanations for his uncommunicative nature: in the biography *Destiny's Somnambulist*, Niles Pomander claims that Coolidge was a ventriloquist and was actually responsible for some of the most sagacious remarks made in his presence, but was simply too shy to take credit for them. Leverett Hirsch, in his musical comedy *Oh! Cal Coolidge!*, based on the early years of the Coolidge administration, maintains that Coolidge was extremely articulate in pig Latin, although he customarily refused to employ it because of a fear of social obloquy.

In any case, the Coolidge wit could function quite effectively without the aid of volubility, as the following anecdote shows:

In 1928, President Coolidge was the primary target in a smear campaign begun by a group of Democratic congressmen whose intention was to subvert the public's faith in the Republican administration. These men, with no apparent moral constraint, circulated a number of defamatory rumors about the president: that he wanted to admit Latvia to the Union; that he cut the linings out of the coats of those who disagreed with his foreign policy; that he caressed fungi; that his mother resembled the Cardiff Giant, and so forth. The slander was so effective that for a while impeachment proceedings seemed imminent, and the president, crestfallen, retired to his room, where he remained in solitude for three days and three nights, sending out only for an occasional soufflé. Finally, key Cabinet members held a meeting to decide what to do, and a White House maid was dispatched to talk sense to the disconsolate Chief Executive. She found him sitting quietly in a corner, and when he glanced up as she approached, she began:

"Mr. President, people are starting to talk. Reporters are showing up. Congress is restless. You've got speeches scheduled, bills to be signed. For all we know, another Coxey's Army may be gathering. And besides, I've got to do this room. What do you have to say?"

"Coolidge enjoyed staying at home, preferably in a closet behind some boxes."

The president, his gaze fixed intently on the floor, did not say anything immediately. Then, after a moment of absolute silence, he turned slightly away and feigned a coughing spell.

At a banquet given in New York City on April 7, 1926, to honor the famous burlesque team of Weber and Fields, President Coolidge found himself in the company of some of the most accomplished and nimble-witted raconteurs in the country. He was seated between playwright George S. Kaufman and critic George Jean Nathan, and when the main course—veal casserole—was served, Kaufman took one look at his plate, twisted his features into a queasy expression of disdain, and exclaimed in an elaborately sarcastic tone: "Veal casserole? This is the only veal casserole I've ever seen that reminded me of Verdun!"

"Verdun!" echoed Nathan, poking distastefully at the food on his own plate. "Believe me, the Western Front was never this bad! You can find more appetizing things than this in culverts. It looks to me like somebody cooked a leper's sweater!"

A long pause ensued during which both men turned toward Coolidge, eyeing him expectantly as they waited for him to deliver his *bon mot*.

For a full minute Coolidge remained silent, brow furrowed in concentration, and then, with an air of quiet composure, he got slowly to his feet and left the table for the men's room.

Coolidge's shyness was aptly summed up in a statement he once made to his friend Frank Stearns: "In politics, one must meet people . . . When I was a little fellow . . . I would go into a panic if I heard strange voices in the kitchen . . . and the hardest thing in the world was to have to go through the kitchen door and give them a greeting . . . I'm all right with old friends, but every time I meet a stranger, I've got to go through the old kitchen door back home, and it's not easy."

Even so, there were those who considered the president's behavior virtually inexcusable the time he hid behind the drapes in the East Room so he wouldn't have to meet the Italian ambassador, and the dark glasses and false beard he wore in a presidential motorcade to avoid being recognized. No one could have mistaken Coolidge for the life of the party. He enjoyed staying at home, preferably in a closet behind some boxes, and when he did socialize he inevitably sought the company of common men—barbers, druggists, chicken sexers, etc.

He was also fond of animals (in a note to Attorney General John Sargent, he wrote, "I find a basenji far more amicable and less troublesome than a Senator or Congressman, as the former gives me a minimum of guff") and visitors at the White House were often quickly set upon by one type of small beast or another—not to mention the president's pet ferret, Smoot, whose

written by Larry Tritten/illustrated by Richard F. Newton

habit of going for a guest's ankles with flashing teeth probably caused more than one Republican to change his political affiliation.

An anecdote illustrative of both Coolidge's love of animals and his disinclination toward the society of his fellow men has been recorded by Ira R. T. Smith, who was the Chief of Mails at the White House for over half a century:

"Because he was so homey and prosaic in appearance and manner and so completely lacking in the kind of spirit and *élan* one tends to associate with the holder of the most important office in the land, Mr. Coolidge apparently was constantly being mistaken by members of his Cabinet and staff for a caterer, repairman, or visiting tourist. In time we came to recognize the familiar blue serge and ever-present cigar, but for a while there it was touch and go. More than once the vice-president tried to send him out for sandwiches.

"I remember the first expression of the president's humor, shortly after he entered the White House. One of his first moves was to propose to Congress that the eagle on the national seal be replaced with a dog, because, as he put it, 'an eagle is a predator, but a dog brings you your slippers.' Several members of Congress considered this a serious violation of patriotic tradition, and they reacted with predictable indignation. Things finally came to a head one evening when Senator James E. Watson, leader of the opposition, cornered the president at a White House party.

" 'Say, Cal,' Watson snapped belligerently, 'what's with this *dog* business, anyway? What's wrong with, say, a nice marmoset? Or a Holstein? Or maybe you'd settle for a nice *jackass*, eh?'

"President Coolidge, after regarding the senator in stony silence for a long while, replied dryly: 'You want the *bird*, Senator? I'll give you the *bird*!' And with that, the presidential lips produced a loud, derisive sound more fitting for the streets of Brooklyn than for a party in the Executive Mansion.

"Thus were we all introduced to the distinctive whimsy of the new president, and although our reactions ran the gamut from a warm sense of appreciation to talk of assassination, I think it can be said that we all agreed on one thing: Mr. Coolidge got much better haircuts than his predecessor, Mr. Harding."

Once, while being interviewed by a group of reporters after a White House luncheon, President Coolidge was asked what he thought of H. L. Mencken, whose columns in *The Baltimore Evening Sun* had been extremely critical of both his administration and his personal competence.

The president looked puzzled. "What? H. L. *Mencken*, the fellow who runs that delicatessen on 14th?"

"No, no," protested the reporters, "*H. L.* Mencken, the writer. You know, the political columnist for *The Baltimore Sun!*"

The president continued to look puzzled, staring blankly at the tips of his patent-leather oxfords. Then, after a long silence, he abruptly brightened. "*That* Mencken!" he exclaimed.

In the summer of 1928, an FBI agent working undercover as a voyeur in Teaneck, New Jersey, discovered a Communist plot to undermine the foundations of our government by kidnapping the president and all of his Cabinet members, administering standard Stanford-Binet intelligence tests, and releasing the results to the American public. When J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the FBI, brought this news to the White House, President Coolidge was already in the doldrums, beset by a host of other problems: his salary check from the Treasury Department had just bounced; someone had drawn obscene pictures on the Kellogg-Briand Pact; and five of the Supreme Court judges had been seen in public wearing argyles. On top of this, the president had been brooding lately because of a melancholy suspicion that he would never be immortalized on stamp or coin.

"Coolidge proposed to Congress that the eagle on the national seal be replaced with a dog."

As Hoover entered the president's office, eager to divulge his news and moving at an energetic clip, he failed to notice a small throw rug between the doorway and the president's desk. He suddenly slipped on the rug, lost his footing, catapulted into what looked like a cross between a hornpipe and a tango, lurched forward, caromed off a nearby wall (knocking down a framed autographed photograph of 16 Pennsylvania coal strikers and their families), and finally ended up prostrate beside the president's desk with a miscellany of facial tics and a beatific grimace.

For a long while there was silence in the room. Then the president, seeming to be asleep (but actually only pretending), let himself slump very slowly forward in his chair, very gradually, until his head was on the desk, one cheek resting against a sheaf of memos concerning oil-lease investigation. It was a marvelous coup, in the traditional Coolidge style, and the bewildered Hoover, bested, had no other choice but to limp quietly from the room to consider a whole new approach.

(In another version of this story, told by Neola Saltonstall in her *While Washington Burns*, Coolidge offers to press Hoover's pants. Most historians, however, tend to favor the previous account.)

During the Coolidge administration the country experienced an unprecedented expansion of prosperity. Poverty was not a critical problem—but neither was it nonexistent, and Secretary of Labor James Davis proposed a unique method of dealing with it. He favored the establishment of a governmental agency authorized to distribute free confetti, joy buzzers, and false noses to low-income families. Coolidge, however, counseled by his Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon, feared that such a plan would be too costly, and worse, might result in a nationwide influx of third-rate top bananas. That the embittered Davis subsequently paid a laundryman to starch the president's shorts is a well-known fact, and the resultant vendetta was probably inevitable. But in this instance, as always, the Coolidge wit was ultimately triumphant: Davis, when he showed up for work one morning, discovered that his office had been moved to Council Bluffs. □

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Maybe today's Vicki knows what it's all about, but the person with a plan will still make things happen. We think Victoria's plan of using music was great. However, instead of a gramophone, today we have full stereo featuring the most seductive songs that one could ever think of making love to. Victoria's idea was music — ours is expanded into four stages of love: SEDUCTION, FOREPLAY, PASSION, and CLIMAX. Each record or tape distinguishes between these four steps of lovemaking.

You may want to try any of the four stages; however, we suggest the entire Conquest and program your evening starting with Seduction and ending with Climax. The only other things you need besides this is the right two people and a bottle of champagne, neither of which is included in this offer. Each of these stages contain 16 songs which make them an excellant buy as most tape or records contain 10 or less.

SEDUCTION

Eros - Rod McKuen
Hello, Hello - Claudine Longet
Somethin' Stupid - Frank Sinatra w/ Nancy Sinatra
Live for Life - Ferrante & Teicher
My Rock and Foundation - Peggy Lee
Can't Take My Eyes Off You - Vikki Carr
Strangers in the Night - Frank Sinatra
Moonlight - Shelby Flint
My Sweet Lord - Peggy Lee
Something - Perry Como
Where is Love? - Shirley Bassey
Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya Huh? - Dean Martin
This Heart - Sergio Franchi
You Stepped Out of a Dream - Lana Cantrell
Reach Out for Me - Dionne Warwicke
Kaleidoscope - Rod McKuen
Maybe This Time - Tony Bennett

FOREPLAY

The Love Seekers - Rod McKuen
The Look of Love - Shirley Bassey
Tell Her You Love Her Each Day - Frank Sinatra
I'm Confessin - Dean Martin
All the Things You Are - Lana Cantrell
The More I See You - Sergio Franchi
Fools Rush In - Dean Martin
It's Impossible - Perry Como
Speak Low - Lana Cantrell
When Somebody Loves You - Frank Sinatra
For all We Know - Shirley Bassey
Unchained Melody - John Gary
Take Me for Now Love - Englebert Humperdink
(They Long To Be) Close to You - Dionne Warwicke
The Touch of Your Lips - Andy Williams
The Best is Yet To Come - Tony Bennett
Help Me Make It Through the Night - Peggy Lee

PASSION

The Gentle Touch - Rod McKuen
Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars - Andy Williams
A Man and a Woman - Claudine Longet
We've Only Just Begun - Perry Como
Embraceable You - Andy Williams
Eternity - Vikki Carr
All the Things You Are - John Gary
Tender is the Night - Tony Bennett
I Don't Know How To Love Him - Yvonne Elliman
Je T'aime - Jane Birkin
Clocks - Rod McKuen
Theme From Eros - Rod McKuen
I Will Love You - Shelby Flint
Theme From Mondo Cane - Riz Ortolani
Theme from Romeo and Juliet - Henry Mancini
Theme From Love Story - Henry Mancini
Love Them From Phoedra - Nikis Theodorakis

CLIMAX

Something Beyond - Rod McKuen
I've Never Been a Woman Before - Shirley Bassey
For the Good Times - Englebert Humperdinck
My Way - Lana Cantrell
Rules of the Road - Tony Bennett
Stanyan Street - Rod McKuen
As Long As He Needs Me - Dionne Warwick
The Shadow Of Your Smile - Sergio Franchi
You Don't Have to Say You Love Me - Vikki Carr
If Ever I Would Leave You - Andy Williams
There Will Never Be Another You - Lana Cantrell
If You Go Away - Rod McKuen
Smile - Tony Bennett
If You Go - Lana Cantrell
Softly As I Leave You - Frank Sinatra
I Wish You Love - Andy Williams
Somewhere My Love - Ivan Rebroff

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"This must be the place!"

Valerie

...is a very talented lady

photographed by Malinowski

"You have to entertain yourself before you can entertain other people." Not a bad way to view life if your vocation (and avocation) constantly bring you before the public. Valerie entertains with music. Sometimes, music written by other people–specifically, songs created for classical or folk guitar. More often, her own music. For Valerie writes songs in the folk idiom, and plays and sings them for an adoring public.

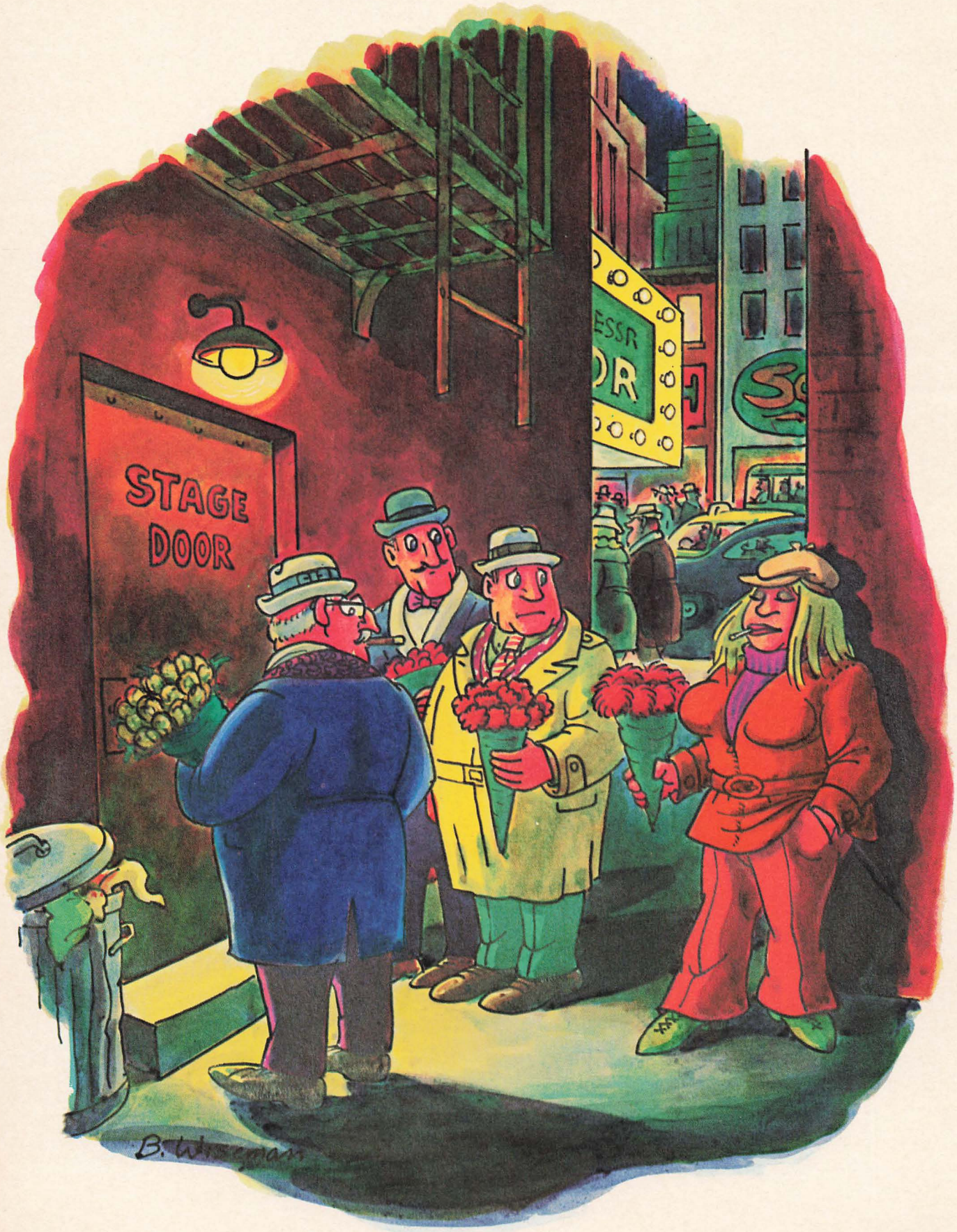
Where does Valerie entertain other people? Ah, the incongruity of it all. "My parents moved to Florida after I graduated from a high school in the North Shore suburbs of Chicago, and I went with them. Down there I got into the art of strip teasing and performed in many theaters throughout the state." Valerie is a stripper. What do her parents think about her chosen profession? "Oh, they think it's great! They've been to see me work, and they loved it.

"Stripping pays the best—that's one reason I do it.

"Another reason is that I like to please people, and since the theater audience comes for a good time I try to give them what they come for." No doubt Valerie succeeds admirably. "Sometimes I combine my music with my stripping. I play guitar and sing one of my songs while I take my clothes off." All at once? That's a show we all must see. The motion of that beautifully formed body, the voice so seductively singing, the lush music from the strings of Valerie's soft guitar. Ah, the mystique of it all.

During the daytime, Valerie has a different and almost opposite profession. Beautiful clothes grace that beautiful body as Valerie models the highest of fashion for the ladies (and gentlemen) who lunch.

Three professions. One hell of a body. Valerie is indeed a very talented lady.


STAGE
DOOR

THE TINY CAR

Honda Civic: A Japanese prescription for the fuel shortage

There was *You meet the nicest people on a Honda* and *Hondo*, the Western movie with . . . Steve McQueen? John Wayne? One of those big Western stars. So what we've got here is a celebrity of sorts, a car whose manufacturer is well represented in the popular literature. Those Japanese sure know how to present a product—the product in this case being the Honda Civic, one of the smallest, also least expensive cars on the American market. Traditionally, small cars haven't been a big deal in America because, cars being extensions of egos, who wants to go around with a tiny ego? But now that egos are running out of gas and are nearly impossible to park, not to mention expensive as hell, a smaller ego can mean peace of mind sometimes. If you've got to drive to get somewhere, you might as well do it and come off somewhat unimportant, rather than appear important and not get anywhere at all. It's perfectly logical. It's also mini . . . and mini is *in*—has been for a few years now. Miniskirts, mini-cameras, Minnie Mouse, Minnesota—as in Vikings.

written by Ron Mancal/photographed by Frank Held

And the new minicar, which the Honda Civic is, is doing all right, too. The Honda car arrived on the national scene only a few years ago, though it's been big on the West Coast since '66, when it was first introduced in the US. My response to the whole Honda idea is minicar equals roller skate—they're both the same, except roller skates are sold in pairs.

Speaking of pairs, there are two versions of the Civic: the two-door sedan and the three-door hatchback. Honda makes other cars, too, such as the Honda 145, but the demand for the Civic has been so great that production of the others has been cut almost in half to make room for Civic production.

The Civic, like any good savior, has come in as quietly as a man on a donkey, but it has not gone unnoticed. Because of its maneu-

verability and economy, the Civic has been cited by *Road Test* magazine as "the most viable solution to our traffic problems." Road tested by *Road Test* and *Car and Driver* magazines, the little Honda averaged about thirty miles per gallon of gas, about eight miles per gallon better than the Volkswagen Beetle. Yet the Civic is by no means gutless; it will go from zero to sixty miles per hour in about 13 seconds, and the 1168-cubic-centimeter engine provides ample power for freeway driving. *Road and Track* magazine noted that the Honda out-accelerated the VW Beetle, the Toyota Corolla 1200, and the Ford Pinto (with

standard engine). And those guys don't lie, do they?

Inside the Civic, there is actually hip, leg, and shoulder room—the basic requirements for creature comfort in an automobile. Standard equipment offered at the base price of $2250 is surprisingly more than one would expect—front disc brakes, reclining seats, tinted glass, even a mini-tool kit.

Behind the wheel, the minicar feel is lost. Seat position, controls, and steering-wheel angle are all above average. The instrument panel is traditionally the plainest part of a compact car—not so the Honda's dash. In the Civic two gauges are mounted on a single pod directly in front of the driver, and the rest of the panel's width contains a convenient package tray. All other controls are arrayed on either side of the steering column, where they are easily operated by the driver.

The Civic offers a full range of controls and indicators as standard equipment. Safety and security devices include a four-position switch with warning buzzer (activated when keys are left in car), a steering-column lock, a water-temperature gauge, a hazard-warning-light system, a hand-operated dimmer switch incorporated into the turn-signal switch, an oil-pressure warning light, and a fasten-seat-belt warning light.

Then I got the Honda going, and before I knew it I was exceeding the legal speed limit without any sweat on the part of the engine. The basic design of the Civic's fifty horsepower CVCC (Compound Vortex Controlled Combustion) engine is similar to that of a conventional four-stroke gasoline engine, except for changes in the engine head, carburetor, and exhaust manifold. Incidentally, Honda and Ford Motor Company have signed an agreement under which Honda will provide Ford with the "know-how" for production of its CVCC engine—which can meet the original, hard-line 1975 pollution standards for cars.

Cruising suburban Chicago, the Civic's crisp handling in stop-and-go traffic and its smooth open-road performance dispelled any doubts about this being "a real car." But when it was time to photograph the Honda, I was confronted with what seemed to be an insurmountable problem: the only suitable spot was in a forest preserve, accessible solely by bicycle path. Taking a chance, our crew of five, plus photography equipment and miscellaneous paraphernalia, went trailing down the proverbial Primrose Path—all in one Honda. Amazingly, the car did not rattle, squeak, groan, or bottom out, a testimony to the strength of the unitized construction of the Civic's monocoque body and its 7.1-inch road clearance. We arrived in fine style, although we might have a problem acquiring test cars from Continental Motors in the future.

The future of the Honda Civic, on the other hand, looks bright. What with traffic jams, parking jams, financial jams, and fuel shortages all conspiring to annihilate the traditional huge, heavy, and gas-hungry American car, the minicar as a means of private local transportation makes sense. □

Erotic Fantasies

Fantasy – the new erotic art. Vastly different from the highly romanticized stuff of a century ago. Five contemporary artists present their very contemporary fantasies.

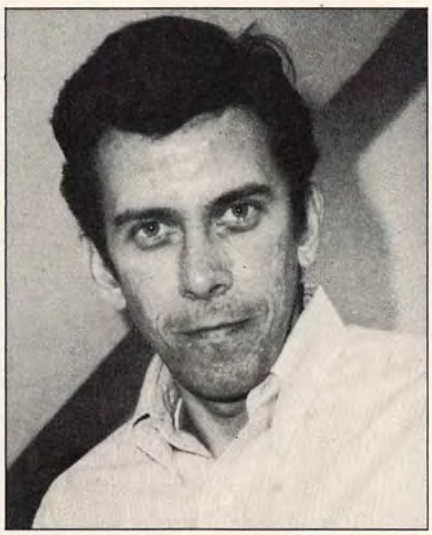
andrew j. epstein

My fantasies are derived from Jacqueline Susann novels, Rona Barrett, masturbation, and Roller Derby. All else is repetitious.

ed paschke

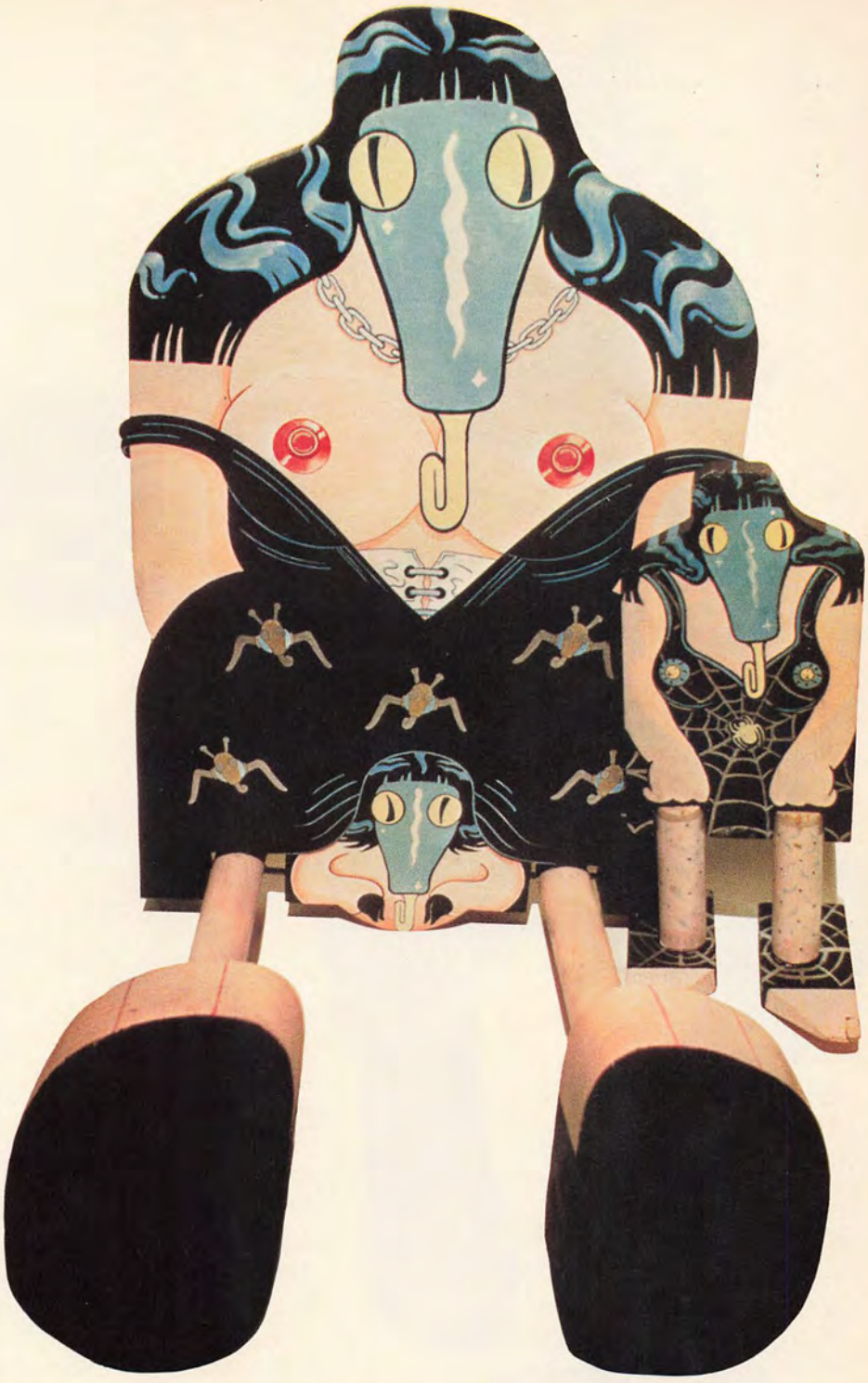
I am a different creature now as opposed to a few years ago. I used to try very hard to live out many of my fantasies and in doing so I discovered a great many things about myself that I hadn't realized before.

My self-image used to be very low and my fantasies as well as my realities were related to unattractive women; the more gross the better. Beautiful women looked very attractive to me, but I felt that I wasn't deserving of or entitled to them because of my low opinion of myself . . . Now that I think more of myself, the fantasies involve people and body parts that are much more attractive, slithering and dripping their way over every part of my body. Vaginal secretion —its taste and smell, the sight of a woman's foot in sandals or open-toed high heels are intrinsic to my ultimate fantasy as well as simultaneous stimulation by two or more slightly sweaty bodies on clean sheets.



dan clyne

I wake up every morning and hit on various ways to entertain myself 'til it's time to go to sleep again. Lately I've been passionately making these cooties. They seem more and more human every day. I'm afraid it's getting out of hand, though. They're starting to overrun my studio and everything is getting all jammed up.



william k. marhoefer

I find it very difficult to say anything about my work in such a short space so I won't say anything other than list the media used for each piece: (1) baked dough, wire, metal, glass; (2) baked dough, wire, metal, glass; (3) oil on canvas; (4) sewn fabric.

cliff raven

Just as the body is one vast erogenous zone, so must the images displayed upon it be, in the final analysis and however subtly, erotic. Who denies this betrays a pitiable fault or a despicable dishonesty.

The best tattooing is magic. It is an expression of the wearer's soul well fitted to the canvas of his body. It must be designed carefully, for through a symbiotic process the medium becomes the message.

The tattooist participates directly in the process of creation, redesigning his fellow human and sending him into the world to eat, excrete, and beat his meat a different man. No longer the chance product of his genetic garbage dump nor just another lump of clay in the uniform of the day, he now shouts silently, "Look at me! What you see is what I choose to have you see. If you find it too horrible or too beautiful to endure, look elsewhere."

Wearing a tattoo is an ego trip, but tattooing is a bigger one.

CLIFF RAVEN CAN BE REACHED AT THE CHICAGO TATTOO COMPANY, INC., 900 WEST BELMONT, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60657, (312) 528-6969

TWO BIG STARS FROM THE LONE STAR STATE

THE DALLAS SPIT 'N' WHITTLE COWBOY

WALT GARRISON MIGHT BE THE DEFINITIVE GOOD OL' BOY

A woman dressed in tight Western pants, Western blouse, boots, and a God-awful powder-blue Stetson (partially hiding a less-than-professional hairdo) hurried back from the dusty parking lot behind the arena where the annual Baird, Texas, National Rodeo Cowboys Association rodeo was to be held. She was excited and moved quickly despite being too large in too many places.

"Gawd amighty," she told a friend waiting in the registration office, where an endless line of lanky cowboys were coming in to pick up their entry blanks, "he's flat beautiful. He's got this cute li'l ol' cowlick and he seems kinda shy. But nice, real nice."

Throughout the day much of the talk down at Willie's Texaco and over at the coffee shop dealt with the fact that Walt Garrison had told local officials he would be on hand. If a rodeo is reason enough to send residents of most western Texas hamlets into fits of sweaty palmed anticipation, the arrival of an honest-to-goodness pro-football hero—a member of their very own Dallas Cowboys—was just cause for a near-delirious state.

On the far side of the parking lot someone turned up a radio to maximum volume so all those gathered might hear Tom T. Hall singing about old dogs, children, and watermelon wine. A cowboy, classically bowlegged and leading his horse to a nearby watering trough, stopped and listened to the first few bars, then took off his hat and let out with a yell: "Hot damn! Sang it, Tom Teee . . ."

Garrison smiled, comfortable, pleased. "Damn good folks around here," he said, making a general appraisal of rodeo performers. "They have fun and stay loose right up 'til it's time to come out of the chute. Then they get tough as hell. No doubt about it, they got the right idea on how a fella oughta live."

It is into this life-style that Garrison slips during the summer months, when his services as a running back are not demanded by the Dallas Cowboys. While his teammates affect mod dress and manicured nails, have their hair razor-cut weekly, and double their income with personal appearances and endorsements, Garrison hitches his horse trailer to his pickup and travels the dry-bed, small-town rodeo circuit. He knows that if he performs well as a bulldogger, he might pick up as much as $4000 in prize money.

Despite repeated requests from organizations that Garrison favor them as a guest speaker, he flatly refuses. "I'm no public speaker, plain and simple. If I took people's money to give a talk, I'd be stealing from 'em. That and the fact I'd be scared to death." While teammates jet off to participate in celebrity golf tournaments in their free time, Walt whittles the time away. Part of the gear he takes with him to training camp each year is a suitcase filled with whittlin' wood. From a solid piece of wood, he'll carve a chain or a likeness of a horse that would be the envy of every courthouse bench spit 'n' whittle club anywhere.

A product of tiny Lewisville, Texas —"a place so small," Garrison says, "that both 'City Limit' signs are on the same post"—Garrison grew to manhood in a region where people go to church, cuss a blue streak, chew tobacco, and spank their kids now and then—a region where people like country and western music, six-packs of Lone Star, and their sex lives private, aren't scared if their boots bear evidence of recent trips into the cow lot, and maintain an uncommon sophistication in their simple ways of life. There one proves his mettle by showing how long he can stay atop a bull or how quickly he can rope a calf at the Saturday night jackpot rodeos.

Which is to say Walt Garrison is 100 percent authentic, real-life cowboy—the "Cowboys' cowboy," as newsmen put it.

"If I could make as much money," he admits, "I'd choose rodeoing over football. To my way of thinking, it is the most demanding sport in the world."

Throughout most of his athletic career rodeoing has been Walt Garrison's passion. The thrill of riding bulls, wrestling steers, battling bareback broncs, and roping calves even outweighs the mysterious elation that comes from breaking into the clear en route to a game-winning touchdown.

To the man who has been on a team that has won a Super Bowl and who has been selected to play in the Pro Bowl, life's fondest athletic memories come not from football, but from winning the bulldogging at the Paris, Texas, rodeo in 1972 and being the leading money winner among steer wrestlers at the weekly Mesquite rodeos.

On the over-the-counter bubble-gum-card market, it takes five Walt Garrisons to get one O. J. Simpson or Larry Brown. Now seven years deep into a successful career, few in the giant world of pro-football fandom look upon him as one of the game's superstars. For a fullback, he is neither big (6'0", 205) nor fast (4.9 in the 40-yard dash sometimes, 5.0 quite often);

written by Carlton Stowers/illustrated by Tom Styrkowicz

he seldom brings crowds to their feet with long, dashing runs to the end zone. He didn't even make the 1000-yard club in 1972, when every guy named Joe seemed to. But this is not a state of affairs that causes Garrison great amounts of lost sleep.

Still, for one who came to the Cowboys with the none-too-lofty goal of making the taxi squad for one year, Walt Garrison has indeed made a name for himself—if not in the minds of the general public, at least with those within the NFL community.

Mike McCormack, head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, minces no words in describing Garrison's value to the Cowboys: "He's a very outstanding, competitive football player. While Dallas may have many players who have national reputations, Garrison has been the spark plug and backbone of the championship Dallas teams."

Dallas's head coach Tom Landry, a man who seldom tosses bouquets without good reason, calls Garrison the most durable performer he's ever coached. "I've seen him have great games when others as physically banged up would not have even bothered to suit up."

Before the 1971 Super Bowl against Baltimore, Dallas trainers used no less than 35 yards of tape to make Garrison ready to play. He started the game with a chipped collarbone, a badly sprained ankle, a bruised hip, and other assorted bumps and bruises, yet managed to end the day as the game's leading ground gainer.

Much to the relief and amazement of Cowboys officials, Walt has never been seriously injured while rodeoing. But that doesn't mean he hasn't had his trying moments in the arena. Occasionally, the ghost of a bull named Lucky Strike still comes back to haunt him. As Garrison recalls it, the bull took no more than three steps out of the chute before sending him sprawling into the powdery dust. "Man, all I saw was his tail," he says, "and I was looking at it upside down."

"There was this one other time," he says, "when I got myself into a crazy sorta situation.

"After we won the Super Bowl, NFL Films called and said they'd like to do a thing on my rodeoing. We met in Mineral Wells [Texas] and things were going just fine until they said they wanted me to bulldog a steer while wearing a camera on my head. Damn thing was mounted on the side of a motorcycle helmet.

"Well, I said OK—and you can just imagine what everybody said when I came out of the chute with that contraption on my head. And when I swung down to take the steer, the weight of it pulled my head down, and I hit the steer's horns. Had to have 12 stitches taken inside my mouth. That's gotta be about the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to me."

Even more embarrassing than the first date he ever had with the former Pam Phillips, daughter of a prominent Texas quarter-horse breeder and one of the state's top women's cutting-horse riders. They met at a horse show at a time when Walt knew precious little about cutting horses and Pam admitted a serious lack of knowledge about football. Thus, they set about to educate each other.

The relationship quickly grew into something more than educational. Despite the fact that Walt, who carries a spittoon in his car, managed to spill its contents on her on their very first date, they are now married and the parents of a three-year-old son named Phillip. "I was a little worried about him for a while there," papa Walt admits. "Hell, he didn't learn to ride 'til he was almost 14 months old."

"If I could make as much money, I'd choose rodeoing over football."

The Garrisons live in a modern, spacious home in the Dallas suburbs, just a few blocks from the Cowboys practice field. But even as he lives and labors in the fast-paced, steel and concrete maze of metropolis, Walt Garrison remains the low-keyed, good ol' boy from Small Town, USA.

For Garrison there is one year remaining on his current contract with the Cowboys. "After that," he insists, "I'll take it one year at a time. I hope to play as long as I feel I'm performing well but, by the same token, there are things I'd like to accomplish other than those associated with football."

Like, for instance, to one day reach the National RCA Finals in bulldogging. "Everyone who has done much rodeoing wants to be a world champion," he insists, "or at least get to the Finals. And bulldoggers are a lot like quarterbacks in football—they're able to compete at an older age because they aren't taking the constant physical beating that, say, linemen or bull riders are subject to. I figure I'll still have some rodeoing time left when I'm finished with football."

Dusk was begrudgingly giving way to dark and most of the 2000 who call Baird, Texas, home were seated on the sun-warped bleachers. The announcer broke into the country music that had been blaring from the loudspeakers to remind everyone of the big rodeo dance that would begin at the Legion Hall immediately after the final event.

Garrison had left his pickup to check on the steer he had drawn, leaving the beer to be guarded by several friends who had congregated around his pickup.

Walt returned from checking the bull he had drawn and announced that he'd be trying to bring down Number Four.

"Oh, hell," said Taylor, "we'd better make sure there's an ambulance here. Anybody know how far it is to the hospital? That Number Four don't go down very often. He'd jes' rather stomp holes in people and go about his own business."

An hour later, with hat pulled firmly over his forehead, Garrison broke from the chute atop his horse and made a quick, precision move to get down on Number Four. But, as he had been warned, the bull was determined not to go down without a struggle—a struggle that lasted too long to earn Garrison any prize money. That, too, is part of rodeo life. You win some, lose some, but you always come back. You live in the firm belief that on some night in the not too distant future Number Four will go down. That is what keeps cowboys like Taylor, Robinson, and Garrison on the road leading to the next rodeo.

Despite his less-than-superlative performance, Garrison was greeted by a warm round of applause as he walked slowly back across the arena toward the chute. He had come to town a celebrity, a highly paid professional-football star, a man they watched every autumn Sunday from their living rooms, and had proved to be one of them. Just another good ol' boy in boots, jeans, and a cowboy hat. □

Welcome to the Bill Mack AllLLLL-NIGHT SHOW!

TWO MILLION TRUCKERS CAN'T BE WRONG

Billy Mack kissed Wanda Ann and climbed into his rig,
*Said he'd be back on Tuesday night so plan on something big.**

It's an unseasonably cold Texas night. The wind is bone-chilling in the parking lot behind WBAP, on a windswept hill east of downtown Fort Worth. A knock at the night door brings a security guard who shouts, "I don't care if Bill Mack has said he'll see ya, ya'll havta wait until he gets here."

Bill Mack, radio station WBAP's star country announcer, is due on the air at 11 P.M., and here it is 10:30. Rub hands briskly together and dance a little jig to stay warm. Finally, a car pulls into the lot, and the Country Music Association's "Disc Jockey of the Year" emerges. He's shorter and thinner than you would picture him from his deep, authoritative radio voice —a voice that truck drivers envy and waitresses dote upon. It's one big reason for his success, along with his unofficial role as "King of the Truckers."

Mack leads the way into an office, crosses one alligator-booted leg over the other, rubs the bristles on his chin,

written by Chet Flippo/photographed by Don Myrus

and tells you how he came to WBAP two years ago, when it was a foundering middle-of-the-road station. "When I started my all-night country show, I didn't have one sponsor. Not one. Now we're pretty well filled," he says.

Truckers found the Mack brand of country sincerity to their liking and kept his request lines ringing all night. WBAP's management began to get the message, and in August of 1970, the station went C&W 24 hours a day. Today WBAP is the *biggest* full-time country music station in the nation: 50,000 watts, clear-channel, covering the whole United States and, it is claimed, several other countries.

Fort Worth still prides itself on being a Western town, but not *everyone* here is a shitkicker; one local C&W station recently died from lack of listeners. Why has WBAP done so well? "I think WBAP has proved," Bill says, "that if you play country you've got a successful thing. Our ratings put us number one and two across the board. Three months after we went all-country we went to the top. That's almost unheard of.

"But we proved a point—what the public wants is country. Really, we have no format. We're just playing country. If someone's good enough to be signed up to Decca Records or Capitol or Columbia, they're good enough to go on the station. I don't think some program director can sit back and say, 'Well, that singer's *too* country.' I go by what the listeners want—I don't care if it's Bill Monroe, Roy Acuff, or Glen Campbell. I play 'em all."

Twenty hundred RPM were showing on the tach
But no one knew this was the last long ride for Billy Mack.

"Surveys have estimated that we have *over* two million truckers listening, and that scares you. Two million. These guys have been my buddies, they've really stood beside me. Had it not been for the truckers, my show wouldn't be what it is right now. I go to Nashville and I go to eat, and somebody says, 'Hey, some truck driver came by and said if Bill Mack comes in here, tell him hello.' I love those guys. I don't know how they put up with me, but they do, ha ha."

His commercials are mostly aimed at truckers—a large percentage of the spot announcements advertise truck stops from Indio, California, to all points east—and they come on very folksy. Rather than emphasizing the virtues of the food or the gasoline, his commercials appeal to the drivers' camaraderie and professional pride: "Al Miller'll treat you right at the Winfield Truck Terminal."

"Had it not been for the truckers, my show wouldn't be what it is right now."

Just a few more miles and Bill was on that mountain range
Where dead ahead a pickup full of kids blocked both the lanes.
Bill hit the air and then he felt his trailer slide and sway,
And the pickup driver made no move to help him clear the way.

It's 11 P.M., and Bill slides behind the board, starts his theme song (Felix Slatkin's instrumental of *Orange Blossom Special*), and leans into his mike to "Welcome everybody to the Bill Mack AlllLLLL-NIGHT SHOW!

"Yeahh BABE! This is the Midnight Cowboy, Bill Mack, until five in the morning and man we're sho' *glad* to have you with us tonight. Gonna have a *strange* time."

Soon Bill is busy taking requests from places like Waxahachie or Buffalo —requests for songs like *Fifteen Beers Ago* or *Here Come the Rattlesnakes.* Dedications come in too, like, "For the gang at Red Ball" or "Hello to the one and only from the sad and lonely."

Sometimes calls come in for Bill's recording of Merle Haggard's *Somewhere Between* or Connie Smith singing Mack's composition, *Clingin' To a Savin' Hand.*

He just had time to think of Wanda as he fought the wheel
Then Billy Mack was buried under twenty tons of steel.

"I think the biggest hindrance we face in our business is the overnight geniuses —the program directors who came over from the bubblegum school and who know *nothing* about country. They didn't even *like* it five years ago. Then all of a sudden they saw that the Top Forty school was becoming passé, and they wanted to jump onto something big. So they made the jump to the C&W bandwagon, but they tried to bring their same method of operation into country music. And there's *no way* it can work, because the country audience'll find you out a lot faster. You're dealin' with people who love and know this business."

What about the adoption of country by many rock groups?

"That's amazing. Your rock groups sound more like country than what your country groups do. The reason is those rock groups have got some pretty smart minds behind 'em. They see where the money is, so they're jumpin' on it. I just hope the country acts will wake up to the same fact."

Finally, what do you do after you are already, at age 38, the number one C&W DJ on America's biggest C&W station?

"After this? Ha ha. I don't know of anything I *could* do after this," he replies with typical Bill Mack sincerity. But there's no need to worry about the Midnight Cowboy. If worse comes to worst, he can always run for president. He's got two million votes to start with.

One life for ten has always been the diesel drivers' code
That's why Billy slung that widowmaker off the road. □

**Widowmaker*—Penny Jay and Buddy Wilson. Troy Martin Music, Inc. (BMI)

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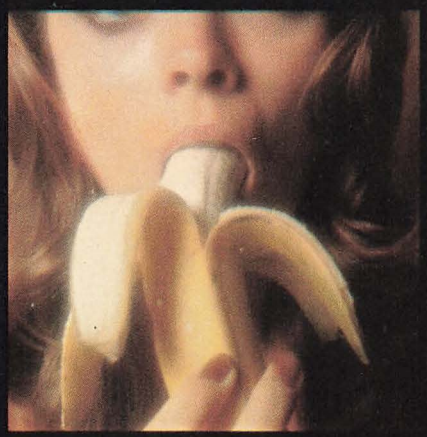
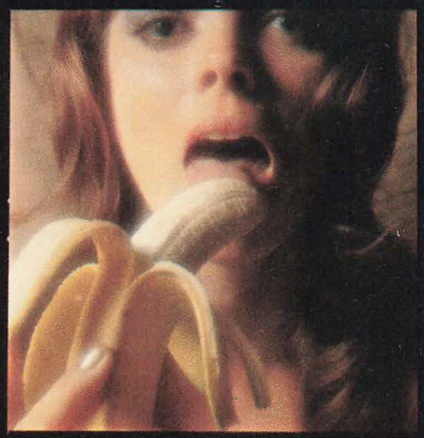
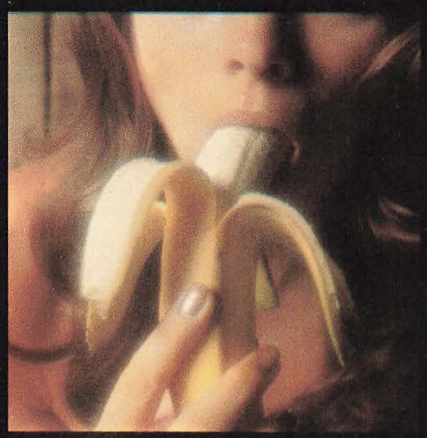

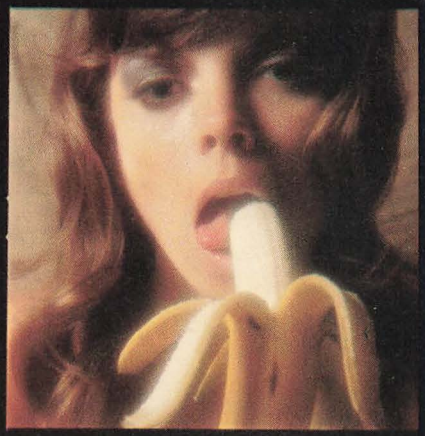
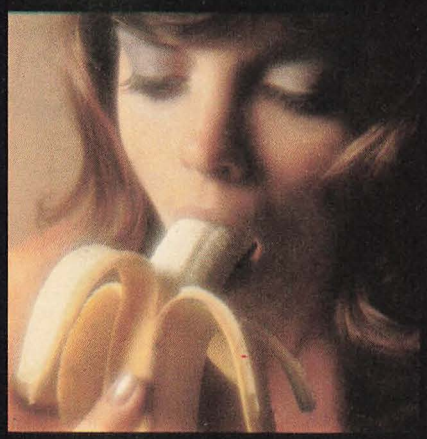

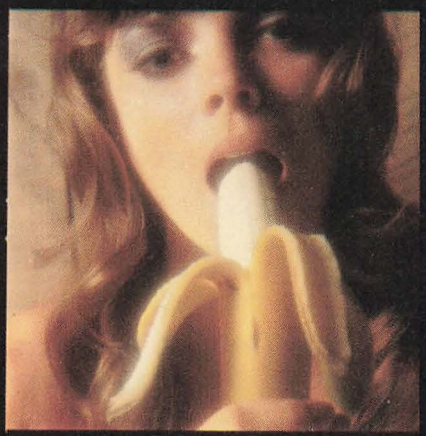
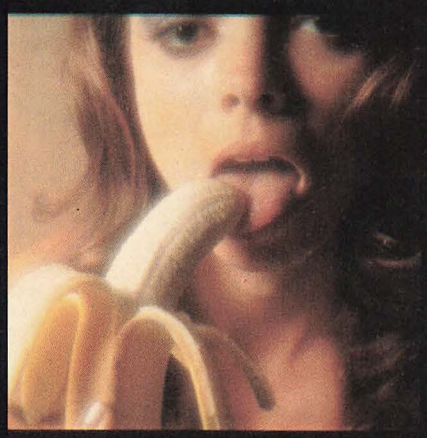
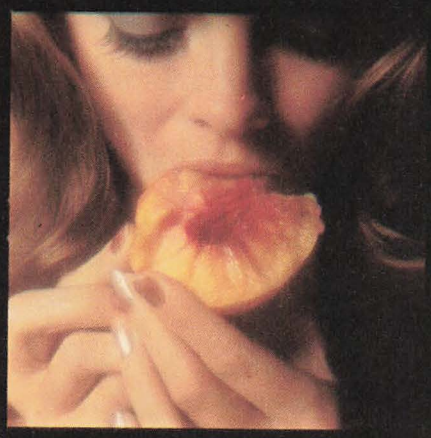
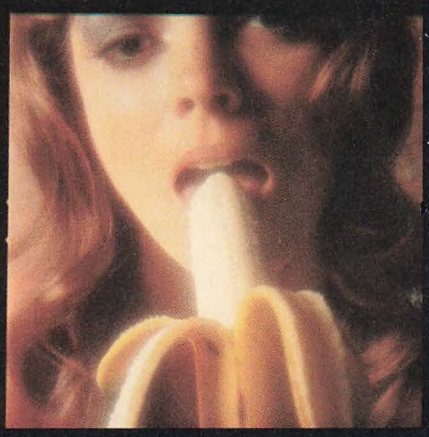

georges simenon: the supreme sensualist

FINISH THE BOOK AND GO STRAIGHT TO BED

"In order not to feel a prisoner of society, I need to pat a passing thigh, to make love without declaring it, without passion, to have sex in the spur of the moment, in my study or anyplace else, as it was once done, as it is still done in the equatorial forest or in Tahiti. I know whereof I speak. I've been there."

Georges Simenon is a great read. Any one of his pithy little novels, of which there are several hundred, is superb entertainment, and some of them happen to be small masterpieces of such insight, irony, and sensual intensity as to be unequaled by anything written in the last fifty years. Unencumbered by layers of literary embroidery or by weighty philosophical digressions, Simenon's books get right to the point: who makes it in this arbitrary, chaotic world and who doesn't.

Since we're all working with generally the same apparatus, we share certain universal concerns, namely sex, violence, and loneliness. Simenon has, with the clever instincts of a shaman, picked up on these.

"During my first days in Paris [1930s], for example, I remember that I would leave the arms of one woman at 11 o'clock in the morning to go back to another only a few minutes later, and be obliged to accost a professional or to go to a house of assignation to begin all over again twice the same afternoon."

Pretty good? I'll say, and he's kept at it faithfully over the years, with apparently no diminution of either need or intensity.

"Once, in Paris, after a fairly wild night [in 1952] while D. [his second wife] was packing the trunks for our return to the United States, I called three or four women to our apartment, one after another. That was sexuality in its natural state."

Right! But is it right? Is this extraordinary sexual elitism—normal? Is it OK to be that turned on—all the time? Of course, Simenon assures us, veering away from any simplistic little Freudian critique that would have him and us feeling uncomfortable about it all:

"I make love simply, healthily, as often as necessary, but I'm not in the grip of any compulsion. I am not driven by any neurosis, only by a need. . . . In short, I consider myself a perfectly normal man in this area."

Simenon's sexuality, as he describes it, reaches mythic proportions, as if he were a remnant of that pantheon of gods who once roamed the earth, altering their external forms at whim and spreading their seed everywhere. That we *know* was fantasy, but this?

". . . as usual, in the nightclub where we went [he and his wife, 1962] I took the telephone numbers of three performers. Four, to be exact. Which embarrasses me. . . . I shall go to see them to set my mind at rest, so as not to be left with the itch of desire."

Living a comfortable and bourgeois life in the bosom of a lovely family tucked away in a shining little Alpine village, he has continued to pursue and make love to numerous women, to his pleasure and theirs (we assume).

"Often I feel I would like to write, 'Today I made love to So-and-So' because it would set the tone of the day. Because these acts are part of the whole. But even if I left out the names, abbreviations would make it possible for someone to guess who was meant. These women will have children someday. Some of them already have. Or else they will fall in love. Have I the right to upset someone just to indicate the tone of a day?"

Well, perhaps not. So what Simenon has done for us is to save these varied and numerous sexual acts of his, preserving every nuance and exquisite detail, and laid them out, so to speak, for our not starved exactly, but hungry nonetheless, voyeuristic instincts to savor.

In his novels, Simenon leads us through passages of sensual, erotic prose to the foot of the bed, the side of the road, and other propitiously located vantage points from which to observe the human animal sexually engaged.

"She had thrown back her head and, with her dress up to her stomach, had put her hand between her thighs. Her eyes were half-closed and her body was so still that he would have been alarmed had he not noticed that her fingers were moving almost imperceptibly . . . seeing her fingers move again, he muttered in a hoarse voice, 'You want some more?'

"Now I was there in the dark, with the song of the train, red and green lights passing by, telegraph wires, other bodies stretched out in the straw.... Against my own body, a woman's body pressed itself tense, vibrant, and a hand moved to pull up the black dress, to push the panties down to the feet which kicked them off with an odd jerking movement. . . . It was Anna who drew me toward her, on top of her, both of us as silent as snakes. . . . Anna was helping me to enter her, and I suddenly found myself there. I didn't cry out, but I came close to doing so . . ."

"Andrée, naked still on the ravaged bed, her legs apart, a few drops of semen clinging to the dark hair, shadowy between her thighs."

Sexual acts, thoughts, and preoccupations are the skeleton of each novel that Simenon fleshes with his lean prose, with precise sensual detail, evoking an impression of seeing, of feeling, of being there. The characters are created as if from the insides of their own skulls. Simenon leaves no doubt that the characters must behave as they do, that accidents of time allow them no choices.

In a streamlined telegraphic style, Simenon makes the hot wind of a summer day felt, the leaf stir, the sweat drip along the lip or between the breasts. With one or two deft and pre-

written by Joyce Myrus/collage by Skip Williamson

cise sentences, Simenon makes heard the machinery in a print shop, the odor of ink and grease in the air. In a small bakery everything is layered with a fine whiteness: the hair, the clothing, the very pores of the skin are floured.

And when you arrive, panting a little, at the breathless conclusion of a Simenon novel, you find you've been witness to the violent disintegration of a human being, been left with a sense of the finiteness of any one life—the precarious fragility of a single existence, and simultaneously with a feeling of the endless flow of time and of the timeless linkage of generations.

That's not easy to do, and it makes for terrific reading. In fact, getting involved with a Simenon is less like reading than like watching a really fine film. You're not inclined to leave your seat for anything until the novel ends, and then you've got to blink and stretch and shuffle about a bit to reestablish a sense of actual time and place. What Simenon has been able to do with words—prose—is invent a kind of nonliterary optic novel. Which is just right because most of us these days are visualists and, except for isolated groups of academics and retired elderly ladies, there aren't too many who are inclined to loll about sighing over gentle, romantic, intellectualized, obtuse, and weighty tomes.

"My strongest impulse was probably a craving for pure sex, if I can use that expression without sounding silly, I mean without bringing in any considerations of emotions or passion. Let's say sex in its raw state. Or its cynical state. . . . I've been able to convince myself that I'm not an exception, that a need does exist in the human to behave at times like an animal."

Hardly romantic. And you should meet this man's mistress: "At the sight of a passing male she's in heat and, in the street, she stares at men's trousers, at one definite place, as intensely as men stare at the rears of women walking past. More than once it's taken no more than a picture of men's underwear or swim trunks in a magazine advertisement to excite her."

An interesting couple these two: he, Lucien Gobillot, a lawyer, one of the finest existential heroes of contemporary fantasy, insightful, analytic, plagued by a "cosmic melancholy" as he watches himself (as if from a distance) compulsively react to forces that he is powerless to control; she, Yvette, "the personification of the female, with her weakness, her cowardice, and also her instinct to cling to the male and make herself his slave." Unfortunately, they don't make it because she gets herself done in by her other lover. Simenon's people never get what they want and even though they sometimes try pretty hard they don't even get much of what they need. Simenon pushes them to the edge of their emotional control, watches as they try to avoid the precipice, and then he gives that small shove, almost as an afterthought, that sends them quietly slipping down mountainsides, destroyed.

What Simenon has been able to deal with in his books successfully, absorbingly, and ingeniously for forty years a few filmmakers are just beginning to try, with imperfect success. *Last Tango in Paris*, for instance, focuses on a brief period in two people's lives, brackets their intense sexuality with violent deaths. Visually, the film is superb down to the tiniest detail, the most subtle shafts of light—particularly when the central couple is shown together. Director Bernardo Bertolucci establishes the tone, texture, and ambiance of their individual existences: the heroine's childhood home is filled with pastels, darkly glowing wood, leather-bound books; the hero is driven howling by his wife's bloody suicide from the hive of little rooms that is his home—shabby, plastic-curtained, worn, peopled by faded transients. There is an engrossing sensuality throughout the film, but the preoccupation of both central characters with a need for a pure sexuality actually permeates it. Violence and sex are brought together in *Last Tango* as they often are in a Simenon.

"Insight, empathy, universal topicality, brilliant stylistic control, sex, suspense, entertainment."

Agnes Varda, on whose writing *Last Tango* was based, several years ago created *Le Bonheur*, a film that is Simenonesque in texture. Like Simenon, Varda fixes on the comfortable details of ordinary lives and then shows these lives breaking apart. Also like Simenon, Varda makes no moral judgments. In *Le Bonheur*, the revelation of her husband's affair compels a young woman to quietly leave a pleasant family picnic and drown herself. Throughout the film there is a careful layering of pleasing visual detail; watching the film, you recognize the patterns of the characters' lives and become comfortable with their homely, utilitarian objects, expecting the table to be set every evening with flowers in the center. The husband supplements this predictable, pleasant, repetitious domesticity with visits to his mistress.

The whole work is suffused with a lovely summer glow, a warm light that changes only slightly after the suicide. In the last scene of the film, the husband walks peacefully in the woods on a beautifully vivid, now autumn day with his new wife and his children. Mistress has simply replaced wife; Varda has not visited retribution on anyone. Varda and Simenon both explore the human as a sensual, sexual animal, sharing an antiromantic, existential view: singular as we are, we are much more alike than different—interchangeable, in fact, in many circumstances.

"I like to see the beautiful body of a woman, and it matters little to me whether she has this or that mentality, whether she comes from this or that background. . . . It is tenderness for the human being, for the species, for the living flesh, for a body which for a brief duration, in my arms represents all life . . ." In Simenon's work, as in Varda's, there is, in combination with violence and loss, an affirmation of the sensual pleasures of humanness.

Each of Simenon's novels is short and sparsely populated, more like film than like the traditional novel, but considered together the body of his work forms a stunning, unified portrait of the modern human condition. The film that comes closest to evoking the same quality of response—a kind of awe at the skill that could collect such an extraordinary variety of human types—is a novelistic documentary, Marcel Ophuls's *The Sorrow and the Pity*. Twenty-five years after the events, through hours and hours of conversation, some extraordinary and ordinary people describe the German occupation of a French town. Ophuls, like Simenon, is able to synthesize and magnify the emotionally distorted dimensions of people under extreme stress.

TRU-LIFE
CARTOONS
...ASKING FOR A RIDE.
THE LIFE OF A VAGABOND MUST BE ROMANTIC... HIS CONVERSATION WOULD MAKE ME FINE COMPANY.
POP?
HOP RIGHT IN MY FRIEND... WE WILL BE COMPANIONS OF THE ROAD!
?
FASTEN YOUR SEATBELT, MY FRIEND... IT IS YOUTHFUL FOLLY TO TEMPT THE FATES!
HUH?
I KNOW... FOR I WAS YOUNG ONCE, TOO...
YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BREAK YOUR WRISTS, WOULD YOU?
LISSIN, MAN... THINK I'LL JEST GIT OUT AT TH' NEXT CORNER...
YOU MUST BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR WRISTS...
...AS A YOUNG MAN YOU ARE NAIVE OF THE GRAVITY OF PROTECTING ONE'S WRISTS!
RIGHT HERE IS FINE... IF YOU'LL JEST STOP TH' CAR...
I WILL NEVER FORGET! AS A YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT IN VIENNA I KNEW MY DESTINY WAS TO BE A GREAT SURGEON!
!
BUT, LIKE YOU, I WAS TOO TAKEN BY THE PLEASURES OF YOUTH TO REGARD MY WRISTS!
AND THEN THAT FATEFUL EVENING!! ...I REMEMBER IT AS IF IT WERE ONLY YESTERDAY... STROLLING THROUGH THE MOONLIT GARDENS OF VIENNA WITH MY WIFE OF A MERE THREE DAYS...
...AND I WAS TEMPTED BY FOOLISH ROMANTICS... MY PASSIONS ROSE...
...AND AS A RESULT I...I...I...
I BROKE MY WRISTS!
SNAP!
...I HAD TO BECOME A SCHOOL TEACHER TO SUPPORT MY PREGNANT WIFE!
IT BECAME LABOR AND PUNISHMENT TO KEEP THE BELLIES OF MY FAMILY FILLED WITH COMMON GROATS AND LENTILS...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
MY ROUTINE BECAME DAILY DRUDGERY WHERE THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN SPARKLING SOCIAL GAIETY!
EEEEEEEEEEKRASH-TINKLE
DEVILISH LOUT! I SEE YOU CHOSE TO DISREGARD MY WARNINGS...
...EVEN SO, I ADMIRE YOUR SPIRIT!
MOAN!
SKIP WILLIAMSON

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Georges Simenon is a collector of people in the same manner, he has said, as other people are collectors of stamps. Collector he is, but more in the manner of a vivisectionist, examining his subjects under brilliant light, tacking each to the page, and with words tweezerlike in precision, lifting layers of superficial detail to expose a psychological habit, a detail of style, a habitual physical twitch, the hidden blue veins of relationships all buried in past experiences perpetually unfolding on a screen of subconscious convolutions. When Simenon has finished there remain marvelous writhing specimens, dripping bits of themselves through pages of prose in which plot is almost insignificant: what really matters is the dissected specimens and how these specimens deal with life and with each other.

Simenon has placed in our collective memory hundreds of indelible portraits, most often portraits of the very lonely, though not necessarily the lone. The ability to be intimate, to take sustenance from another person and to give it, is a human problem Simenon is expert at depicting. In *The Glass Cage* (an obvious symbolic device), Simenon places an extreme example, even among his populace, of an isolated man: Emil, a proofreader, has spent most of his life in the glass cage that is his office.

"He had made love to Jeanne only for a few weeks after their marriage, and since then they had had no physical contact. In 18 years he had six times at the most stopped a prostitute in the street and followed her into some malodorous little hotel. . . . At a street corner on Boulevard Saint-Michel, a woman with large breasts smiled at him invitingly.

'Want to come, dearie?'

. . .

'Are you always so nervous? If you don't calm down, you may not be able to make it.'

'I don't care.'

It was not true. He was humiliated by his failure . . . he suddenly hated her as he hated the rest of the world."

Fixing his generalized hatred on a childlike, teasing young woman who has penetrated his isolation with some promise of passion, Emil's suppressed sexuality turns to rage. The only intimacy he can manage is violently destructive.

"He saw her eyes, crazy with terror, close to his own . . . he went on gripping her throat, and her body went limp . . . her mouth opened. Her pink tongue protruded between her lips which little by little were losing their color . . . her wide-open, bulging eyes still seemed to be asking: 'Why?' "

In *The Cat*, an elderly couple live side by side for years, unspeaking, communicating only through brief, calculatedly exasperating notes, which they fling at each other with all the infantile mischievousness of naughty children. The husband suspects that shortly after their marriage she had poisoned his cat, so he in turn murders her parrot by extracting its tail feathers. The bird presides over their silent lives from its cage in the living room, stuffed. Bizarre as the circumstances may be, the quality of the anger and hate that holds these people is as binding as love and perhaps more certain. The characters have each found something on which to count absolutely. Their need for each other is unquestioned.

Insight, empathy, universal topicality, brilliant stylistic control, sex, suspense, and entertainment typify a Simenon work—whether a detective story or psychological novel, the categories into which Simenon divides his writing. So it's really puzzling that many Americans who do read don't read Simenon, in fact haven't even heard of him. Not so in Europe, where his books sell in the millions.

Georges Simenon began writing in 1929 when he was 17 years old and needed to earn a living. He began with sexy potboilers, luridly packaged pulp, and moved on to the detective story, creating Inspector Maigret, the most successful detective in Western fiction. In some sixty books, Maigret rambles through Paris and its environs, sipping Calvados and solving crimes, not by stacking one clue on another but by absorbing the emotional ambiance of a particular crime, by forming an emotional bond of sorts with the perpetrator. From his detective stories, Simenon went on to develop the psychological novel.

With an extraordinary total of close to 500 books completed, Georges Simenon, upon reaching 70 several months ago, announced his retirement. Depressing as this announcement was to Simenon-freaks all over the world, the uninitiated can look forward to years of pure, pleasureful escape thanks to the author's incredible productivity. The appeal of Simenon's novels is inter-generational, cross-cultural, and classless. The novels can be read with ease by the barely literate yet savored by the intellectual. Simenon is one of the really important writers of the century and, equally significant, a really fine entertainer.

RECOMMENDED WORKS ABOUT SIMENON:

When I Was Old by Georges Simenon. Autobiography in which Simenon discusses sex, alcoholism, politics, family life, and life-style, and in which there is a marvelous description of a dinner attended by Simenon, Henry Miller, Charlie Chaplin, and their women.

Simenon's Paris by Frederick Franck [Simenon-addict]. Dr. Franck illustrates, in charming watercolor drawings of Paris, descriptive excerpts from Simenon's novels.

Writers at Work. Paris Review interviews in which Simenon talks about his unusual creative method: complete isolation and concentration for seven or eight days, the period of time he requires to write, rewrite, and complete a book.

RECOMMENDED FICTION BY SIMENON:

The Train, In Case of Emergency, The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By, A Maigret Trio (includes "Maigret's Failure," "Maigret in Society," and "Maigret and the Lazy Burglar"). □

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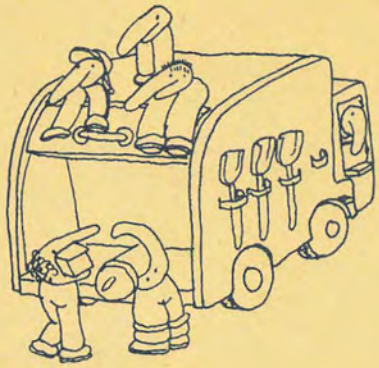
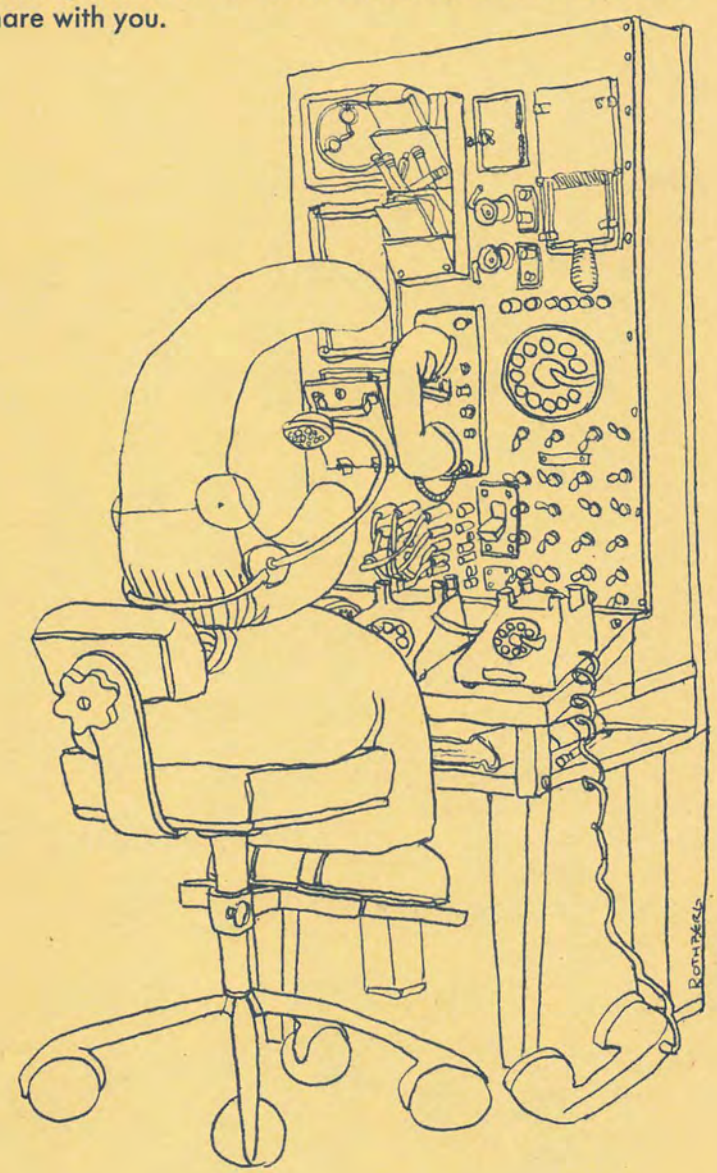
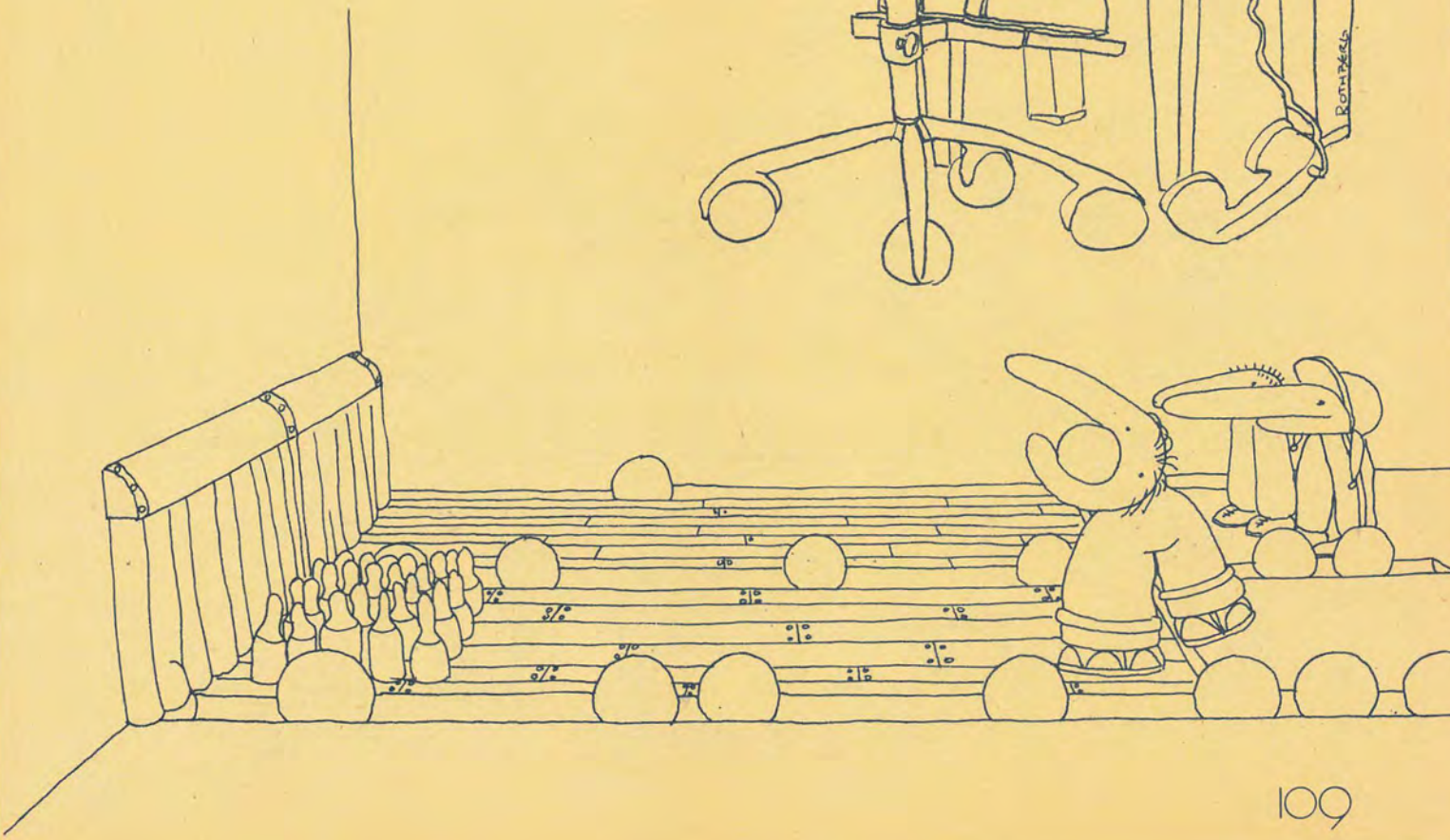
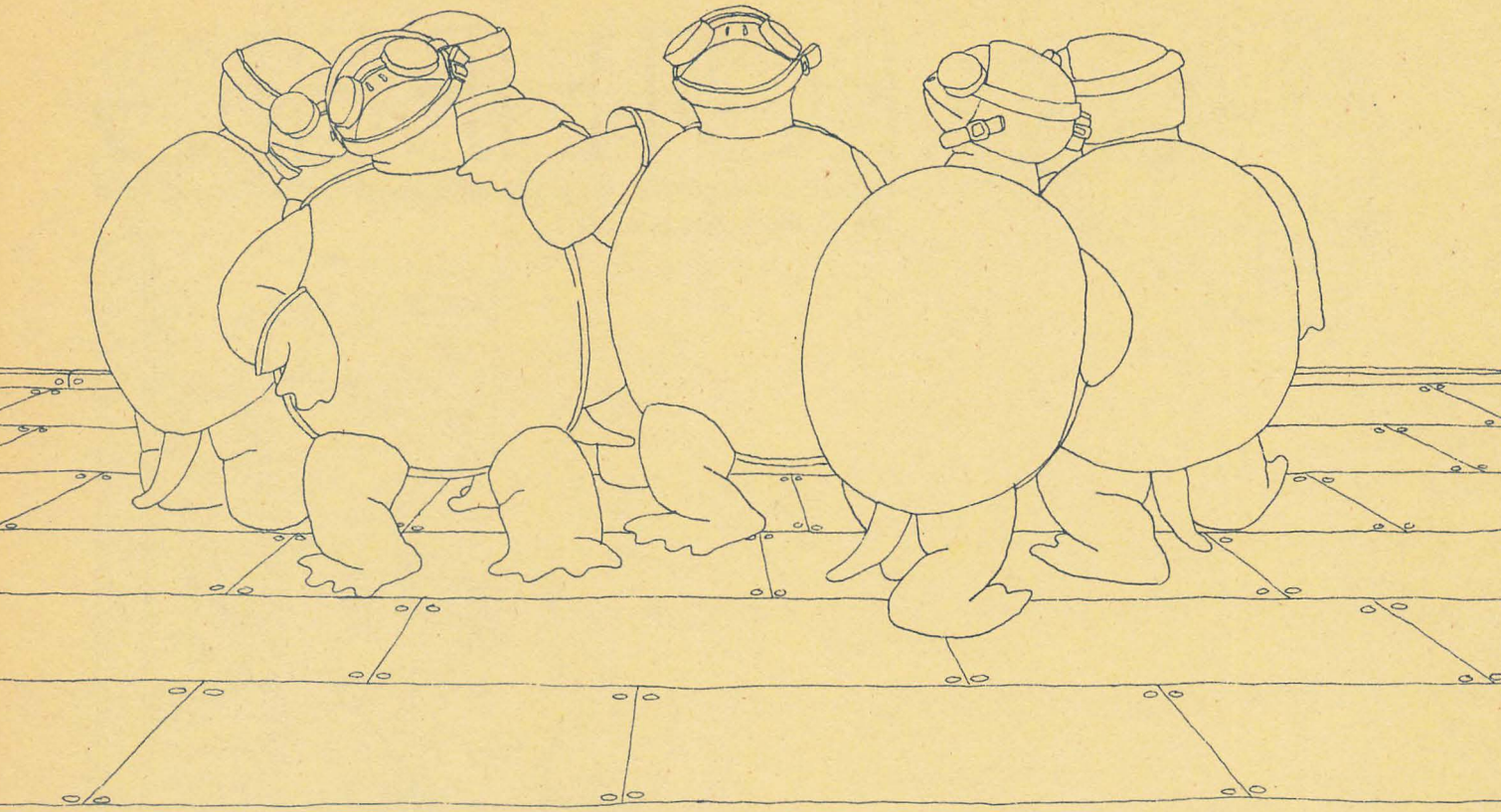


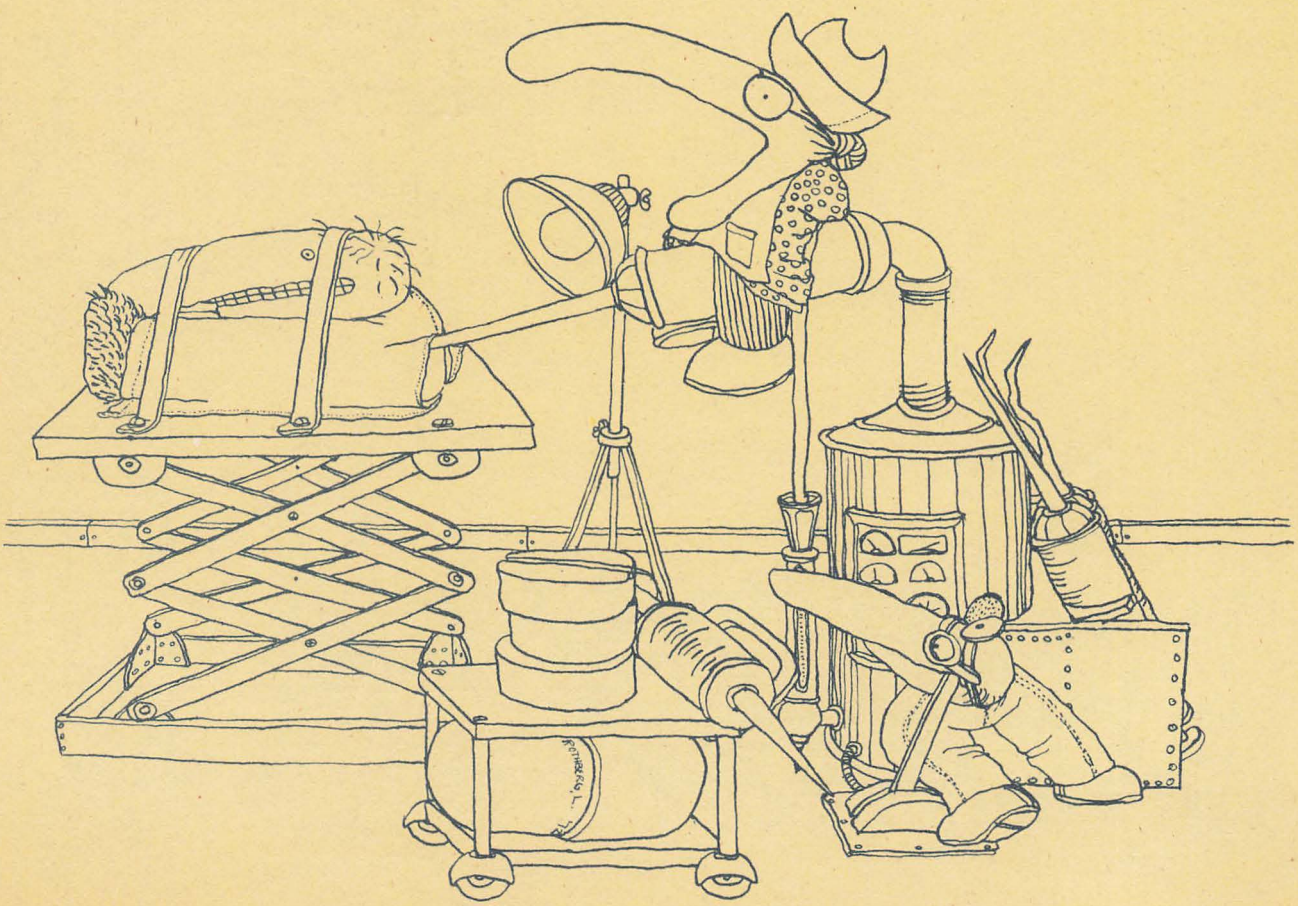
ROTHBERG

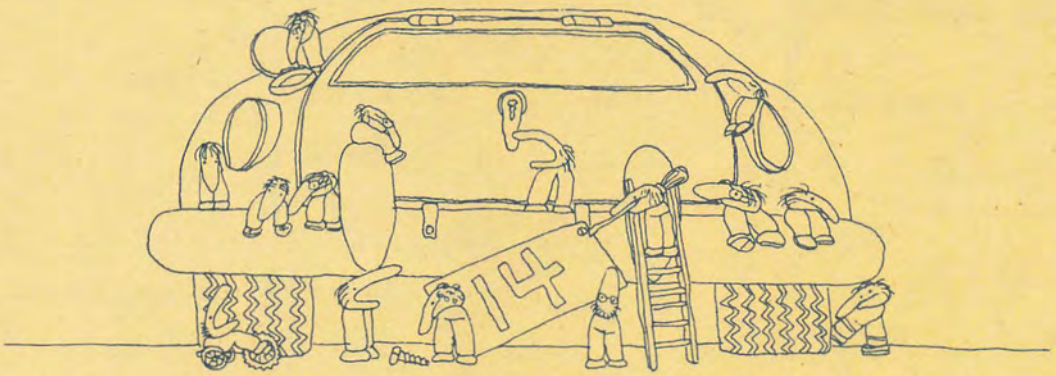
Linda Rothberg has some weird little working-class friends she'd like to share with you.

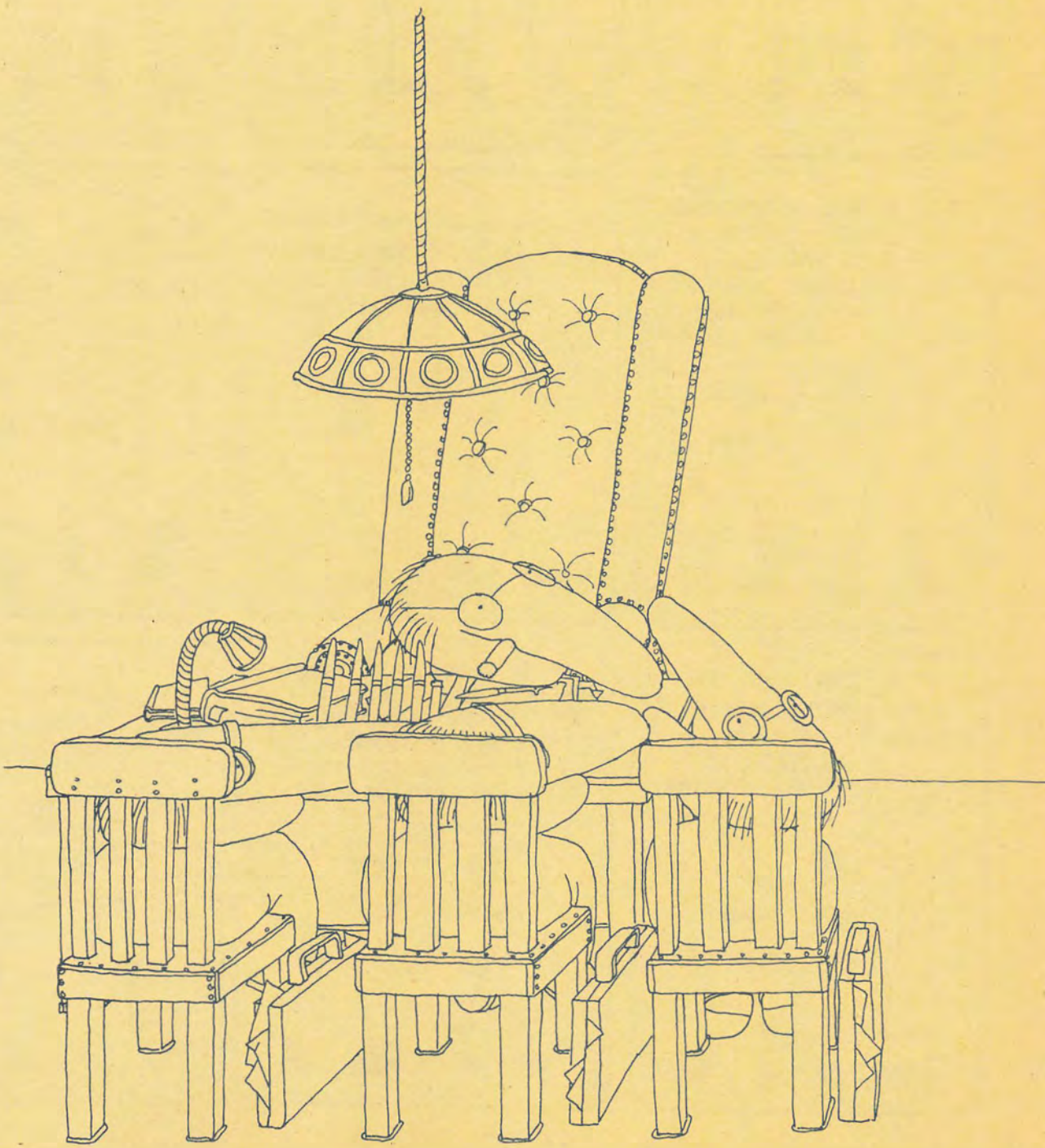




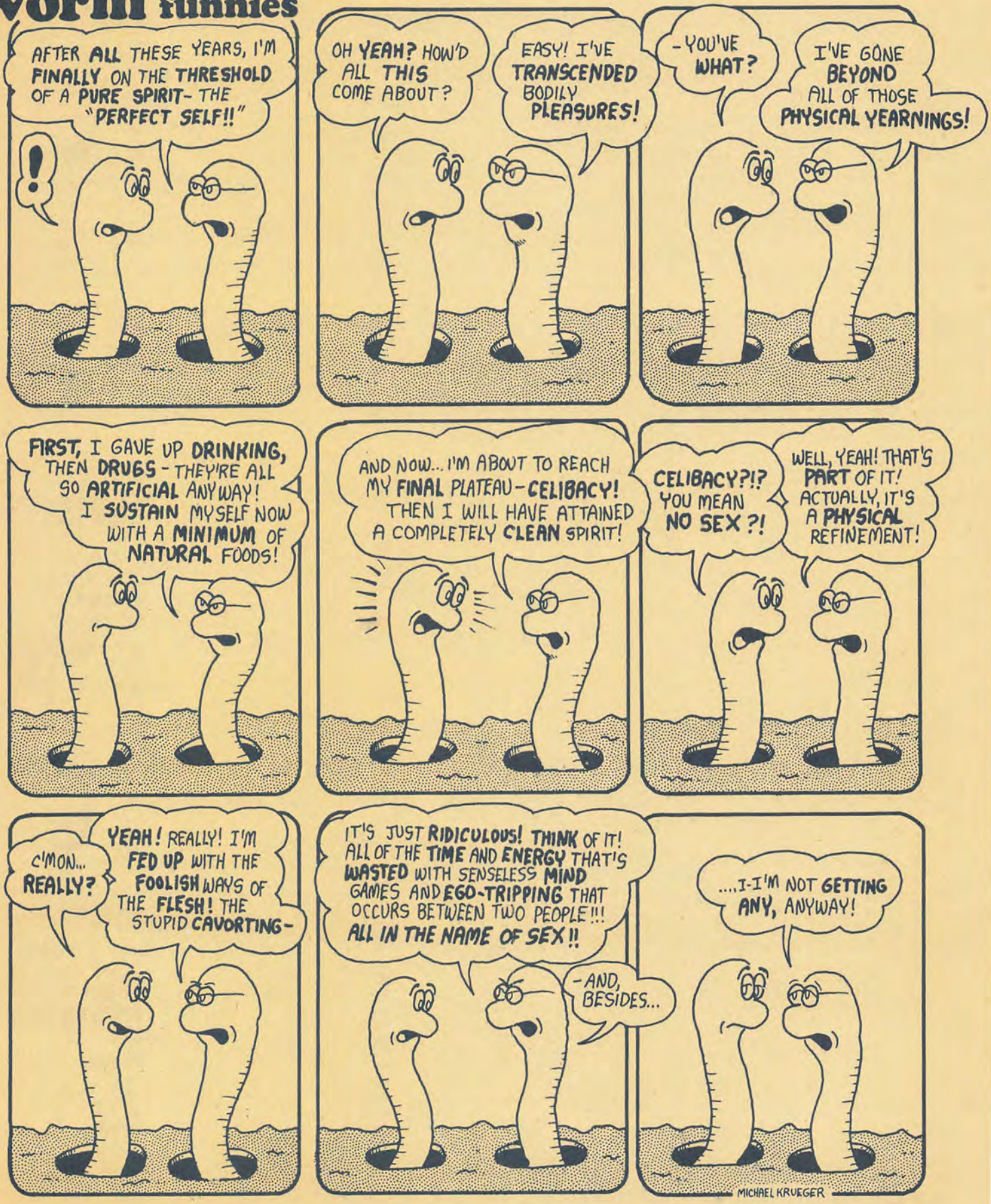








worm funnies


AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I'M FINALLY ON THE THRESHOLD OF A PURE SPIRIT- THE "PERFECT SELF!!"
!
OH YEAH? HOW'D ALL THIS COME ABOUT?
EASY! I'VE TRANSCENDED BODILY PLEASURES!
-YOU'VE WHAT?
I'VE GONE BEYOND ALL OF THOSE PHYSICAL YEARNINGS!
FIRST, I GAVE UP DRINKING, THEN DRUGS - THEY'RE ALL SO ARTIFICIAL ANYWAY! I SUSTAIN MYSELF NOW WITH A MINIMUM OF NATURAL FOODS!
AND NOW... I'M ABOUT TO REACH MY FINAL PLATEAU - CELIBACY! THEN I WILL HAVE ATTAINED A COMPLETELY CLEAN SPIRIT!
CELIBACY?!? YOU MEAN NO SEX?!
WELL, YEAH! THAT'S PART OF IT! ACTUALLY, IT'S A PHYSICAL REFINEMENT!
C'MON... REALLY?
YEAH! REALLY! I'M FED UP WITH THE FOOLISH WAYS OF THE FLESH! THE STUPID CAVORTING-
IT'S JUST RIDICULOUS! THINK OF IT! ALL OF THE TIME AND ENERGY THAT'S WASTED WITH SENSELESS MIND GAMES AND EGO-TRIPPING THAT OCCURS BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE!!! ALL IN THE NAME OF SEX!!
-AND, BESIDES...
....I-I'M NOT GETTING ANY, ANYWAY!
MICHAEL KRUEGER

ROSIE

photographed by Wayne Phillips

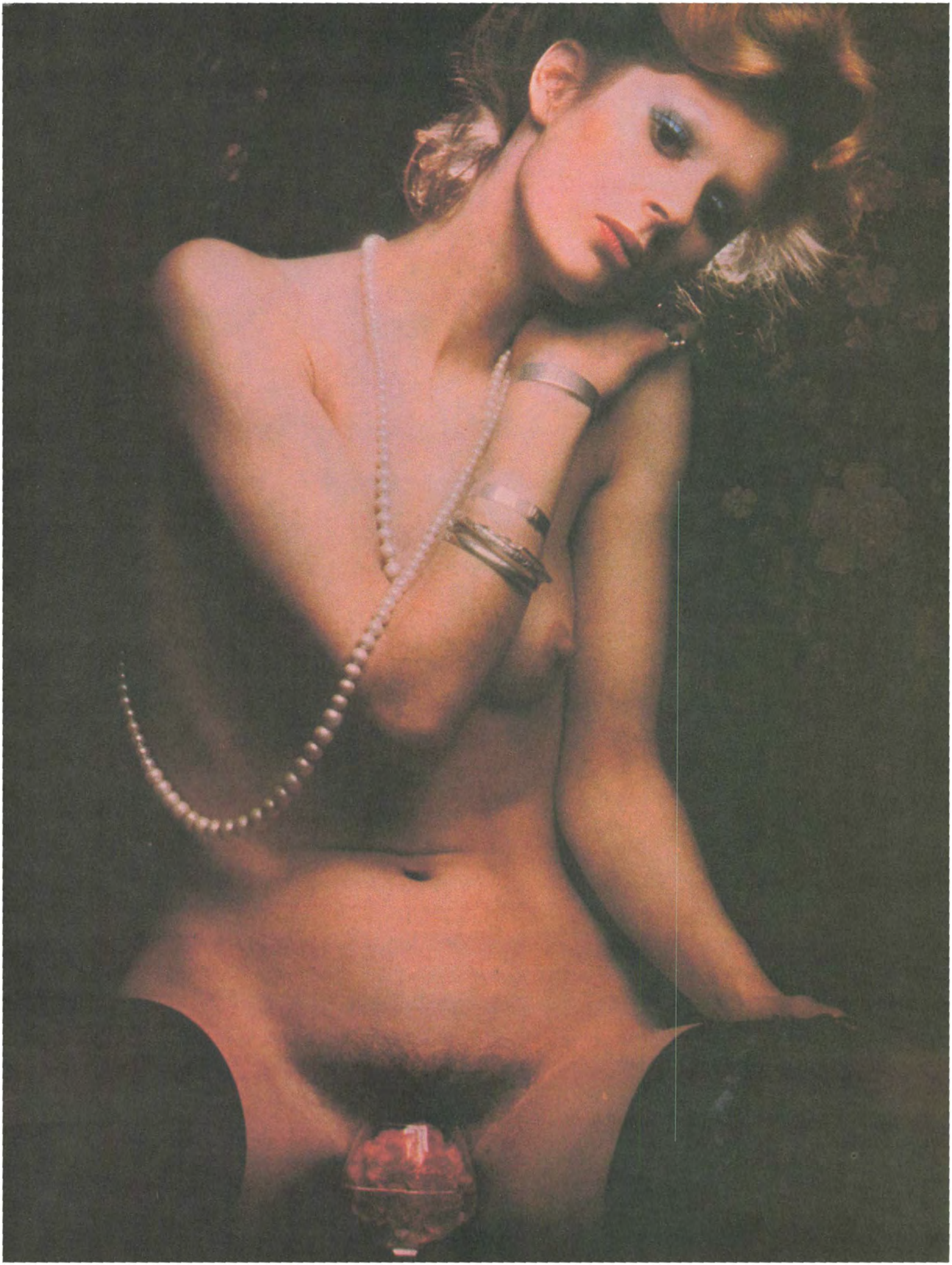
Ever since Rosie was a little girl, she's loved pretty clothes. She always eyed enviously the pretty dresses that other little girls were wearing. That would make her cry, and she would ask her mother why she couldn't dress like that. But her mother would gently remind Rosie that the family was part of the Salvation Army, and in the Salvation Army, good works rather than good looks were the important thing.

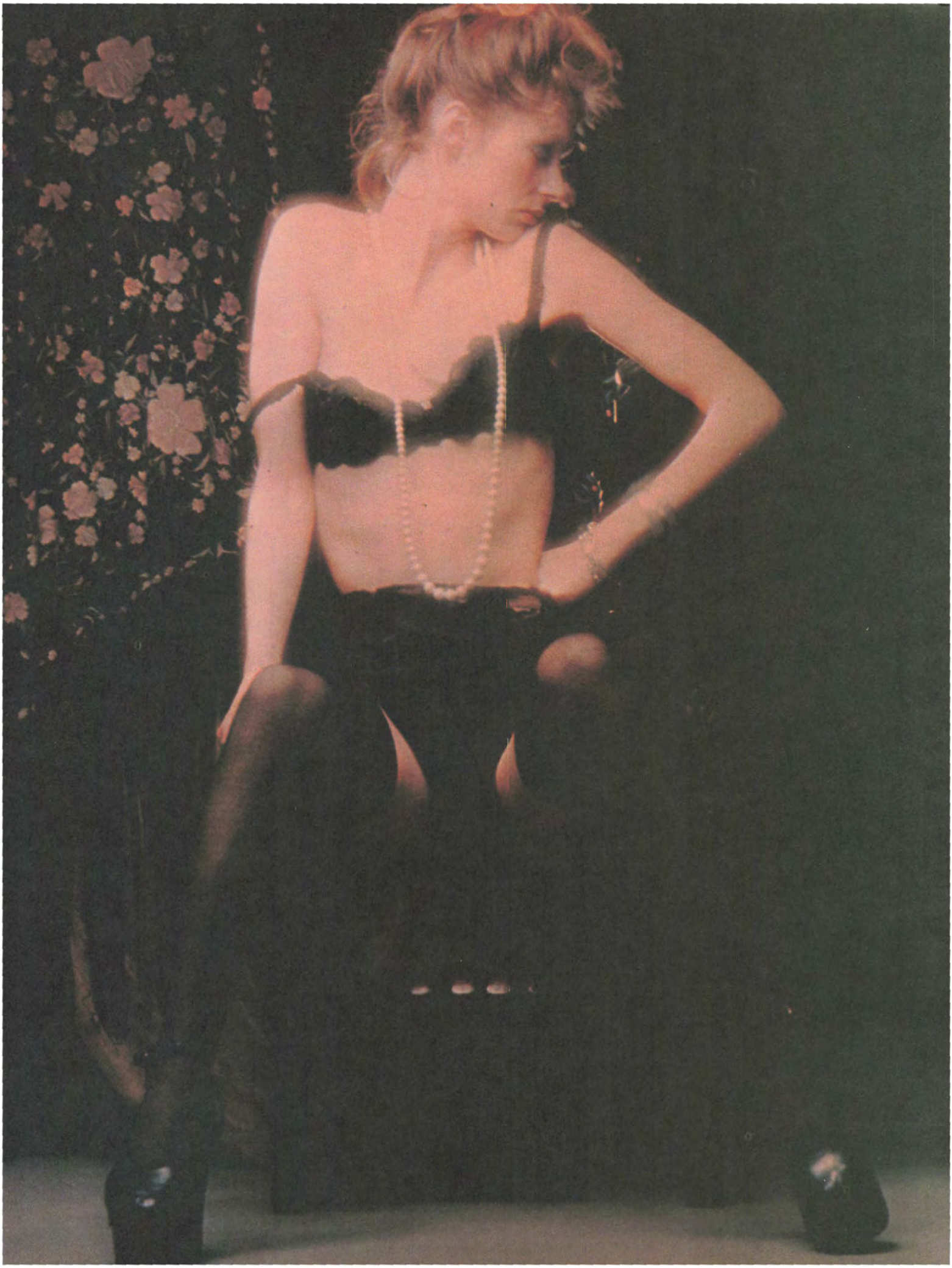
Rosie came to London to seek her fortune when she was 17, leaving her family and the Salvation Army far behind. But that's all right. "My parents understood why I wanted to leave, but they were disappointed in one respect: I collected more money in my little tin can at Christmas than anyone else. Especially from men.

"They wanted to give me a little something extra besides the money, and when I started to get more interested in the something extra than in the good work the money would do, I decided to leave the Army."

Lucky for us.

Now this beautiful wraith-like creature haunts by day the streets where London keeps its best boutiques. By night she attends only the best parties, usually with her

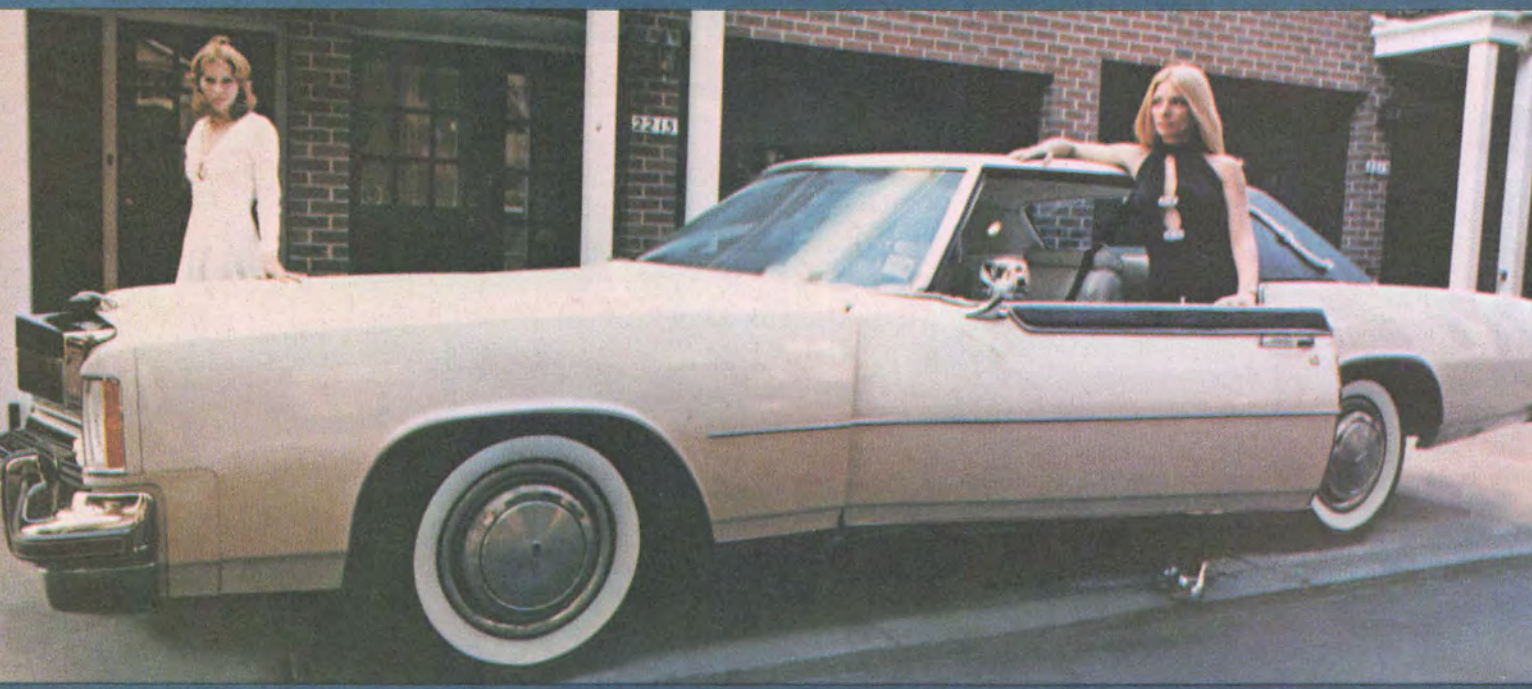




lover, Tom, but sometimes she goes alone, leaving the course of the evening to the fates. And the fates, as you can see, have treated Rosie quite well.

THE COMING OF THE GALLERY CAR BY CZAR

"Wow! What kind of a car is that?"



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You'll notice many of the Czar touches right away: the Rolls-Royce grille styling, custom hand pinstriping, padded landau top, trunk, and door sills, and especially the buckled chrome straps run-

ning the length of the trunk.

And you'll be particularly impressed with the car's interior refinements—the shag carpeting, individually created stereo system by Craig, personalized gold plaques, digital clock.

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Tequila Mockingbird

written by Ray Swallow/photographed by Don Myrus

We were all getting ripped and drinking tequila . . . and playing with a Polaroid in the backroom of Bud and Trixie's Panama Lounge in Chicago. Bud (that's him with the hat and beard) was halving limes with his bare hands, tossing a lot of salt around, and trying to decide which pictures to sell to the Catholic school kids and which ones to send to Screw for a spread, when the subject of tequila and its history ("How'd it happen?") came out of Left Field. (Lefty Field is the guy with the long hair and no hat.) Since I've been billed as the big man with the bon mots (that's me in the pinstripes) and because I believed the query begged for some background better than your average babble, I stepped in and, backhanded, fielded Lefty's question. If you're talkin' tequila, I told 'em, you're talkin' about Jose Cuervo.

You see, Jose Cuervo was a hell of a Mexican who got himself some land in a grant. The land was known as "The Ringing Bells" back in 1759, when people were likely to give land some kind of a name. (They might have called it "Bob" or "Mike" or "Betty," of course, but I guess they didn't think of it.) The land was (and still is) near a town named Tequila, which was surrounded by maguey cactus plants. Before Cuervo's time, the maguey cactus had rung a few bells for the Aztecs, who fermented it a few days (why wait any longer?), called the resulting potion pulque, and drank it right down. Meanwhile, remember, the Spaniards had landed in Mexico and were thirsty and homesick. Also, they were the new top guys in the area; to prove it, they eschewed the Indians' pulque as stuff fit only for punks, and they sent out to Spain

for some good wine to go. But the boats being slow, the wine arrived ruined. Sheeeee! Now the deus ex machina in this drama came in the form of the distilling process, by which a clever Spaniard could make a brandy that'd keep forever—so load it up, mother country! But on the dock in America, the liquor line was getting so long the Spaniards on the road figured what the hell, let's distill this here maguey cactus stuff—at least it's quick and cheap and mezcal brandy, which is what they called the distilled pulque, beats drinking that puking pulque any day of the week.

So mezcal brandy was on the charts with a bullet. But to make a longshoreman sort, the importers north of the border were shipping in some pretty slick liquor such as Scotch whisky, gin, and good grape brandy, the likes of which made mezcal look like moose piss and mucked up the market for the Mexican mist. That made 'em mad in the money department, so the mezcal men meddled with the maguey to make a mightier mix. Hmmmmmmmm, and they did, too, although it took 'em 100 years or so to come up with the product we're into here, namely, tequila. And this is where Jose Cuervo, the brand name, comes in. Listen—Cuervo tequila is the best there is. Believe me, it rings bells.

TRIXIE'S MARGARITA

1½ ozs. Jose Cuervo® Tequila
1½ ozs. Arrow® Triple Sec
1 oz. lemon juice (or lime juice)

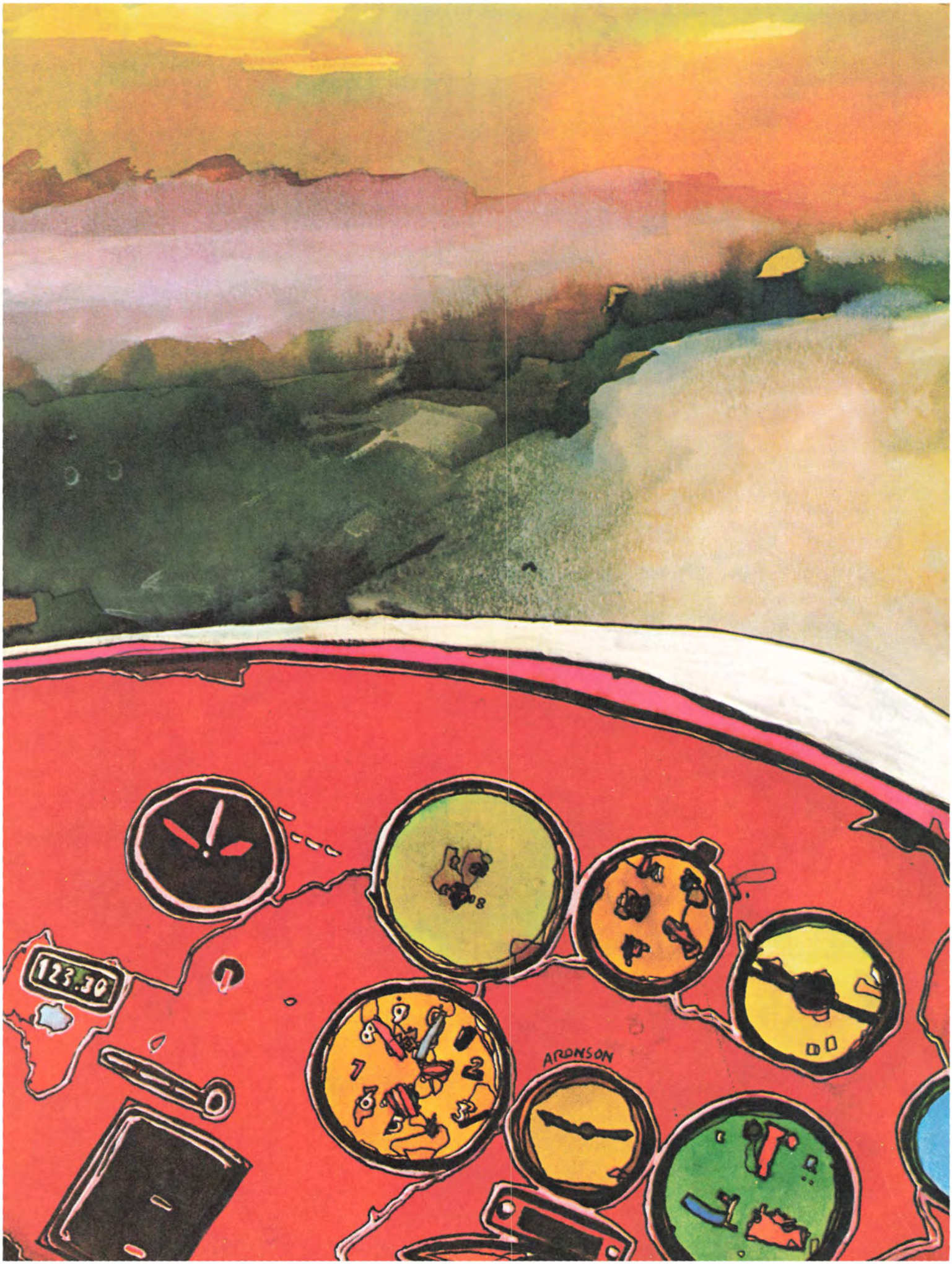
Mix ingredients, shake with shaved ice, and serve in salt-rimmed glass.

To prepare salt rim on glass, dip edge of glass ½" deep into lime juice, then into coarse salt. Let dry at room temperature.

TRIXIE'S SUNRISE (ORIGINAL)

1½ ozs. Jose Cuervo® Tequila
½ oz. lime juice
3 ozs. orange juice
½ oz. grenadine

Shake ingredients together, serve in tall glass of ice. Garnish with lime.□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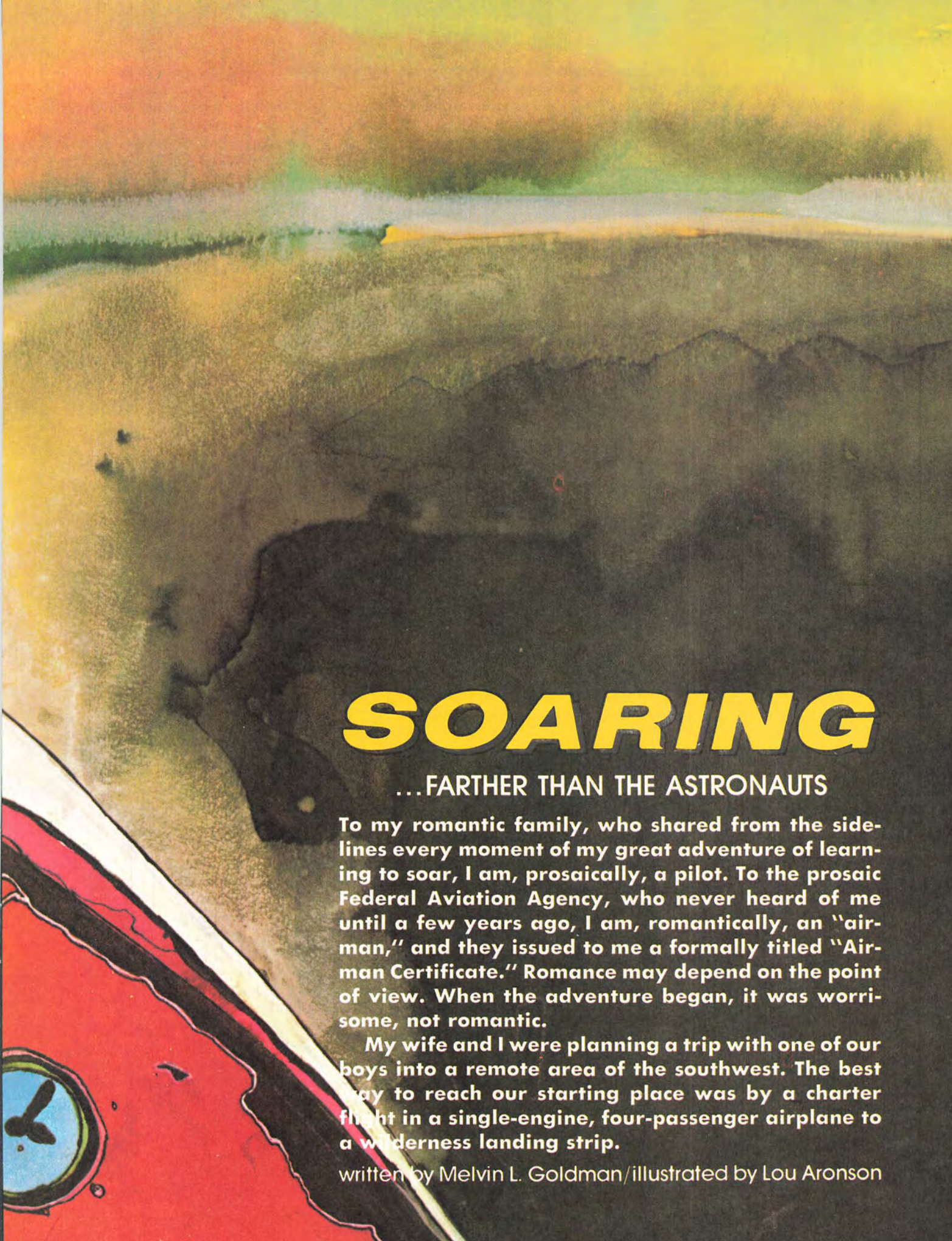
ARONSON



SOARING

...FARTHER THAN THE ASTRONAUTS

To my romantic family, who shared from the sidelines every moment of my great adventure of learning to soar, I am, prosaically, a pilot. To the prosaic Federal Aviation Agency, who never heard of me until a few years ago, I am, romantically, an "airman," and they issued to me a formally titled "Airman Certificate." Romance may depend on the point of view. When the adventure began, it was worrisome, not romantic.

My wife and I were planning a trip with one of our boys into a remote area of the southwest. The best way to reach our starting place was by a charter flight in a single-engine, four-passenger airplane to a wilderness landing strip.

written by Melvin L. Goldman/illustrated by Lou Aronson

We had made several airliner journeys, but a small, light aircraft was something we knew nothing about, except by newspaper reputation. I was worried. When I made the arrangements by mail and sent my deposit to the charter operator, I wondered how I could be so foolish. Risking my life was one thing, but my wife, my son—how did I dare risk their lives, too?

The worry lasted until we were actually flying, crowded into the tiny cabin with our gear packed all around us. Then I started to enjoy the tremendous view and wanted to talk about it to the others.

Talk lost the battle against the steady roar of the engine. This would be great, I thought, if we didn't have that engine almost in our laps; isn't there some way to fly without it? The question answered itself: there is—in a glider. Right then, unknown to any of us, the Federal Aviation Agency started to get ready for a new airman.

Born in 1914, I grew up when fliers were crazy people who wore helmets, goggles, and white scarves and to whom insurance companies refused to issue policies. But 1914 was a long time ago. As I read about ailerons, airfoils, and angles-of-attack in library books, I began to wonder if I might actually become a flier myself.

Gliders—more precisely, "sailplanes" for the modern high-performance ships—don't look very much like powered airplanes. Gliders are much sleeker, with narrow, trim fuselages about 23 or 24 feet long and slender, elegant wings spanning 50 or more feet. The pilot sits with his feet outstretched to the rudder pedals, the nose of the ship just beyond his feet. He flies with his right hand on a control stick like the ones in older airplanes. The fuselage is just wide enough for the pilot to squeeze into, and the sides of the fuselage come up to the pilot's shoulders. The cockpit is covered by a clear plastic canopy. The whole arrangement fits the ship to its pilot like a garment and gives remarkable, almost startling, visibility.

I decided to take a test flight. I met my glider host on an overcast, chilly, windy November day. The glider was a Schweizer 2-22, a trainer type which I later came to know very well. The two seats are in tandem, each with a complete set of controls. One of the ship's owners, Stan Cale (a tall, affable Englishman), told me that I was to sit in the front seat. I climbed in over the side and fitted myself in, gingerly holding my hands and feet away from the controls. Stan got in behind me, pulled the canopy shut, and latched it securely.

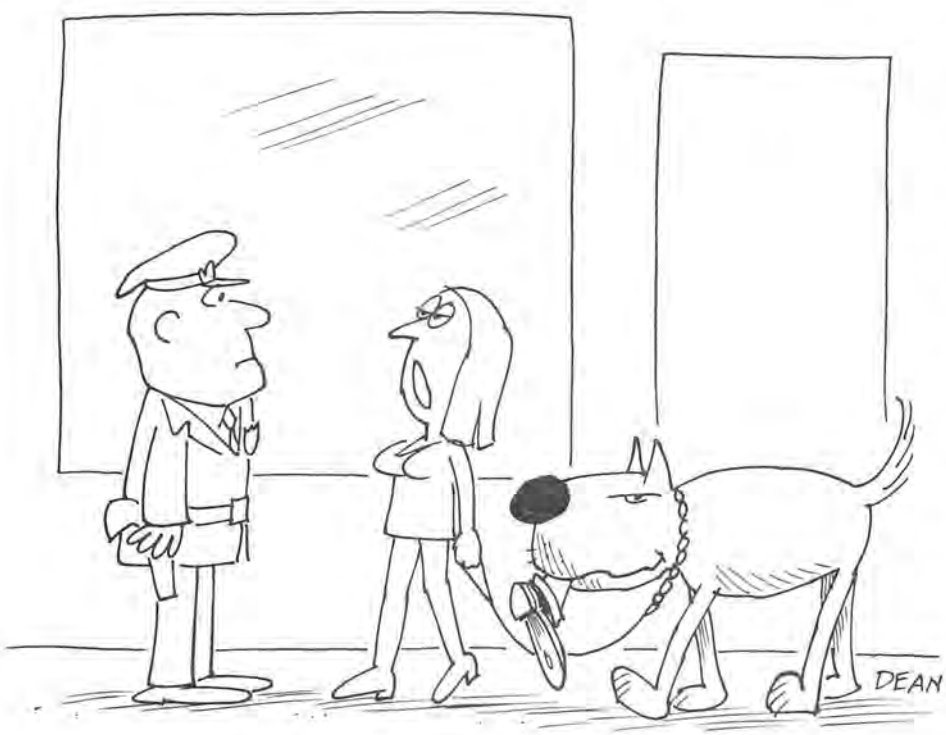
Gliders have only one landing wheel, a small one in the center of the fuselage, so when the ship is at rest, a wing lies on the ground. One of Stan's group picked up the wing tip. Two hundred feet ahead of us, a small airplane with our towrope (a thin nylon cord) started to move. And so did we. The man at the wing tip ran along holding the wings level until our increasing speed pulled us ahead of him, and we eased off the ground. I watched the white towplane at the taut rope's far end, climbing steadily against the gray autumn sky.

At 2000 feet above the airfield, Stan released the towrope by pulling a big red knob, and we were on our own. The towplane dived to the left, trailing the rope, and we climbed shallowly to the right to reduce our speed from the 65 miles an hour at which we had been towed to a cruising speed of around 45.

We started down. Gliders are always going down. With their superb aerodynamics and clean, polished lines, they go down very slowly—about one foot down for every 25 or 35 feet forward; but, nevertheless, they inexorably go down. Yet sailplanes generally do stay in the air for hours at a time. Pilots usually achieve this by finding rising convection currents, "thermals," in the sun-warmed air of a summer day. The air in a thermal rises faster than the sailplane is sinking and the net result is up. The pilot stays in the thermal by flying in slow, steeply banked circles. He soars up like a bird. Sometimes a real bird does a few turns right along with him in his thermal.

But on that cloudy, cold day of my first sailplane flight, there were no thermals. We coasted steadily downhill, back to the airfield. We touched down on our single wheel and coasted to a stop. One wing dropped lightly to the ground.

I went through a few weeks of indecisive introspection. Did I really want to learn soaring? Wasn't it risky and foolhardy—especially for me, 48 years old, a very conventional lawyer, a family man? What about my reflexes, my eyeglasses—to say nothing of my bald head? But on the other hand, undeniably, it would be exciting; plainly, it would be interesting, fascinating. It



"Officer, I want to report an attempted mugging."

would certainly be new, an adventure. Why not try?

Having made the decision, I found out that the best place to learn gliding was at the Schweizer Aircraft Company's glider school at Elmira, New York, and that's where I went.

The Schweizer School is at one corner of the Elmira Airport. The adjoining factory has turned out about a third of the sailplanes now actually flying in the United States.

I walked into their office one fine May day and met my instructor, Bernie Carris. He's Schweizer's test pilot, and a soaring champ. He led the way out to the airfield and to my classroom, another 2-22.

A towplane was waiting for us. We climbed in, fastened our seat belts and shoulder harnesses, and were off.

The sky was bright and blue, the wind brisk out of the northwest, the bumps rough and sharp as we towed up. It seemed to me that we were going up a little too fast—the ground appeared to be dropping away in much more of a rush than it did when Stan Cale had taken me up. I wondered what foolishness I was getting into and why people wanted to leave the good solid earth anyway.

It was actually a fine soaring day. Bernie found a thermal and circled us up several thousand feet, then had me put my hands and feet on the controls. The turns seemed even steeper and dizzier; why couldn't we just fly straight-and-level for a while? Three-quarters of an hour after takeoff, I was violently sick.

Discouraged hardly tells how I felt that evening. It appeared that my flying career was over before it started, but dinner with two professional power pilots who had come to Elmira to learn to be glider instructors cheered me. They assured me that such sickness was commonplace among beginners in the air, especially beginners who tackled gliders first instead of powered airplanes; even experienced power pilots have been known to get sick on their first glider flight. With these reassurances, I reported to Bernie the next morning and needn't have worried; the airsickness never returned.

The fine weather held and I flew every day. With casual, easygoing Bernie sitting behind, coaching and helping, I began to learn to fly in a straight line and to turn without skidding or slipping through the air. I was learning on the towline. This is essential and must be done properly. The glider is unstable while being towed and wants to fly off in every direction. I found that to stay in proper position takes absolutely steady attention. Except for an occasional quickly snatched glance at the instrument panel or at the ground below, the pilot keeps his eyes on the towplane ahead of him.

Before long, landings were my big problem, really my only problem. On the final approach and at the point of touching down, the pilot's hand must be gentle and light, but firm and definite at the same time—not an easy combination to master. My hand was none of those things. Instead, I pushed and pulled and yanked in those last seconds as the ground rushed up at me and, of course, my landings were awkward, rough, and haphazard. It was simple, straightforward fear. When I finally realized this, the fear started to dissolve. Matters improved. My landings still weren't those of an expert, but they were getting better.

During those days of instruction, there was always in the back of my mind one question: when will I solo?

"I wondered why people wanted to leave the good solid earth anyway."

Or, to put it more accurately and truthfully, the question for me often was: will I *ever* solo? Not all students do. And my landings were terrible. But one week to the day after our first flight, I landed the 2-22. Bernie climbed out, saying, "This thing will feel lighter without me." There was my answer. If Bernie said I could solo and land in one piece, there was no doubt about it. I could do it.

Up I went and released the towrope at 2000 feet, as usual. It was another beautiful soaring day. The blue spring sky was dotted all over with white, cottony, flat-bottomed cumulus clouds. Each one marked the top of a thermal. I hit a strong up-current and started to soar.

When a pilot is soaring up in a thermal—300, 800, 1000 feet—the steeply turning flight is usually rough and surging. The pilot feels that he is being tossed on a fountain of air. Exultantly, exuberantly, intent and absorbed, up and up he goes. The excitement, the thrill, never palls.

Ten or fifteen minutes of thermaling brought me near the flat base of *my* cumulus cloud and in its chilly shadow. The altimeter told me I was 6000 feet above the airport. I flew out of the thermal, out from the shadow of the cloud, and coasted along. I couldn't believe it was I. I sang; I talked aloud about the splendid view to convince myself that I wasn't dreaming. I looked around at the back seat to enjoy the sight of its emptiness. I flew from cloud to cloud, circling and soaring with buoyant lift everywhere, finding pure joy in the sunshine of that never-to-be-forgotten day.

I flew for more than an hour on my first solo flight, and came down only because I knew there were others waiting to fly the ship. I could have stayed up all afternoon. Another week of solo flying followed, with more long flights. Those sunny spring days seemed to produce only thermals, only rising air. At the end of my second week at Elmira, I passed the Federal Aviation Agency's flight test.

Thirty miles southwest of downtown Chicago at Naperville is a small private airfield used by the Chicago Glider Club. From above, it is not recognizable as an airfield except for the dozen or so small planes parked at one corner. The club owns a towplane and three sailplanes—a single-seater and two high-performance two-seaters.

Joining the club with a grand total of fifteen hours and ten minutes in the air, I began to learn to fly one of the two-seaters, a European make known by its model number, K-7. It glides flatter than the Schweizer trainer, lands faster, and responds more quickly to the controls. It was a handful for me, and I needed plenty of help. But again, the flights and hours mounted up. I began to recognize the landmarks in a plate-flat landscape and to bring the new sailplane under firmer control. I filled another page in my logbook.

Before I had been a member very long, I realized that the Chicago Glider Club (whose members are airline pilots, businessmen, doctors, factory workers, scientists, engineers, an architect, and a professional photographer) is the largest single group of top-drawer, championship sailplane pilots in the country. They are experts at long

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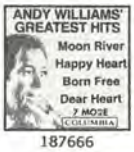

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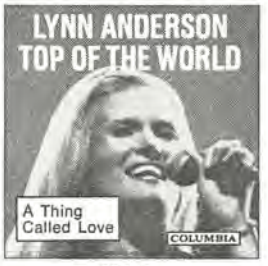

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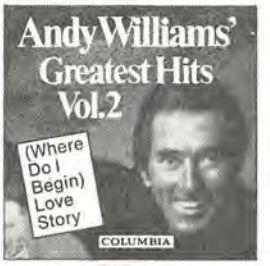

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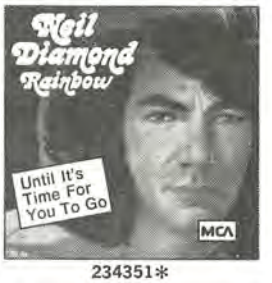

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cross-country sailplane flights during the spring and summer soaring season. They land at distant airports or more often in farm fields. Then someone goes to retrieve pilot and ship, with a trailer built to hold the sailplane. The ships are light and come apart easily. Three people can have the wings off and the ship stowed on its trailer in fifteen or twenty minutes.

A cross-country flight has to be made on an especially good soaring day. The pilot climbs 5000 feet in a thermal and then coasts, usually downwind, from thermal to thermal, as long as the day holds good. With very little wind, or with no wind, a cross-country flight can average about thirty or forty miles an hour over the ground. The speed, of course, will be increased by the amount of any favoring tail wind. The world's distance record is 645 miles, held by an American: an 11-hour flight from Texas to Nebraska, made on a day of strong tail winds.

I listened rather detachedly, during my first two soaring seasons, to tales of cross-country flights. They did not seem related to me. I wasn't ready yet, either emotionally or from the standpoint of experience. During that period I began learning to pilot a powered airplane. My soaring friends had urged me into this, feeling that it would improve my glider ability. They were right. Flying long distances under power and landing at strange airports, learning to read and follow aeronautical maps, all contributed to a willingness to fly a glider away from home base. Willingness became curiosity, then eagerness, as another springtime rolled around and more hours in the air brought me a growing feeling of ease and comfort in the cockpit.

My day was a beautiful one in June. I was to fly the club's single-seater. Other members helped me push it out on the runway. Then I climbed in and buckled up the seat belt and shoulder harness. I had a canteen of water, a pocketful of raisins, and a few maps. I knew these preparations were necessary, but I couldn't help feeling them to be slightly pretentious when it was possible, maybe probable, that I would not be able to stay up, that I would land in a field five miles away and come trailering home very sheepishly.

When all was ready, the towplane roared and we were off. At 2000 feet I released. I soared over the field until I was up to 4000 feet. That seemed to be the right altitude for leaving. Then I discovered that it was going to take a definite act of will to sever the invisible umbilical cord that bound me to that airfield. Should I wait for a better day? What dangers did I face without that comfortable, familiar, grassy landing strip below me? Well, I had gone up there to fly to a distant place, and I wasn't going to dissuade myself now. I said aloud, distinctly and firmly, "I am now going to fly away from home." I straightened out my flight path and headed downwind.

Half an hour later I was twenty miles away and down to 1200 feet. Wherever those thermals might be, I hadn't been finding many. My flight appeared to be nearly over. I thought of all I had been told and had read about how to pick a good field for landing. I could fly about five minutes more before I would be committed to land. I looked over the squarish and oblong fields below, of various colors, and tried to decide which would be best. Almost to my surprise I felt very calm about all this. Actually, almost any of those fields was suitable. At that time of year,

"I knew it was time to go back to the world."

most crops are very low—therefore, safe to land in—and a glider can be brought to a stop within 75 or 100 feet after its wheel touches the ground.

Then I flew into a very strong, fresh thermal. It evidently had just broken loose from some of the black plowed earth below. In less than ten minutes, I had circled in it up to 7000 feet, and as I soared I looked up and watched the thermal begin to form its flat-bottomed cumulus cloud.

From then on, my staying-up troubles were over. I soared and flew all afternoon across Illinois. Most of the time I was between 6000 and 8000 feet; I was never lower than 4000. I followed the cumulus clouds—the thermal markers. I landed at dusk at the airport in Springfield, 160 miles from home. It was a great day.

Besides thermals, there are two other ways to keep a sailplane in the air. Where the wind blows against a ridge or long hill, it is deflected upward—"ridge lift"—and a glider can soar back and forth along the ridge and stay aloft as long as the wind lasts. Birds often do this.

But the most exciting place to soar is in the great standing wind waves that form over mountains. They are like those made by water in a stream running over barely submerged rocks; but the wind waves, for reasons not fully understood, tend to rise far higher than the obstructions that cause them. Pike's Peak tosses up such waves when the wind is strong from a westerly direction. The waves are greatest in the winter months.

Yet in the surprising course of events, one crisp, cold January day I prepared to climb into the cockpit of a trim sailplane at Black Forest, a private airport on the Colorado plains, 22 miles northeast of Pike's Peak. In the clear midday sun, the Peak stood forth against the blue sky with the intense clarity of a stage set. I wore a parachute. I also wore long woolen underwear, jeans, a wool shirt, two sweaters, a thick winter jacket, and a wool cap. On my feet I had two pairs of woolen socks, heavy outdoor shoes, and large, clumsy, fleece-lined ex-Air Force flight boots. The temperature at the high altitudes of a wave flight is far below zero, and gliders are not heated. There is nothing to heat them with, and if there were, moisture exhaled with the pilot's breath would freeze on the inside of the clear plastic canopy. The temperature in the cockpit is the same as the temperature outside.

Another pilot helped me squeeze down into the seat and ease my huge boots into position on the rudder pedals. I fastened the seat belt and shoulder harness and with help cinched down the straps as tightly as they could be pulled, over my bulky clothing.

I buckled on my oxygen mask and took a few breaths to check the flow. An indicator on the instrument panel drops a yellow plastic lid over an eye-shaped opening with each inhalation. It's called a "blinder," and the pilot monitors it to be sure that the oxygen system is working.

In the oxygen mask is embedded a tiny microphone. I plugged its cord into the glider's radio, pressed the mike button on top of the control stick, and tested the radio by exchanging a few words with Dave Johnson, pilot of the towplane. He was ready to go.

I sat there for a moment while I mentally pulled myself together. The old

thought flickered again: what foolishness is this? Then I pressed the mike button: "Dave, I'm ready to go anytime you are." A moment later we were rolling across the field until I had enough speed to fly, then we were skimming, then flying in clean unison through smooth, steady, cold winter air, headed toward the Rocky Mountains a few miles away.

The air at the underside of a mountain wave is usually quite rough. The Weather Bureau calls this the "rotor area." Towplane and glider must fly through it to reach the wave. The turbulence can range from "mild" to "severe." When we flew into the rotor area, the violence was far beyond anything I had expected. The towplane out ahead appeared to be jerking crazily up and down on the end of a rubber band. The towrope slackened, then snapped taut again with powerful jerks. I continually played the spoilers —the ship's air brakes—in and out, to hold my position on tow. The glider lurched and banged along as though it were being yanked over a boulder field. Three times, great blasts of down-rushing air punched so hard that my feet flew up off the rudder pedals.

The rotor area was actually "moderately severe" that day, and we took about five minutes to fly through it. It seemed like fifty. Then we entered the wave. Instantly we went from wild turbulence to extreme smoothness. Dave rocked his wings as a signal for me to release the glider. I pulled the big red release knob. I was wave soaring.

The swiftly rising current of air in a mountain wave is as smooth as glass. The pilot sits as steadily as in an armchair at home. The wave tends to remain stationary with respect to the ground below it, sometimes for an entire day. The pilot watches his position over the ground as he feels his way into the reaches of his wave. A wave may be a quarter of a mile in extent, or it may extend for several miles at a right angle to the direction of the wind. The upward swing, or lift, of a moderately strong wave will carry the soaring pilot up at 400 or 500 feet a minute. A really strong wave will lift him at 1000 feet a minute and more. (An elevator in a modern skyscraper office building rises at about 400 feet a minute.)

As I soared up that day on my wave, I was headed directly toward Pike's Peak, 14,000 feet high and a few miles away. Its summit was covered with deep snow and gleamed whitely, somberly, in the sun. My variometer needle showed up. The pointers on my altimeter swung steadily around the dial. I was on the way up, all right. I rose level with the top of the Peak and flew closer to it, following the contour of the wave. A few minutes later the Peak was below me, getting steadily more below all the time.

It was fantasy, magic unreality. Distant ranges of the Rockies came into view. The Continental Divide, unmistakable, notched and rough like the back of a dinosaur, snowy blue-white, marked the horizon eighty miles to the west. Mount Blanca and the Sangre de Cristo range were clear and sharp in the brilliant Colorado sunshine, more than a hundred miles south. Denver was a violet smudge to the north. What appeared to be a small, snowy hill directly below was actually the summit of Pike's Peak.

I soared up at a steady 600 feet a minute in that mass of butter-smooth air, until my altimeter showed 22,000 feet. Quite abruptly the lift slowed down, then halted.

At that height I now had plenty of safe altitude from which to enjoy the huge view and hunt elsewhere for more lift, more waves. I flew freely and easily around the Peak and beyond it. There were strong waves in other places nearby, but none higher, and I flew from one to another, over a span of eight or ten miles around the summit of the Peak. I used the waves as stairways to climb again after I had lost 1000 or 2000 feet in wheeling and circling, while I absorbed the stupendous impact of my being in that amazing place.

After an hour or more, I returned to where I had first touched 22,000 feet. The needle of my variometer pointed to zero, which meant that I was neither sinking nor rising—"zero sink" to sailplane pilots. I decided now to stay where I was and hope and watch for something to happen, since the waves fluctuate markedly, often rapidly. They literally wave up and down.

I knew it would have to happen soon, because the sun was getting low. Late-afternoon clouds were forming over the range far to the west.

I felt the sailplane jostle slightly in its steady flight. The variometer needle swung up; the altimeter hands were beginning to move again. The wave was working once more—an easy, mighty huff of air.

Again I was going up. The variometer showed 400 feet a minute, 500, then a steady, strong 800. The altimeter swung past 23,000 and 24,000 —its hands were moving almost as fast as the second hand on my watch. Thirty thousand feet up now, and the lift holding—32,000, 33,000.

All around me now the primeval world below was dimming out as the day ended. The western clouds were high and massive. Night was moving steadily into the sky to the east. The shadow growing on the eastern plain was getting darker.

Fifteen minutes later my altimeter's hands touched 36,000 feet. The wind at that height was blowing 100 miles an hour; by flying squarely into it at the same speed, I stayed stationary over Pike's Peak, four miles below. The thermometer on the instrument panel showed 75° below zero.

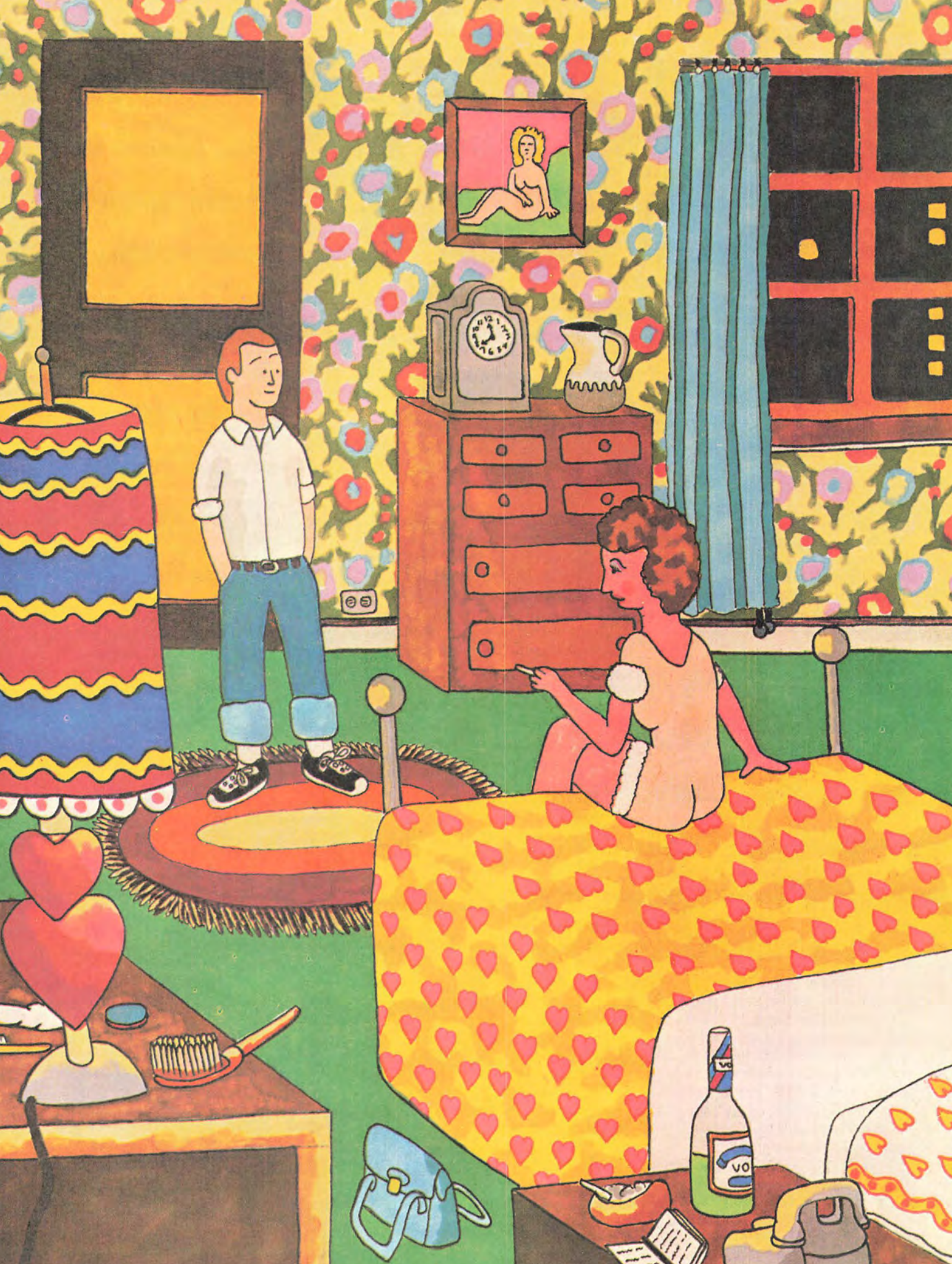
Once again, I could hardly believe it was I—flying alone, 36,000 feet up, with no engine, just wings sprouting from my shoulders.

Now the clouded sun reached the spine of the Continental Divide. I had struggled hard and long to get to my incredible perch, and I knew it was time to go back to the world. Of course, it had to be done, but it wasn't easy.

I swung toward the glider port and opened the spoilers full out. Slanting down my spoilered-steep pathway, I turned the sailplane back again and again to enjoy the convoluted colors of a mauve-and-ruddy Colorado sunset spread against the sky. When I headed back on course I could see the field ahead, only a few miles away. As I leveled off to begin my landing pattern, then angled down for my final approach, the hangar lights came on at the far end of the field.

As I got closer to the glider port in the growing darkness, I thought of my flight, miles away from Earth, in my few hundred pounds of fragile sailplane, alone and silent in the cold, fierce wind of that far place. It seemed to me that, subjectively, I had been farther than the astronauts. □

Melvin L. Goldman was a Chicago attorney, civil rights fighter, avid sportsman, mountain climber, rapids runner, balloonist, pilot, glider pilot who, according to his wife, "packed more into 56 years of living than some do in 100." He died in 1970.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REACHING PUBERTY

THE FIRST TIME WASN'T SO FANTASTIC

Diane Zillerman wore a 34B in seventh grade and was my first sexual encounter. I was 13 at the time and met her through our parents. I can recall that day in '54 so well. We were playing in the Zillermans' backyard just before my sex life took bloom. "John, if you close your eyes, I'll take you into the garage and show you a really keen surprise." Don't tell me, let me guess. You're gonna sit on an orange crate and blow out a candle with a fart. "I'm closing my eyes, Diane." We walked slowly and I bumped my head on the side door to the garage. I remember sitting down on a hard surface. "Now open your eyes, John, and pet my bear." Pet her bear? God, what is it this time? I opened my eyes and we were facing one another on the concrete floor. Her dress was pulled up head-high and seductively smiling at me, on the crotch to her underpants, was a small embroidered picture of a panda bear. That was it, Felson, your cue, your big charge for indescribable passion. I kept thinking her mother was gonna walk in and offer us lemonade. My fingers inched themselves over the concrete and gradually ascended to the elastic on her panties. When I reached her stomach, I rubbed it awhile and then stroked her bellybutton with my thumb. "Let me help you, John." She took my hands and put them on her knees, which were slightly parted. "John, can I ask you something? Can I ask you if you really care for me?" I should have told her the truth, told her if she didn't have big tits, I wouldn't have cared if she'd jumped down a well. "You know I care, Diane. I think about you all the time." Pathetic, Felson, disgustingly pathetic. "Oh, John, I love you!" She slipped her underpants down through my fingers and then slowly lowered them past the ends of her feet. Diane had blonde pubic hairs.

Somehow I'd expected it to be different. That was the first time I ever saw a woman's snatch except for some postcards my father kept in the back of his liquor cabinet. I felt her up on her blouse and then slowly lowered my eyes again. "May I touch you down there, Diane?" The question was rhetorical, of course, since my right hand was already wandering down her thigh, with my index finger leading the pack. "John, please understand that I can't let you do that. It wouldn't be Christian."

What was Christian about flashing her snatch in a garage and driving me into a frenzy of desire? Indecisive, that's what I was, too slow. I smiled and awkwardly proceeded downward when she grabbed my hand and started to cry. Jesus Christ, couldn't she have picked a better time to get religious? I kept telling myself that if I tried once more, she'd scream and never let me feel her up again and that her father would run in and beat me with a two-by-four. You totally blew it, dummy, but you knew she'd do that to you. You could have shoved her bra down her throat until she suffocated. Why did you placate her? "I understand, Diane, please forgive me." She smiled but seemed distant when we walked back to the yard and finished croquet. Oh, I'm not implying I didn't know anything about sex before the garage incident, but that started me on my road to physical contact sports.

There was this other minor incident before, though, with Barbara Bordens

written by John Rubin/illustrated by Tom James

in her tree house. I was playing Tarzan and she was Sheena the Jungle Queen. After finishing the center of an Oreo creme cookie, she looked at my outfit and said, "The real Tarzan didn't wear anything but a leopard skin covering his front, just like the natives in Africa." Was she baiting me, baiting me for the type of challenge that would lead a man to a torrid sex act? Besides, the ape-man's honor was in question, and I didn't want to appear to be anything but the McCoy. My olive bermudas instantly dropped and exposed the symbol of my manhood. My reaction was contingent, of course, on her promise that she'd reciprocate. But, as soon as the bermudas hit the floor, she ran down the ladder laughing and told her girlfriends.

Now it's dubious whether my virgin status would have been retained another year, but the timetable was accelerated by an episode that I now refer to as "The Columbus Hotel Story." It might never have happened were it not for one of the world's great lady killers, George Bisch.

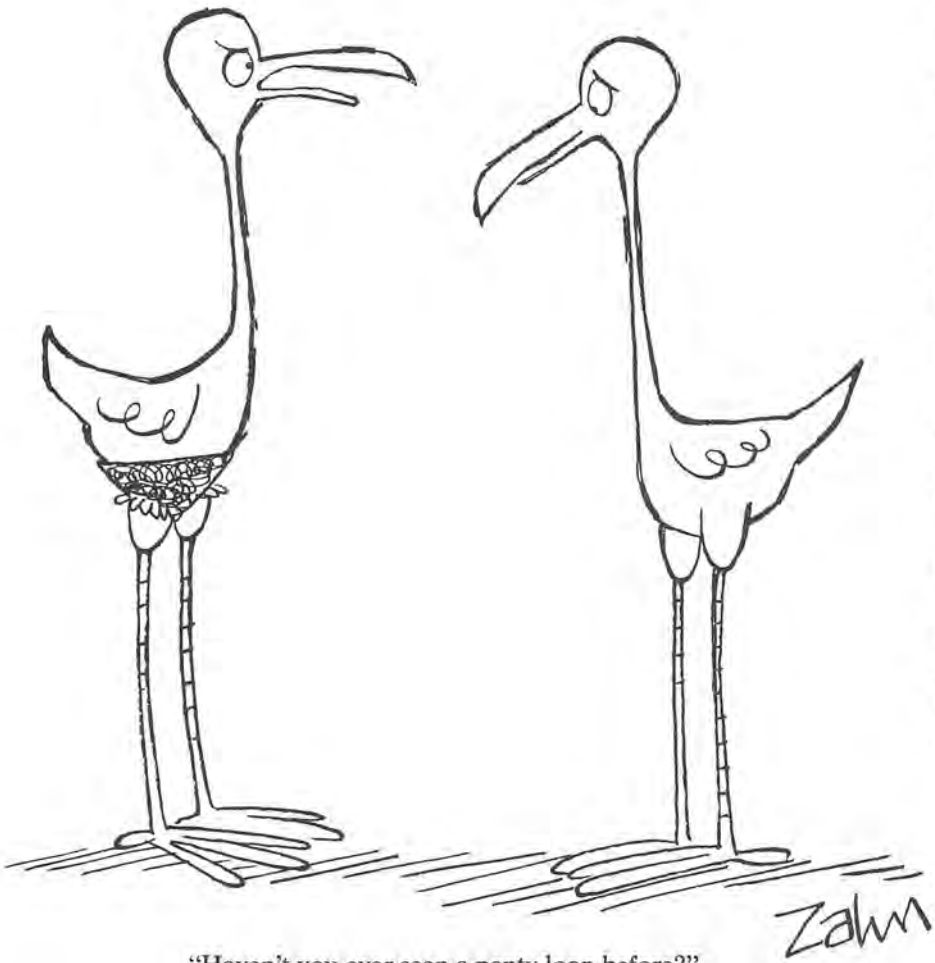
We were on the playground at recess when I told George about Diane Zillerman and the panda bear. He said, coolly, "That's kids' play, man, really nothin'. She's a pig and besides, to be a real honcho, you need to get laid." Laid, the source of all my wet dreams, the inspiration for my very existence—

"My olive bermudas instantly dropped and exposed the symbol of my manhood."

did he actually know where to find a woman? I met George in the front of his house the following night at around eight o'clock. My pockets were filled with paper-route savings and some change I stole from my mother's purse. I had a little over ten dollars. In the sleaziest section of Dayton lay the zenith of our aspirations, a run-down old brownstone known as the Columbus Hotel. As we turned on our lights and started to pedal away, George told me about this blonde who looked exactly like Marilyn Monroe but with bigger tits. "She's a fireball in the sack, man—Mexican blood—and she loves young guys our age."

"It's all set, man, I got the room number." After a short discussion, we flipped one of my stolen quarters and I won. The backstairs seemed the safest way up to the third floor. My heart pounded so loud with each step, I couldn't hear myself rehearsing the approach line. Hi, I'm interested in a broad with lava between her legs. Know where I can find her? No, that's too corny. It was the last door on the right. After three knocks the door opened and revealed a dark-haired middle-aged woman in a white negligee. "Hi, I'm a friend looking to get laid. May I come in?" She opened the door wide enough to look down the hall and after seeing no one else, ushered me into the room. We paused and she sat on the edge of the bed. "Not prying, but you're underaged for this sort of thing, aren't you, kid?" I told her I was 15 and just looked young. She took out a cigarette from the nightstand and lit it. "My name is John, what's yours?" Her negligee was sliding up, and it exposed the crack in her ass. "My name's Nan." After a moment she put down the cigarette and looked at me. "What do you want, John, half-and-half or all the way?" Damn that George. Why didn't he tell me their lingo? I didn't want to appear like an idiot, but suppose I picked the wrong one? "What's a half-and-half and all the way?" Her head went back and she started to smile. It means half blow job-half fuck or just straight fuck. I was frozen for a second. "How much is each?" She made some wisecrack about not wanting to break my piggy bank, and we settled for an all the way.

George was waiting impatiently. "Well, man, what did ya think?" I was momentarily speechless, probably tired. "Really fantastic, George." As he headed for the stairwell, he looked back with a five-mile grin and said, "Now, man, you're a real honcho." That hour in the lobby, I thought about the long ride home and my disillusionment that getting laid wasn't the greatest thing since Reese Peanut Butter Cups. The naiveté of youth. □



"Haven't you ever seen a panty loon before?"

The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement is true."

[Accountant's name available upon request.]

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Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 281-A
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

☐ Please send Air Mail. I'm enclosing an extra dollar.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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movers

MASON REESE: THE MAGIC TOUCH

Some people have it and some don't. Mason Reese is one who has it, at least when it comes to the elusive, perhaps indefinable qualities called stage presence, showmanship, and popular appeal. These qualities are made manifest in Mason by means of an oddly adenoidal voice and that *face*—variously described as that of "a seven-year-old going on 35," "a 45-year-old leprechaun," "a miniature Arthur Godfrey," and a "jowly red-headed minihuckster"—all descriptions that come close but don't *really* describe (nor explain) the visual variations available in the countenance of Mason Reese, the seven-going-on-eight-year-old TV drummer for Ivory Snow, Thick 'n' Frosty, Betcha Bacon, Underwood Chicken Spread, Underwood Meat Spread, Franco-American Ravioli, Post Raisin Bran, Super Slush, and Tastee Cakes, among others.

Mason's presence in the commercials is the event, and the product is a seemingly anonymous bystander lucky to be accidentally in the limelight. Mason munched an Underwood Spread sandwich so well this year that

the advertising industry awarded him a Clio, the ad people's equivalent of an Oscar, for best performance by a male actor.

Besides his TV commercials, he's on station WNBC in New York as the world's youngest TV columnist (he covers children's news on the station's sixth- and eleventh-hour news programs), he spent a week cohosting *The Mike Douglas Show*, and all the while he's been carrying on with his classes at St. Michael's Montessori school in Manhattan, where he is about to enter the third grade.

Mason, who admits that he's now a "low-tempered genius" and that in a couple of years he will probably be "a high-tempered genius," has a five-figure bank account that hasn't been touched (his parents allow him money for magic tricks, top price $8.99). He has been compared with precocious child actors Peter Ustinov and Orson Welles. But to his mother, Sonja Reese, he's still just her little boy living a normal and happy life.

JAMES R. THOMPSON: YOU CAN FIGHT CITY HALL

When the Chicago newsmedia write about United States District Attorney James R. Thompson (which they frequently do), they often use gunslinger imagery. Stuff like "Big Jim rides again"—"When the big prosecutor draws his guns"—"The fastest gun in the Midwest"—

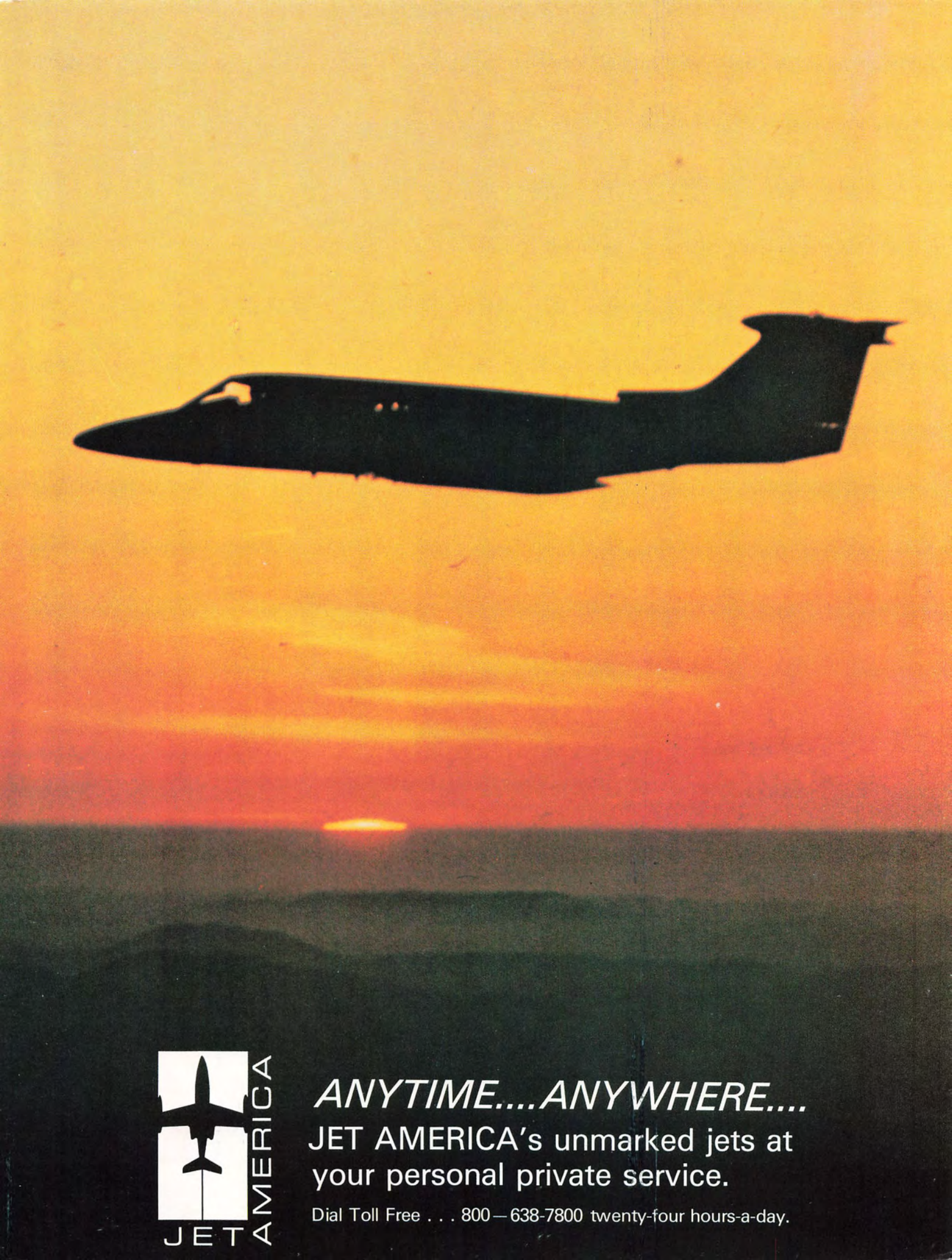
In this case, the big, lone gunfighter angle is a natural. Mr. Thompson *is* big—six feet, six inches tall, 230 pounds—and as a federal prosecutor he's aggressive. He stepped into the job in 1971 and in his first year his office initiated more lawsuits than all his predecessors combined had done. Besides the hundreds of indictments brought against corrupt public officials and crooked cops, he successfully prosecuted former Illinois governor Otto Kerner (for taking bribes to fix racetrack dates), he has legally shot down more than a few friends of Chicago's monarchlike mayor, Richard J. Daley, and he recently achieved national prominence for remarking, upon the resignation of Spiro Agnew, that Agnew was a crook and the country was well rid of him.

Jim Thompson doesn't seem to mind the image. Criticized by prominent Republicans for his Agnew remark, he responded by saying, "I talk plain and blunt. I wouldn't be US Attorney if I had to worry about what I say."

Thompson's straight-talking style and his prowess as prosecutor (and disassembler of the Daley Democratic machine) have resulted in unbridled speculation on his chances as the Republican candidate for mayor against Daley in 1975. Should he run and win (he's still publicly undecided about whether to run for mayor or wait to run for governor of Illinois in 1976), Thompson would be the first Republican mayor of Chicago since 1927. In

Chicago, a mayor other than Daley is almost unimaginable, let alone someone who is not a Democrat. Predictably, there have been charges that Thompson is "out to get" Democrats in order to further his own political ambitions. He replies, "By the time my term is over, it will be demonstrated that my office has been even-handed. Corruption in office does not have a party label."

When he can get out of his office, and the limelight (which is not often), Thompson may be seen in Chicago's North Side nightspots. If time permits, the DA motors up to his Wisconsin retreat in his Mercedes-Benz. Meanwhile, around City Hall, the political pundits are wondering if a candidate with candor such as Thompson's might not be at a disadvantage in Chicago politics. But Jim Thompson has the drop on that one, too: "If a person can't speak plainly and have a political future," he says, "then I don't want a political future. There is too much BS in political life, and I'm not going to add to it." □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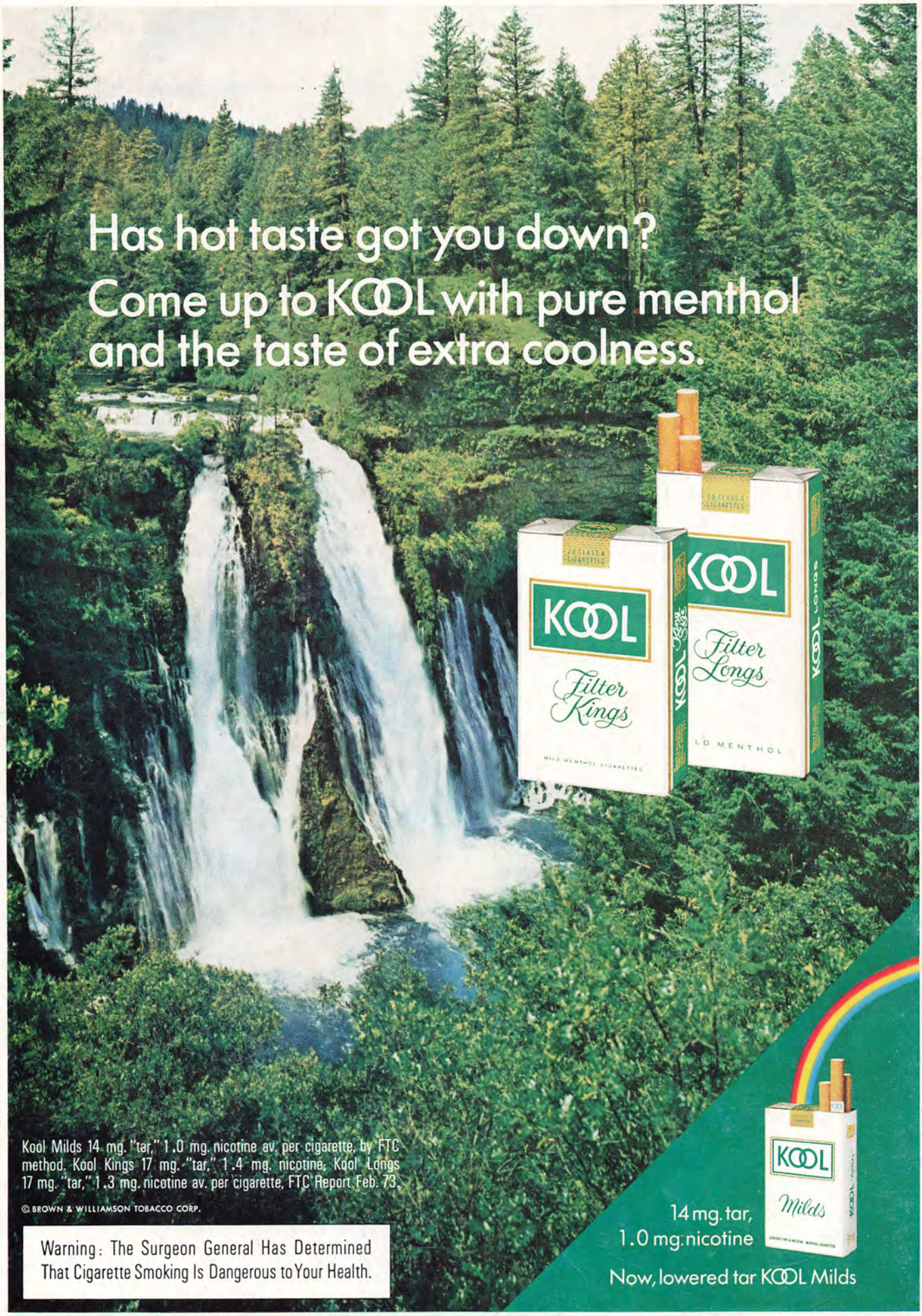
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

name	Althea Leasure
city	Columbus, Ohio
age	19
color of hair	black
color of eyes	brown
complexion	fair
dimensions	35"-23"-35"
dress size	seven
weight	106
height	5'3"

Althea Leasure Gallery/January 1974